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Vol 1

WOLCOT, JOHN



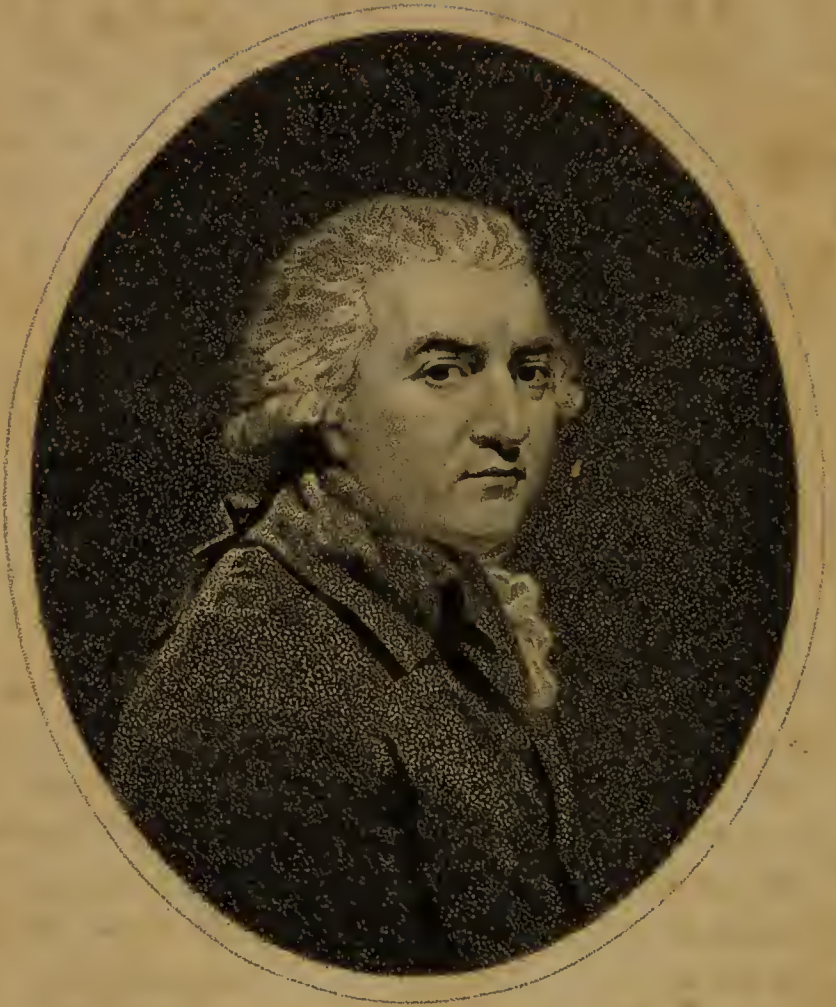












PETER PINDAR Esq<sup>r</sup>

*London, Published July 11, 1791 by J Walker, Paternoster Row.*

THE  
WORKS  
OF

PETER PINDAR, Esq.<sup>R</sup>

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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VOLUME I.

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CONTAINING

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L O N D O N.

Printed for JOHN WALKER, N<sup>o</sup> 44, Paternoster-Row.

M.DCC.XCIV.





# A D V E R T I S E M E N T

TO THE

R E A D E R.

THE number of Spurious Editions that have *stolen* into the World, loaded too with errors, and *wilful* ones, of every description, besides matter that never issued from my brain, renders it necessary for me to say somewhat of this Octavo Edition, which is not now *my* Property, but the purchased Copy-right of Messieurs GOULDING, ROBINSONS, and WALKER. Some Alterations which have been made by me in this Edition, I hope, are for the better; many more may, probably, be thought necessary by my indulgent Friend the Public, whose favourable Opinion forms the summit of my Ambition; whose Patronage I have found infinitely superior to that of Princes; and to whose Tribunal the present Volumes are most respectfully submitted.

P. PINDAR.

July 22, 1794.



A

POETICAL, SUPPLICATING, MODEST, AND AFFECTING

E P I S T L E

TO THOSE

LITERARY COLOSSUSES,

T H E

R E V I E W E R S.

---

*Carmines, Dī Superi placantur ; Carmines, Manes.*

Vast are the pow'rs of Verse—indeed so strong,  
Angels and Devils can be sooth'd by Song.



TO THE  
R E V I E W E R S.

---

FATHERS of Wisdom, a poor wight befriend;  
Oh, hear my simple prayer in simple lays:  
In *formâ pauperis* behold I bend,  
And of your Worship ask a little praise.

I am no cormorant for fame, d'ye see;  
I ask not all the laurel, but a sprig!  
Then hear me, Guardians of the sacred Tree,  
And stick a leaf or two about my wig.

In sonnet, ode, and legendary tale,  
Soon will the press my tuneful soul display;  
Then do not damn 'em, and prevent the sale;  
And your petitioner shall ever pray.

My works condemn'd, the Muse with grief will groan—  
The censure dire my lantern jaws will rue!  
Know, I have teeth and stomach like your own,  
And that I wish to eat as well as you.

I never said, like murderers in their dens,  
Ye secret met in cloud-capp'd garret high,  
With hatchets, scalping knives in shape of pens,  
To bid, like Mohocks, hapless authors die :

Nor said, (in your Reviews, together strung)  
The limbs of butcher'd writers, cheek by jowl,  
Look'd like the legs of flies on cobwebs hung  
Before the hungry spider's dreary hole.

I ne'er declar'd, that, frightful as the Blacks,  
In greasy flannel caps ye met together,  
With scarce a rag of shirt about your backs,  
Or coat or breeches to keep out the weather.

Heav'n knows I'm innocent of all transgression  
Against your Honours, men of classic fame !  
I ne'er abus'd your critical profession,  
Whose *dictum* saves at once or damns a name,

I never question'd your profound of head,  
Nor vulgar, call'd your wit, your manners coarse ;  
Nor swore on butcher'd authors that ye fed,  
Like carrion crows upon a poor dead horse,

I never



I never said, that, pedlar like, ye sold  
 Praise by the ounce, or pound, like snuff or cheese;  
 Too well I knew ye silver scorn'd, and gold—  
 Such dross, a sage Reviewer never sees!

I never hinted, that with half a crown  
 Books have been sent you by the scribbling tribe;  
 Which fee hath purchas'd pages of renown:  
 No—for I knew you'd spurn the paltry bribe.

I ne'er averr'd, ye critics to a man,  
 For pence, would swear an owl excell'd the lark;  
 Nor call'd a coward gang; your grave Divan,  
 That stabb'd, like base assassins, in the dark.

I never prais'd, or blam'd, an author's book,  
 Until your wise opinions came abroad;  
 On these with holy reverence did I look:  
 With you I prais'd, or blam'd, so help me G—d!

The fam'd LONGINUS all the world must know:  
 The gape of wonder ARISTARCHUS drew,  
 As well as ALEXANDER's\* Tutor, lo!  
 All! all great critics, gentlemen, like *you*.

Did any ask me, "Pray, Sir, your opinion  
 " Of those Reviewers, who so bold bestride  
 " The world of learning, and, with proud dominion,  
 " High on the backs of crouching authors ride?"

Quick have I answer'd, in a rage, "Od's-blood!  
 " No works like theirs such criticism convey:  
 " Not all the timber of Dodona's wood  
 " E'er pour'd more sterling oracle than *they*."

Did others cry, "Whate'er their brains indite,  
 " Be sure, is excellent—a partial crew!  
 " With Iö Pæans usher'd to the light,  
 " And prais'd to folly in the next Review:"

This was my answer to each snarling elf,  
 (My eyeballs fill'd with fire, my mouth with foam)  
 "Zounds! is not justice due to one's dear self?  
 " And should not charity begin at home?"

Full often I've been question'd with a sneer—  
 "Think you one could not bribe 'em?" "Not a  
 nation."—  
 "A beef-stake, with a pot or two of beer,  
 " Might save a little volume from damnation."

Furious

Furious I've answer'd, "Lo! my Lord CARLISLE  
 " Implores, in vain, a feat in FAME's old temple;  
 " Though *you* applaud, *their* wisdoms will not smile;  
 " And what they disapprove is surely simple.  
 " Could gold succeed, enough the Peer might raise,  
 " To buy the shirtless critics o'er and o'er:  
 " 'Tis merit only can command their praise,  
 " Witness the volumes of Miss HANNAH MORE\*.  
 " The *Search for Happiness*, that beauteous song,  
 " Which all of us would give our ears to own;  
 " The *Captive*, *Percy*, both, like mustard strong,  
 " That, woeful, force from PITY's soul the groan†."

Hail Bristol town! Bœotia now no more,  
 Since GARRICK's SAPPHO sings, though rather slowly:  
 All hail Miss HANNAH! worth at least a score,  
 Ay, twenty score, of CHATTERTON and ROWLEY.

Men of prodigious parts are mostly shy:  
 Great NEWTON's self this failing did inherit;  
 Thus, frequent, *you* avoid the public eye,  
 And hide in lurking holes, a world of merit.

B 4

Yet

\* A Lady talked of for her rhimes, and emphatically called, by a *certain* class of readers, the tenth Muse.

† A pair of tragedies.

Yet oft your cautious modesties I see,

When from your bow'r with bats ye wing the dark :  
And Sundays, when no catchpoles prowl for prey,  
Dining with good DUKE HUMPHRY in the Park.

Meek Sirs! in frays ye choose not to appear,

A circumstance most natural to suppose,  
And therefore hide your precious heads, for fear  
Some angry bard, abus'd, should pull your nose.

The world's loud plaudit, lo! ye don't desire,

Nor do ye hastily on books decide ;  
But first at ev'ry coffee-house enquire,  
How, in its favour, runs the public tide.

There, WISDOM, often with a critic wig,

The face demure, knit brows, and forehead scowling,  
I've seen o'er pamphlets, with importance big,  
Moufing for faults, or, if you'll have it, *owling*.

Herculean Gentlemen! I dread your drubs ;

Pity the lifted whites of both my eyes !  
Strung with new strength beneath your massy clubs,  
Alas! I shall not an ANTÆUS rise.

Lo,

Lo, like an elephant along the ground,  
 Great Caliban, the giant JOHNSON stretch'd!  
 The British ROSCIUS too your clubs confound,  
 Whose fame the farthest of the stars hath reach'd.

If such so easy sink beneath your might,  
 Ye Gods! I may be done for in a trice:  
 Hurl'd by your rage to everlasting night—  
 Crack'd with that ease a beggar cracks his lice.

If, awful Sirs, ye grant me my petition,  
 With brother pamphlets shall my pamphlet shine;  
 And should it chance to pass a first edition,  
 In capitals shall stare your praise divine.

Quote from my work as much as e'er you please;  
 For extracts, lo! I'll put no angry face on;  
 Nor fill a hungry lawyer's fist with fees,  
 To squeeze JOHN MURRAY like the furious MASON.\*

Sage Sirs! if favour in your sight I find,  
 If fame ye grant, I'll bless each gen'rous giver;  
 Wish you sound coats, clean linen, masters kind†,  
 Gallons of broth, and pounds of bullock's liver.

*The*

\* The contest between Mr. Mason and the Bookseller added not an atom to the reputation of the Poet.

† The Booksellers.

TO THE  
R E V I E W E R S.

WRITTEN FOR A FRIEND.

'T IS hard, Messieurs Reviewers, 'pon my soul,  
Ye thus should lord it o'er the world of wit:  
No higher court your sentence to controul,  
Ye hang, or ye reprieve, as ye think fit!

Whether, in calf, your labours of the year  
Rank with immortal bards, or boxes line;  
Or, torn for secret services, oh dear!  
Are offer'd up at Cloacina's shrine:

Whether ye look all rosy round the gills,  
Or hatchet-fac'd like starving cats so lean;  
Whether your criticism each pocket fills  
With halfpence, keeping you close shav'd and clean;

Whether in gorgeous raiment ye appear,  
Or tatters ready from your backs to fall;  
Whether with pompous wigs to guard each ear,  
Or whether you've no wigs or ears at all;

Whether



Whether ye look like gentlemen or thieves,  
I hate usurpers of the critic throne;  
Therefore his compliments the poet gives,  
And humbly hopes you'll let his lines alone.

Stay till he asks your thoughts, ye forward sages;  
Officioufness the modest bard abjures:  
'Tis surely pert to meddle with *his* pages,  
Who never deign'd to look in one of *yours*.



L Y R I C O D E S

TO THE

ROYAL ACADEMICIANS,

FOR M,DCC,LXXXII.

---

——— *Arma virosque cano.*

Paint and the Men of Canvass fire my Lays,  
Who show their Works for Profit and for Pra'ise;  
Whose Pockets know most comfortable Fillings—  
Gaining Two Thousand Pounds a Year by Shillings.



# L Y R I C O D E S.

---

## O D E I.

PETER giveth an account of his great RELATION—boasteth—  
praiseth Sir WILLIAM CHAMBERS and SOMERSET-HOUSE—  
applaudeth Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS, and sheweth deep classic  
Learning.

MY Cousin PINDAR, in his Odes,  
Applauded Horsejockeys and Gods,  
Wrestlers and Boxers in his verse divine!  
Then shall not I, who boast his fire,  
And old hereditary lyre,  
To British Painters give a golden line?

Say, shall yon Dome stupendous rise,  
Striking with Attic front the skies—  
The nursing dame of many a Painting Ape;\*

And

\* *Painting Ape*.—This expression is by no means meant to convey the idea of insult.—There is great propriety, if not poetry, in it.—The reader will please to recollect, that Painting is an imitative art—Monkeys are prodigious imitators—witness my own Odes.—Besides, Pope compliments the immortal Newton by a similar allusion.

And I immortal rhyme refuse,  
 To tell the nations round the news,  
 And make posterity with wonder gape?

Spirit of Cousin PINDAR, ho!  
 By all thy Odes, the world shall know,  
 That CHAMBERS plann'd it—Be his name rever'd!—  
 Sir WILLIAM's journeymen and tools,  
 (No pupils of the Chinese Schools)  
 With stone, and wood, and lime, the fabric rear'd!

Thus having put the Knight in rhyme,  
 Stone, men, and timber, tools and lime;  
 Let us survey what this rare Dome contains—  
 Where rival Artists for a name,  
 Bit by that glorious mad-dog Fame,  
 Have fixed the labours of their brush and brains.

O Muse! Sir JOSHUA's master-hand  
 Shall first our lyric laud command—  
 Lo! TARLETON dragging on his boot so tight!  
 His Horses feel a godlike rage,  
 And yearn with Yankies to engage—  
 I think I hear them snorting for the fight!



Behold with fire each eye-ball glowing!  
 I wish indeed their manes so flowing  
 Were more like hair :—the brutes had been as good,  
 If, flaming with such classic force,  
 They had resembled less that horse  
 Call'd Trojan—and by Greeks compos'd of wood.

Now to yon trotting angel let us go—  
 A very fine performance too, I trow,  
 Who rides a cloud—indeed a heavy hack—  
 Which to my mind doth *certés* bring  
 That easy bum-delighting thing,  
 Rid by the \*Chancellor—yclep'd a sack.

Yet, REYNOLDS, let me fairly say,  
 With pride I pour the lyric lay  
 To most things by thy able hand exprest—  
 Compar'd, to other painting-men,  
 Thou art an eagle to a wren!—  
 Now, Mistress Muse, pray wait on Mister West.

VOL. I.

C

ODE

\* The Lord Chancellor, in the House of Lords, sits constantly on a woolfack.

## O D E II.

PETER falleth foul on Mr. WEST for representing our blessed  
 REDEEMER like an OLD-CLOTHES-MAN—and for misrepresenting  
 the APOSTLES—Cutteth up Mr. WEST's angels—  
 Attacketh another picture of Mr. WEST's—Weepeth over  
 the hard fate of PRINCE OCTAVIUS and AUGUSTUS,  
 children of our most glorious Sovereign.

○ WEST, what hath thy pencil done?  
 Why, painted God Almighty's son  
 Like an old-clothes-man, about London street!  
 Put in his hand a rusty bag,  
 To hold each dainty, rusty rag;  
 We then shall see the-character complete.

Th' Apostles too, I'm much afraid,  
 Were not the fellows thou hast made—  
 For Heav'n's sake, rub those rascals out again—  
 There's not a mortal who believes  
 They look'd like old \* *Salvator's* Thieves,  
 Although they might not look like *gentlemen*.

St.

\* *Salvator Rosa*, happy in his characters of banditti.

Saint Paul most candidly declares,  
 He could not give himself high airs  
 Upon his person—which was rather homely—  
 But really, as for all the rest,  
 Save Judas, who was a rank beast,  
 They all were decent labourers, and comely.

Thy *Spirits* too can't boast the graces—  
 Two Indian angels by their faces—  
 But speak—where are their wings to mount the wind?  
 One would suppose M'BRIDE\* had met 'em—  
 If thou hast spare ones, quickly get 'em,  
 Or else the lads will both be left behind.

Ghost of † Octavius! tell the bard,  
 And thou, Augustus, us'd so *hard*,  
 Why WEST hath murder'd you, my tender lambs?  
 Ye bring to mind vile Richard's deed,  
 Who bade your royal cousins bleed,  
 For which the world the tyrant's mem'ry damns.

C 2

To

\* Capt. M'Bride, famous for *avenging* men of war, as well as partridges.—See his letter to the Admiralty.

† A picture christened the *Apotheosis* of the young gentlemen.

To give the dev'l his due, thou dost inherit  
Some pigmy portion of the painting spirit;  
But what is this, compar'd to loftier things?  
Thine is the fortune (making rivals groan)  
Of wink and nod familiar from the throne,  
And sweetest whispers from the best of kings.

Nods, and winks-royal, since the world began,  
Are immortalities for *little* man.

A whisper, like the breeze that lifts the dust,  
And mounts o'er chimney-tops the giddy straw,  
Can raise a rascal to a place of trust,  
Whose back has bled beneath the whips of law.

Roll on a beggar but the royal eye,  
How the rogue puffs amid th' enlarging light!  
Stretch'd by its blaze, the fellow's ten feet high—  
Just as in magic-lantern swells the mite:

Such is the pow'r of kings to make one stare—  
Thus are kings, conjurors, I do declare.

## O D E III.

PETER administereth sage advice to very young Painters.

PEOPLE must mount by slow degrees to glory—  
 'Tis stairs must lead us to the attic story—  
 Thus thought my great old Name-fake, PETER CZAR;  
 Who bound himself, in Holland, to a trade;  
 A very pretty carpenter he made;  
 And then went \* home, and built a man of war.

The lad who would a 'pothecary shine,  
 Should powder claws of crabs, and jalap, fine;  
 Keep the shop clean, and watch it like a porter;  
 Learn to boil glysters—nay, to give them too,  
 If blinking nurses can't the bus'ness do;  
 Write well the labels, and wipe well the mortar.

Before that boys can rise to master-tanners,  
 Humble those boys must be, and mind their manners;  
 Despising PRIDE, whose wish it is to wreck 'em;

C 3

And

\* To Russia.

And mornings, with a bucket and a flick,  
 Should never once disdain to bend and pick,  
 From street to street, rich lumps of *Album Græcum*.

Thus should young limning lads themselves de-  
 mean;

Learn how to keep their masters' brushes clean,  
 And learn to squeeze the colours from the bladders—  
 Furbish up rags; the shining pallet set;  
 Keep the knives bright, and eke the easel neat—  
 Such arts, to FAME's high temple are the ladders.

Young men, so useful are the arts I mention;  
 (Believe me, not an atom is invention).  
 The instant that I pen this ode, I know  
 A jew-like, shock-poll'd, scrubby, short, black man,  
 More like a cobbler than a gentleman—  
 Working on canvases, like a dog in dough.

By heav'ns! with scarce more knowledges than these,  
 He earns a guinea ev'ry day with ease;  
 Attempteth heads of princes, dogs, cats, 'squires—  
 Now on a monkey vent'reth, now a faint;  
 Talks of *himself*, and much himself admires,  
 And struts the veriest *Bantam Cock* of *Paint*.

By

But mind me, youths, I don't conceit advise,  
Because 'tis fulsome to men's ears and eyes;  
Whose tongues might cover you with ridicule:  
And pray, who loves the appellation, *Fool*?

Yet, if, in spite of all the Muse can say,  
You will *insist* on going the wrong way,  
And *wish* to be of men the laughing-stock—  
Copy our little old black bantam cock;

Whose soul, moreover, of such fort is;  
With so much acrimony overflows,  
As makes him, wherefoe'er he goes,  
A walking thumb-bottle of *Aqua-fortis*.



## O D E IV.

The Lyric Bard commendeth Mr. GAINSBOROUGH'S Pig—  
Recommendeth LANDSCAPE to the Artist.

AND now, O Muse, with song so big,  
Turn round to GAINSBOROUGH'S Girl and Pig,  
Or Pig and Girl I rather should have said :  
The pig in white, I must allow,  
Is really a well-painted sow :  
I wish to say the same thing of the maid.

As for poor St. Leger and Prince ;  
Had I their places, I should wince,  
Thus to be gibbeted for weeks on high :  
Just like your felons after death,  
On Bagshot, or on Hounslow Heath,  
That force from travellers the pitying sigh.

Yet GAINSBOROUGH has merit too,  
Would he his charming *fort* pursue ;  
To mind his landscape have the modest grace :  
Yet there sometimes are Nature's tints despis'd :  
I wish them more attended to, and priz'd,  
Instead of trump'ry that usurps their place.



## O D E V.

PETER quarrelleth with FAT—Proveth its fatal inconveniencies—  
 —Accounteth for the leanness and rags of the MUSES—  
 Displayeth military science—Telleth a wonderful Story of  
 a SPANISH MARQUIS—Talketh sensibly of a greyhound, a  
 hawk, and a race-horse—Pointeth out the proper subjects  
 for greafe.

PAINTERS and poets never should be fat—  
 Sons of Apollo! listen well to that:  
 Fat is foul weather, dims the fancy's sight:  
 In poverty, the wits more nimbly muster:  
 Thus stars, when pinch'd by frost, cast keener lustre  
 On the black blanket of OLD MOTHER NIGHT.

Your heavy fat, I will maintain,  
 Is perfect birdlime of the brain;  
 And, as to goldfinches the birdlime clings,  
 Fat holds ideas by the legs and wings.

Fat flattens the most brilliant thoughts,  
 Like the buff-stop on harpsichords, or spinets—  
 Muffling their pretty little tuneful throats,  
 That would have chirp'd away like linnets.

Not

Not only fat is hurtful to the Arts,  
 But LOVE, at fat—ev'n LOVE ALMIGHTY starts:—  
 LOVE hates large, lubberly, fat, clumsy fellows,  
 Panting and blowing like a blacksmith's bellows.

In parliament, amidst the various chat,  
 What eloquence of NORTH's is lost by fat!  
 Mute in his head-piece on his bosom hung,  
 How many a speech hath slept upon his tongue!

So far Apollo's right, I needs must own,  
 To keep his sons and daughters high in bone:  
 The NINE too, as from history we glean,  
 Are, like Don Quixote's ROSINANTE, lean;

Who likewise fancy all incumbrance bad,  
 And therefore travel very thinly clad;  
 Looking like damsels just escap'd from jails,  
 With backs *al fresco*, and with tatter'd tails.

How, with large rolls of fat, would act

A soldier, or a sailor?

And 'tis a well-attested fact,

Apollo was as nimble as a taylor.

How could he else have caught that handsome flirt,  
 MISS DAPHNE, racing through the pools and dirt?

The

The Marquis of CERONA, of great parts,  
 Could scarce support himself, he was so big—  
 He starv'd—drank vinegar by pints and quarts,  
 And got down to a christian—from a pig.  
 Some author says, his skin (but some will doubt him)  
 Would fold a half-a-dozen times about him.

Reader!—of lie I urge not an iöta:  
 His skin would really round his body come,  
 Though tight before as parchment on a drum—  
 Just like a Portuguese Capota.—

Yes—yes—indeed I solemnly repeat,  
 Painters and bards should very little eat:  
 No matter, verily, how slight their fare—  
 Nay, though camelion-like they fed on air—  
 Else they're like ladies much inciin'd to feeding—  
 Who, often when they fatten, leave off breeding;  
 Or, like the hen, facetious Æsop's story,  
 So known—I shall not lay the tale before ye.

Ye would not load with fat, a running-horse,  
 Or greyhound ye design'd to course;  
 Nor would ye fatten up the hawk  
 Ye mean to nimble birds to talk.

Then

Then pray, young brushmen, if ye wish to thrive,  
 And keep your genius, and the art alive,  
 Gobble not quantities of flesh and fish up:  
 BEINGS who can no harm from fat receive,  
 May feast securely—then for heav'n's sake leave  
 Grease to an alderman, a hog, and bishop.—

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## O D E VI.

PETER flattereth Mr. MASON CHAMBERLIN; and that most  
*brilliant* landscape-painter, Mr. LOUTHERBOURG.—PETER  
 admireth, praiseth, and consoleteth the English *Claude*, WIL-  
 SON.

THY portraits, CHAMBERLIN, may be  
 A likeness, far as I can see;  
 But, faith! I cannot praise a single feature:  
 Yet, when it so shall please the Lord,  
 To make his people out of board,  
 Thy pictures will be tolerable nature.

And LOUTHERBOURG, when Heav'n so wills,  
 To make brass skies, and golden hills,  
 With marble bullocks in glass pastures grazing;

Thy

Thy reputation too will rise,  
 And people, gaping with surprise,  
 Cry, " Monsieur LOUTHERBOURG is most amazing!"

But thou must wait for that event—  
 Perhaps the change is never meant—  
 Till then, with me, thy pencil will not shine—  
 Till then, old red-nos'd \* WILSON's art  
 Will hold its empire o'er my heart,  
 By Britain left in poverty to pine.

But, honest WILSON, never mind;  
 Immortal praises thou shalt find,  
 And for a dinner have no cause to fear.—  
 Thou start'st at my prophetic rhimes!  
 Don't be impatient for those times;  
 Wait till thou hast been dead a hundred year.

## ODE

\* This great Artist was desired by Sir W. CHAMBERS, his friend, to paint a picture for a great King: the Artist painted the picture for the great King; it was one of the finest he ever executed; the picture was shewn to the great King, which was laughed at, and with contempt returned. The Picture is now in the author's possession.—Why have we not a life of WILSON, whose eye was as perfect in the perception of ærial nature, as that of CLAUDE, and whose ideas were of a much superior order of grandeur?

## O D E VII.

PETER breaketh out into learning, and talketh Latin—Adviseeth young artists to do no more than they *can* do—Recommendeth to each the knowledge of his genius.—PETER talketh of Æsop's fables and Mister STUBBS.—PETER ventureth on the stage—Recordeth a story of an actor, and concludeth facetiously.

“*QUI fit Mæcenæ, ut nemo quam sibi sortem*”—

Was partly written for those fools  
Who slight the very art that would support 'em,  
In spite of Gratitude's and Wisdom's rules.

It brings to mind old Æsop's tale, so sweet,  
Of a poor country-bumpkin of a stag,  
Who us'd to curse his clumsy legs and feet,  
But of his horns did wonderfully brag:

Unlike our London poor John-Bulls,  
Who, from the wardrobe of their sculls,  
Could, with the greatest pleasure, piece-meal tear  
Such pretty-looking ornamental geer.

But,



But, to the story of the Buck,  
Like many English ones, much out of luck.

The morn was fresh, the scent was good,  
And Buck by thund'ring hounds pursu'd:  
His legs so friendly bore him like the wind;  
In short, he mock'd the thund'ring sounds—  
In short, he laugh'd at all the hounds—  
And left them, with a \*f—, behind.

And now a thicket's to be fought:  
In rush'd the stag, as quick as thought—  
No sooner got among the thorns,  
But Buck's entangled by the horns:—

Up come the dogs, at length, with dreadful note;  
In vain he struggles—hound on hound  
Pulls the poor pris'ner to the ground—  
Then enters Huntsman John, and cuts his throat.

Unfor-

\* This is really too much in Rabelais' and Dr. Swift's vulgar manner—an arrant *lapsus linguæ*. The nice-nosed reader is therefore desired to turn his nose up or awry at this nasty allusive letter.

Unfortunately for the graphic art,  
Painters too often their true genius thwart;  
Mad to accomplish what can ne'er be done,  
They form for criticism a world of fun.

The man of hift'ry longs to deal in *little*,  
Quits lasting oil, for perishable spittle:

The man of miniature to hift'ry springs,  
Mounts with an ardour wild the broom-like brush,  
Makes for sublimity a daring push,  
And shows, like Icarus, his feeble wings.

'Tis said that nought so much the temper rubs  
Of that ingenious artist, MISTER STUBBS,  
As calling him a horse-painter—how strange,  
That STUBBS the title should desire to change!

Yet doth he curses on th' occasion utter,  
And, foolish, quarrel with his bread and butter:  
Yet, after landscape, gentlemen and ladies,  
This very MISTER STUBBS prodigious mad is;

So quits his horse—on which the man might ride  
To FAME's fair temple, happy and unhurt;  
And takes a hobby-horse to gall his pride,  
That flings him, like a lubber, in the dirt.



The self-fame folly reigns, too, on the Stage—  
 Such for impossibilities the rage!  
 The Man of Farce, to Tragedy aspires,  
 And, calf-like bellowing, feels heroic fires—

WESTON for *Hamlet* and *Othello* sigh'd,  
 And thought it dev'lish hard to be deny'd.—  
 The courtly ABINGTON's untoward Star  
 Wanted her reputation much to mar,  
 And sink the *Lady* to the Washing-tub—  
 So whisper'd—"Mistress ABINGTON, play *Scrub*."  
 To folly full as great, some imp may lug her,  
 And bid her sink in *Filch*, and *Abel Drugger*.

An Actor, living at this time,  
 That now I pen my verse sublime,  
 Could not, to save his soul, find out his *fort*—  
 But lo! it happen'd, on a lucky night,  
 He on the subject got a deal of light;  
 And thus doth Fame the circumstance report.

After exhibiting to Pit and Boxes,  
 To take a dram, the Actor stroll'd to \*Fox's—  
 Where soon his friend came in, such fine things saying,  
 VOL. I. D Offering

\* A Tavern near the Playhouse.

Offering a thousand pretty falutations,  
 With full confirming oath-ejaculations  
 Unto this Son of Thespis, on his playing.

“ Damn me,” quoth he, “ but thou hast wond’rous  
 merit— [spirit:

“ Thou play’dst to -night, my friend, with matchless

“ Zounds! my dear fellow, let me go to H-ll,

“ If ever part was acted half so well!”

The Actor blush’d, and bow’d, and silly look’d,  
 To hear such compliments so nicely cook’d.—  
 Getting the better of his *mauvaise honte*,  
 And staring at the other’s steady front,

Quoth he, “ What part, pray, mean ye? for, in troth,  
 “ I know of none that you should so commend”.—  
 “ What part! replied the other with an oath:  
 “ The *hind-part* of a JACK-ASS\*, my dear friend!”

The Player, charm’d instead of being hurt,  
 Thank’d him for the discovery of his *fort*—  
 Pursu’d his genius—fought no higher game,  
 And by his JACK-ASS won *unenvied* fame.

ODE

\* A part in one of the Pantomines, which contains a large portion of kicking, braying, obstinacy, and tail-wriggling.

## O D E VIII.

PETER reprehendeth Mr. and Mrs. COSWAY, and seemeth, at last, ashamed of his attack—He trimmeth Dr. JOHNSON's jacket—and commendeth the beauty of PRAISE in a style unknown before.

**F**IE, COSWAY! I'm ashamed to say  
 Thou own'st the title of R. A.—  
 I fear, to damn thee 'twas the Devil's sending—  
 Some honest calling quickly find,  
 And bid thy Wife her kitchen mind,  
 Or shirts and shifts be making, or be mending.

If Madam cannot make a shirt,  
 Or mend, or from it wash the dirt,  
 Better than paint, the Poet for thee feels—  
 Or take a stitch up in thy stocking,  
 (Which for a wife is very shocking)  
 I pity the condition of thy heels.

What vanity was in your skulls,  
 To make you act so like two fools,  
 T' expose your daubs, tho' made with wond'rous pains  
 out?

Could RAPHAEL's angry ghost arise,  
 And on the figures cast his eyes,  
 He'd catch a pistol up, and blow your brains out.

MUSE, in this criticism, I fear  
 Thou really hast been too severe :  
 COSWAY paints Miniature with decent spirit,  
 And Mrs. COSWAY boasts some merit.

Be more like courtly Horace's thy page ;  
 And shun of furious Juvenal the rage,  
 Of whom old Scaliger asserts—" *qui jugulat*"—  
*Id est*—not murder would he boggle at.

He was a furious fellow, to be sure,  
 Like JOHNSON, whom the world could scarce endure ;  
 Who, furly, bore his tommy-hawk about,  
 And glorying in a Despot's rude dominion,  
 Scalp'd, without mercy, ev'ry man's opinion  
 Which from his mouth should dare to venture out.

Where JOHNSON sat (which Candour fore bewails !)  
 Men put forth words so cautious !—just like snails,  
 So fearful, putting forth their tender horns,  
 Shrinking and drawing in, and so afraid  
 Of ev'ry foe that rudely may invade—  
 Prickles, and nettles, and sharp-wounding thorns.

Lo !

Lo! our opinion is a child so dear,  
 We love its prattle, though a *simple* note;  
 And, consequently, can't with patience bear  
 The ruffian that would cut its little throat.

Sweet is the voice of PRAISE!—Oh, soft as silk!  
 I wish the world's rude veins could run with milk!  
 PRAISE is rich sunshine-weather—all enjoy it—  
 To catch it, ev'ry one is so alive—  
 Blest as the bees, that, humming from their hive,  
 So advantageously employ it.

But CENSURE is a cloud so cold, that fowls  
 And spits—now fouses us o'er head and ears,  
 Spoils our best clothes; and just like poor soak'd fowls,  
 Drooping, so foolish ev'ry man appears.

PRAISE is a pretty woman's soft white hand,  
 That, smoothing, tickles so our skin;  
 CENSURE, a currycomb we can't withstand,  
 Brings blood, and puts us quite upon the grin!

MUSE, listen to this lecture—go thy ways—  
 And quitting CENSURE, sacrifice to PRAISE.

## O D E IX.

PETER exhibiteth great Biblical knowledge—Immortaliseth his  
 Grace of QUEENSBERRY—Condemneth Imitators, and maketh  
 comparifons, of Painters and Pointers, a Laïs and a parçel  
 of Enfigns.

SIR JOSHUA, (for I've read my Bible over)  
 Of whose great brush I own myself a lover,  
 Puts me in mind of Mathew, the first chapter—  
 A genealogy I read with rapture—  
 Abrâm got Ifaac—Ifaac, Jacob got—  
 Joſeph to get, was lucky Jacob's lot,  
     And all Joe's brothers,  
     Who very nat'rally got others.

A genealogy ſo full of blood,  
 And eke ſo full of piety—ſo good—  
 Pleaſing to me, as unto QUEENSB'RRY'S Grace  
 The genealogy of horſes,  
 So famous on the famous courſes,  
 That bring to mind the fam'd Olympic race.

Sir



Sir JOSHUA's happy pencil hath produc'd

A host of Copyists, much of the same feature;  
By which the Art hath greatly been abus'd:

I own Sir JOSHUA *great*; but Nature *greater*.

But what, alas! is ten times worse,

The progress of the Art to curse:

The *Copyists* have been *copied* too;

And that, I'm sure, will never do.

Such Painters are like pointers seeking game—

Intent on pleasure, and dog-fame.

Suppose a half-a-dozen dogs, or more,

Snuffing, and scamp'ring, crossing the field o'er:

Lo! one dog scents the partridge—points—

Fix'd like a statue on the fragrant gale!

How act the others? Stop their scamp'ring joints;

And, lo! one's *nose* pokes forth on t'other's *tail*.

Perhaps this dog-comparison of mine,

Though vastly natural and vastly fine,

May not be fully understood

By all the youngling painter brood;

Therefore, that into error they mayn't roam,

Suppose we keep a little more *at home*.

Suppose a Damsel of the Cyprian class,  
 A fresh-imported, lovely, blooming lass,  
 Gay, tripping, smiling, ogling, in the Park—  
 Suppose those charms, so pleasing to the eye,  
 Catch the wild glance, and start the am'rous sigh,  
 Of some young roving Military Spark!

Lo! as if touch'd by bailiffs, or by thunder,  
 Sudden he stops—all-over staring wonder—  
 A thousand fancies, his warm brain furround;  
 And nail'd, as if by magic, to the ground,  
 He *points* towards those fascinating charms  
 That rous'd the host of Passions up in arms.

A brother Ensign spies the stock-still lad,  
 And sudden halts—grave pond'ring what it means—  
 Another Ensign, taking *this* for mad,  
 Upon his supple-jack, deep-marv'ling, leans:

Another Ensign after him, too, sauntering,  
 Stops short, and to his eye applies his glass—  
 To know what stay'd his brother Ensign's cantering,  
 Not dreaming of that eye-catcher, the LASS.

Thus



Thus nosing one the other's back,  
 Stands in a goodly row the King's red pack:  
 Except the *first*, whom NATURE's charms inflame—  
 His nose is properly towards the *game*.

E'en so, the PRESIDENT, to NATURE true,  
 Doth mark her form, and all her haunts pursue;  
 Whilst half the silly Brushmen of the land,  
 Contented take the NYMPH at *second-hand*;  
 Imps, who just boast the merit of *Translators*—  
 Horace's *servum pecus*—*Imitators*.

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## O D E X.

PETER is witty on Messieurs SERRES and ZOFFANI, and praiseth  
 and condemneth Mr. BARRET.

SERRES and ZOFFANI! I ween,  
 I better works than yours have seen.—  
 You'll say, no compliment can well be colder—  
 Why, as you scarce are in your prime,  
 And wait the strength'ning hand of Time,  
 I hope that you'll improve as you grow older\*.  
Believe

\* The first is about 70 years of age, and the last 63 or 64.

Believe me, BARRET, thou hast truth and taste;  
 Yet sometimes art thou apt to be *unchaste*:  
 Too oft thy pencil, or thy genius, flags—  
 Too oft thy landscapes, bonfires seem to be;  
 And in thy bustling clouds, methinks I see  
 The resurrection of OLD RAGS.

Ah! CATTON, our poor feelings spare!  
 Suppress thy trash another year;  
 Nor of thy folly make us say a hard thing—  
 And lo! those daubs amongst the many,  
 Painted by Mister EDWARD PENNY!  
 They truly are not worth one half a farthing.

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## O D E XI.

PETER cannonadeth FASHION—Adviseeth people to use their  
 own eyes and noses; and ordereth what is to be done with  
 a *bad* nose.

ONE year the Pow'rs of Fashion rule  
 In favour of the Roman School—  
 Then hey, for drawing! Raphael and Pouffin:

The

The following year, the Flemish brush shall strike—  
Then hey, for colouring—Rubens and Vandyke;  
And, lo! the Roman is not worth a pin.

Be not impos'd upon by FASHION's roar—  
FASHION too often makes an idle noise;  
Bids us, a fickle jade, like fools adore  
The poorest trash, the miserablest toys.

And as a gang of thieves a bustle make,  
With greater ease your purse to take,  
So FASHION frequently, her point to gain,  
Sets up a howl enough to stun a stone,  
And fairly picks the pocket of your brain,  
That is, if any brain you chance to own.

Carry your eyes with you, where-e'er you go—

For not to trust to them, is to abuse 'em:  
As Nature gave them t'ye, you ought to know  
The wise old Lady meant that you should *use* 'em;  
And yet, what thousands, to our vast surprise,  
Of pictures judge by other people's eyes!

When Nature made a present of a nose  
To each man's face, we justly may suppose

She

She meant, that for itself the nose should think,  
 And judge in matters of perfume and stink ;  
 Not meant it for a mule alone, poor hack !  
 To bear horn spectacles upon its back—  
 “ Suppose it cannot smell, what then ! ” you’ll say—  
 “ Fling it away.”

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## O D E XII.

THE LYRIC BARD waxeth witty on Mr. PETERS’s Angel and Child, and also Madam ANGELICA KAUFFMAN, talking unblushingly of a wedding night !

DEAR PETERS ! who, like Luke the Saint,  
 A man of gospel art, and paint,  
 Thy pencil flames not with poetic fury :  
 If Heav’n’s fair angels are like thine,  
 Our bucks, I think, O grave Divine,  
 May meet in t’other world the nymphs of Drury.

The infant soul I do not much admire :  
 It boasteth somewhat more of flesh than fire—  
 The picture, PETERS, cannot much adorn ye—

I'm glad though, that the red-fac'd little finner,  
 Poor foul! hath made a hearty dinner  
 Before it ventur'd on so long a journey.

ANGELICA my plaudit gains—  
 Her art so sweetly canvass stains!  
 Her dames, so Grecian, give me such delight!  
 But, were she married to such gentle males  
 As figure in her painted tales,  
 I fear she'd find a stupid wedding-night.

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### O D E XIII.

PETER lasheth the Ladies.—He turneth Story-teller.—Peter  
 grieveth.

ALTHOUGH the ladies with such beauty blaze,  
 They very frequently my passion raise,  
 Their charms compensate, scarce, their want of taste.  
 Passing amidst the EXHIBITION crowd,  
 I heard some damsels *fashionably* loud;  
 And thus I give the dialogue that pass'd.

“ Oh! the dear man! (cried one) look! here's a bonnet!

“ He shall paint *me*—I am determin'd on it—

“ Lord!

- “ Lord! coufin, fee! how beautiful the gown!  
 “ What charming colours! here’s fine lace, here’s gauze!  
 “ What pretty fprigs the fellow draws!  
 “ Lord, coufin! he’s the clevereft man in town!”
- “ Ay, coufin,” cried a fecond, “ very true—  
 “ And here, here’s charming green, and red, and blue—  
 “ There’s a complexion beats the rouge of WARREN!  
 “ See thofe red lips, oh la! they feem fo nice!  
 “ What rofy cheeks then, coufin, to entice!—  
 “ Compar’d to this, all other heads are carrion.—
- “ Coufin, this limner quickly will be feen  
 “ Painting the PRINCESS ROYAL, and the QUEEN:  
 “ Pray, don’t you think as I do, *coz*?  
 “ But we’ll be painted *firft*, that’s *poz*.”

Such was the very pretty converfation

That pafs’d between the pretty Miſſes,  
 Whilft unobſerv’d, the glory of our nation,

Cloſe by them hung Sir JOSHUA’s matchleſs pieces—  
 Works! that a TITIAN’s hand could form alone—  
 Works! that CORREGIO had been proud to own.

Sorrowing, O Readers, let me lay before ye,  
 What lately happen’d—therefore a true ſtory.



A S T O R Y.

WALKING one afternoon along the Strand,

My wond'ring eyes did suddenly expand

Upon a pretty leash of Cornish lasses.—

“ Heav'ns ! my dear beauteous angels, how d'ye do ?

“ Upon my foul I'm monstrous glad to see ye.”

“ Swinge ! PETER, we are glad to meet with you ;

“ We're just to London come—well, pray how be ye ?

“ We're just a going, while 'tis light,

“ To see St. PAUL's before 'tis dark.—

“ Lord ! come, for once, be so polite,

“ And condescend to be our spark.”

“ With all my heart, my cherubs.”—On we walk'd,

And much of London—much of Cornwall talk'd :

Now did I hug myself to think

How much that glorious structure would surprise—

How from its awful grandeur they would shrink

With open mouths, and marv'ling eyes !

As near to Ludgate-hill we drew,

St. PAUL's just opening on our view ;

Behold,

Behold, my lovely strangers, one and all,  
Gave a most diabolic squall,  
As if they had been tumbled on the stones,  
And some confounded cart had crush'd their bones.

After well fright'ning people with their cries,  
And sticking to a ribbon-shop their eyes,  
They all rush'd in, and swift to patterns ran,  
And imitating Babel, thus began :—

“ Swinge ! here are colours then, to please !

“ Delightful things, I vow to Heav'n !

“ Why ! not to see such things as these,

“ We never should have been forgiv'n.—

“ Here, here, are clever things—good Lord !

“ And, sister, here, upon my word—

“ Here, here !—look ! here are beauties to delight :

“ Why ! how a body's heels might dance

“ Along from Launceston to Penzance,

“ Before that one might meet with such a fight !”

“ Come, ladies, 'twill be dark,” said I—“ I fear :

“ Pray let us view St. PAUL's, 'tis now so near.”—

“ Lord !



“ Lord! PETER, (cried the girls) don’t mind St.

PAUL!—

“ Sure! you’re a most *incurious* soul—

“ Why—we can see the church another day:

“ Don’t be afraid—St. PAUL’s can’t *run away*.”

READER,

If e’er thy bosom felt a thought fublime,

Drop tears of pity on the Man of Rhyme!

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## O D E XIV.

PETER disclaimeth flattery—Describeth the GRAND MONARQUE—and promiseth critical candour.

’T IS very true, that flattery’s not my *fort*—

I cannot to stupidity pay court—

And swear a face looks sense (the picture puffing)

That boasts no more expression than a muffin)

And yet, a Frenchman can do this,

And think he doth not act amiss;

VOL I.

E

Although

Although he tells a most confounded lie.—

KING LEWIS leads me into this remark,  
Call'd by his people all, LE GRAND MONARQUE—  
A demi-god in every Frenchman's eye.

His portrait by some famous hand was done,  
And then exhibited at the Salon :  
At once a courtly critic criticises—  
“ Where is the brilliant eye, the charming grace,  
“ The sense profound that marks the Royal face—  
“ The Soul of LEWIS, that so very wise is?

Yet when he bawl'd for sense, he bawl'd, I wot,  
For furniture the head had never got.  
Reader, believe me, that this gentleman  
Was form'd on Nature's very homely plan.—

Clumsy in legs and shoulders, head and gullet,  
His mouth abroad in seeming wonder lost,  
As if its meaning had given up the ghost :  
His eye far duller than a leaden bullet ;  
Nature so slighting the poor Royal nob,  
As if she bargain'd for it by the job.

There-

Therefore, should mighty G....., or great Lord  
 Both gentlefolks of high condition,      [NORTH,  
 Think it worth while to send their faces forth,  
 To stare amidst the ROYAL EXHIBITION—

If likenesses, I'll not condemn the pictures,  
 To compliment those mighty people's polls:  
 I scorn to pass unfair and cruel strictures,  
 By asking for the graces, or their souls.

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O D E    XV.

PETER pitifully praiseth Mr. STUBBS, and administereth whole-  
 some advice—Surpriseth Mr. HONE with a compliment—  
 Concludeth with suspecting the ingratitude of the ROYAL  
 ACADEMICIANS.

WELL-pleas'd thy horses, STUBBS, I view,  
 And eke thy dogs, to *homely* nature true:  
 Let modern artists match thee, if they can—  
 Such animals thy genius suit:  
 Then stick, I beg thee, to the brute,  
 And meddle not with woman, nor with man.

And now for Mister NATHAN HONE—

In portrait thou 'rt as much alone,  
As in his landscape stands th' unrival'd CLAUDE!  
Of pictures I have seen enough,  
Most vile, most execrable stuff;  
But none so bad as thine, I vow to God.

Thus in the cause of painting, loyal,  
Sublime I've sung to artists royal—  
With labour-pains the Muse hath fore been torn!  
And yet each academic face,  
I fear me, hath not got the grace  
To smile upon the bantling, now 'tis born.

L Y R I C O D E S

TO THE

ROYAL ACADEMICIANS,

FOR M,DCC,LXXXIII.



ECCE ITERUM CRISPINUS!



# LYRIC ODES.

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## ODE I.

Peter vaunteth exceedingly—displayeth great learning, and piteously complaineth of the *res angusta domi*—He praiseth the kind Reviewers—Describeth himself most pathetically—Consoleth himself—Disliketh the road to the Temple of Fame by means of shooting, poison, or hanging—Addresseth great folk—Giveth the King a broad hint—Asketh a simple question—Maketh as simple an apostrophe to GENIUS.

SONS of the Brush, I'm here again!

At times a Pindar, and Fontaine,

Casting poetic pearl (I fear) to swine!

For hang me if my last year's Odes

Paid rent for lodgings\* near the gods,

Or put one sprat into this mouth divine.

For odes, my COUSIN had rump-steaks to eat!

So says Pausanias—loads of dainty meat!

And this the towns of Greece, to give, thought fit:

The best historians, one and all, declare

With the most solemn air,

The poet might have guttled till he split.

\* The attic story, or, according to the vulgar phrase, garret.



How different far, alas! *my* worship's fate!  
 To sooth the horrors of an empty plate,  
 The grave possessors\* of the critic throne  
 Gave me, in truth, a pretty treat—  
 Of flattery, mind me, not of meat;  
 For they, poor souls, like me, are skin and bone.

No, no! with all my lyric pow'rs,  
 I'm not like Mistress Cofway's *Hours*, †  
 Red as cock-turkeys, plump as barn-door chicken:  
 MERIT and I are miserably off—  
 We both have got a most consumptive cough;  
 Hunger hath long our harmless bones been picking.

MERIT and I, so innocent, so good,  
 Are like the little children in the wood;  
 And soon, like them, shall lay us down and die!  
 May some good christian bard, in pity strong,  
 Turn redbreast kind, and with the sweetest song  
 Bewail our hapless fate with wat'ry eye!

Poor

\* See the Reviews for last year.

† A sublime picture this! the expression is truly Homerial.—  
 The fair artist hath, in the most surprising manner, communi-  
 cated to canvass the old bard's idea of the *brandy-faced Hours*.—  
 See the Iliad.

POOR CHATTERTON was starv'd—with all his art!  
 Some consolation this to my lean heart:  
 Like him, in holes too, spider-like, I mope;  
 And there my Rev'rence may remain, alas!  
 The world will not discover it, the afs!  
 Until I scrape acquaintance with a rope.

Then up your Walpoles, Bryants, mount like bees;  
 Then each my pow'rs with adoration fees—  
 Nothing their kind civilities can hinder:  
 When, like an Otho, I am found;  
 Like Jacob's sons, they'll look one t'other round,  
 And cry, "Who would have thought this a young  
 Pindar?"

Hanging's a dismal road to fame—  
 Pistols and poison just the same—  
 And what is worse, one can't come back again:  
 Soon as the beauteous gem we find,  
 We can't display it to mankind,  
 Though won with such wry mouths and wriggling pain.

Ye Lords and Dukes so clever, say,  
 (For ye have much to give away,  
 And much your gentle patronage I lack)

Speak,

Speak, is it not a crying fin,  
 That FOLLY's guts are to his chin,  
 Whilst *mine* are slunk a mile into my back!

Oft as his sacred Majesty I see,  
 Ah! George, (I sigh) thou hast good things with thee,  
 Would make me sportive as a youthful cat!  
 It is not that my soul so loyal  
 Would wish to wed the Princess Royal,  
 Or be Archbishop—no! I'm not for that.

Nor really have I got the grace  
 To wish for Laureat Whitehead's place;  
 Whose odes Cibberian—sweet, yet very manly,  
 Are set with equal strength by Mister Stanley.

Would not one swear that Heav'n lov'd fools,  
 There's such a number of them made;  
 Bum-proof to all the flogging of the schools,  
 No ray of knowledge could their skulls pervade?  
 Yet, gauge the pockets of those fellows' breeches,  
 We stare like congers at their riches.

O GENIUS! what a wretch art thou,  
 Who canst not keep a mare or cow,

With

With all thy compliment of wit so frisky !  
 Whilst FOLLY, as a mill-horse blind,  
 Beside his compter, gold can find,  
 And Sundays sport a strumpet and a whisky !

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## O D E II.

Peter turneth critic—Maketh handsome promises to Mr. WEST,  
 and, like great folk, breaketh his word—Laugheth at the figure  
 of King CHARLES—Lasheth that of OLIVER CROMWELL ;  
 and ridiculeth the pair of Apostles, Peter and John, gal-  
 loping to the Sepulchre—Understandeth plain-work, and  
 justly condemneth the shortness of the shirts of Mr. WEST's  
 Angels—Concludeth with making that artist a handsome  
 offer of an American immortality.

NOW for my criticism on paints,  
 Where bull-dogs, heroes, finners, faints,  
 Flames, thunder, lightning, in confusion meet !—  
 Behold the works of Mister WEST !—  
 That artist first shall be addrest—  
 His pencil with due reverence, lo ! I greet.

Still bleeding from his last year's wound,  
 Which from my doughty lance he found ;

Methinks

Methinks I hear the trembling painter bawl,  
 “ Why dost thou persecute me, SAUL ?”

WEST, let me whisper in thy ear—  
 Snug as a thief within a mill,  
 From me thou hast no cause to fear :  
 To panegyric will I turn my skill ;  
 And if thy *picture* I am forc'd to blame,  
 I'll say most handsome things about the *frame*.

Don't be cast down—instead of gall,  
 Molasses from my pen shall fall :  
 And yet, I fear thy gullet it is such,  
 That, could I pour all Niagara down,  
 Were Niagara praise, thou wouldst not frown,  
 Nor think the thund'ring gulph one drop too much.

Ye gods ! the portrait of the \* King !  
 A very Saracen ! a glorious thing !  
 It shows a flaming pencil, let me tell ye—  
 Methinks I see the people stare,  
 And, anxious for his life, declare,  
 “ King George hath got a fire-ship in his belly.”

Thy

\* Such a despicable performance as would disgrace a sign-post ; the drawing, colouring, composition, so very, very bad. The *expression* has the only merit.

Thy Charles! what must I say to that!  
 Each face unmeaning, and so flat!—  
 Indeed first cousin to a piece of board:  
 But, Muse, we've promis'd in our lays,  
 To give our *Yankey* painter praise;  
 So, Madam, 'tis but fair to keep our word.

Well then, the Charles of Mister West,  
 And Oliver, I do protest,  
 And eke the witnesses\* of resurrection,  
 Will stop a hole, keep out the wind,  
 And make as good a window-blind,  
 As great Correggio's†, plac'd for horse protection.

They'll make good floor-cloths, taylors' measures;  
 For table coverings, be treasures;  
 With butchers, form for flies most charming flappers;  
 And Monday mornings at the tub,  
 When queens of fuds their linen scrub,  
 Make for the blue-nos'd nymphs delightful wrappers.

WEST,

\* Peter and John.

† Correggio's best pictures were actually made use of in the royal stables in the North, to keep the wind from the tails of the horses.



WEST, I forgot last year to say,  
 Thy Angels did my delicacy hurt;  
 Their linen so much coarseness did display :  
 What's worse, each had not above half a shirt.  
 I tell thee, cambrick fine as webs of spiders,  
 Ought to have deck'd that brace of heavenly riders.

Could not their saddle-bags, pray, jump  
 To somewhat longer for each rump !  
 I'd buy much better at a Wapping shop,  
 By vulgar tongues baptiz'd a flop !  
 Do mind, my friend, thy hits another time,  
 And thou shalt cut a figure in my rhyme :  
 Sublimely tow'ring 'midst th' Atlantic roar,  
 I'll waft thy praises to thy native \* shore ;  
 Where LIBERTY's brave sons their pæans sing,  
 And ev'n the convict feels himself a King.

ODE

\* America.



## O D E III.

The Poet addresseth Mr. GAINSBOROUGH—Exhibiteth great  
Scripture erudition—Condemneth Mr. GAINSBOROUGH's  
plagiarism—Giveth the Artist wholesome advice:

NOW, GAINSBOROUGH, let me view thy shining  
labours,

Who, mounted on thy painting throne,  
On other brushmen look'ft contemptuous down,  
Like our great admirals on a gang of fwabbers.

My eyes broad-staring wonder leads  
To yon dear nest \* of royal heads !  
How each the soul of my attention pulls !  
Suppose, my friend, thou giv'ft the frame  
A pretty little Bible name,  
And call'ft it *Golgotha, the Place of Skulls* ?

Say, didst thou really paint 'em ? (To be free):  
An angel finish'd Luke's transcendent line—  
Perchance that civil angel was with thee—  
For let me perish, if I think them thine.

Thy

\* A frame full of heads, in most *humble* imitation of the  
Royal Family.

Thy dogs\* are good!—but yet, to make thee stare,  
The piece hath gain'd a number of deriders:

They tell thee, Genius in it had no share,  
But that thou foully stol'st the curs from SNYDERS.

I do not blame thy borrowing a hint;  
For, to be plain, there's nothing in't—  
The man who scorns to do it, is a log:  
An eye, an ear, a tail, a nose,  
Were modesty, one might suppose;  
But, z—ds! thou must not smuggle the whole dog.

O GAINSBOROUGH, Nature 'plaineth fore,  
That thou hast kick'd her out of door,  
Who in her bounteous gifts hath been so free,  
To cull such genius out for thee!  
Lo! all thy efforts without her are vain!  
Go find her, kiss her, and be friends again.

Speak, Muse, who form'd that matchless head,  
The Cornish Boy, † in tin-mines bred;

Whose

\* A picture of boys setting dogs to fight.

† OPIE.

Whose native genius, like his diamonds, shone  
 In secret, till chance gave him to the sun?  
 'Tis JACKSON's portrait—put the laurel on it,  
 Whilst to that tuneful swan I pour a sonnet.

# S O N N E T,

To JACKSON, OF EXETER.

ENCHANTING harmonist! the art is thine,  
 Unmatch'd, to pour the soul-dissolving air,  
 That seems poor weeping VIRTUE's hymn divine,  
 Soothing the wounded bosom of DESPAIR!

O say, what minstrel of the sky hath given  
 To swell the dirge, so musically lorn?  
 Declare, hath dove-ey'd PITY left her heaven,  
 And lent thy happy hand her lyre to mourn?

So sad, thy sounds of hopeless hearts complain,  
 LOVE, from his Cyprian isle, prepares to fly;  
 He hastes to listen to thy tender strain,  
 And learn from thee to breathe a sweeter sigh.

## O D E V.

The great PETER, by a bold Pindaric jump, leapeth from  
Sonnet to Gull-catching.

READER, dost know the mode of catching Gulls?  
If not, I will inform thee—Take a board,  
And place a fish upon it for the fools,  
A sprat, or any fish by Gulls ador'd:

Those birds, who love a lofty flight,  
And sometimes bid the fun good night;  
Spying the glittering bait that floats below;  
*Sans cérémonie*, down they rush,  
(For Gulls have got no manners) on they push;  
And what's the pretty consequence, I trow?  
They strike their gentle jobbernowls of lead  
Plump on the board—then lie like boobies dead.

Reader, thou need'st not beat thy brains about,  
To make so plain an application out:—  
There's many a painting puppy, take my word,  
Who knocks his silly head against a board—  
That might have help'd the State—made a good jailor,  
A nightman, or a tolerable taylor.

## O D E VI.

PETER discovereth more scriptural erudition—Groweth sarcastic on the Exhibition—Giveth a wonderful account of St. DENNIS—Blusheth for the honour of his country—Talketh sensibly of the DUC DE CHARTRES and the FRENCH KING.

“ FIND me in Sodom out,” (exclaim’d the Lord)  
 “ Ten *gentlemen*, the place shan’t be untown’d—  
 “ That is, I will not burn it ev’ry board :”—  
 The dev’l a Gentleman was to be found !  
 But this was rather hard, since Heav’n well knew  
 That every fellow in it was a *Jew*.

This house is nearly in the same condition—  
 Scarce are good things amid those wide abodes.—  
 Find me ten pictures in this Exhibition,  
 That ought not to be d—n’d, I’ll burn my Odes !  
 And then the world will be in fits and vapours,  
 Just as it was for poor Lord MANSFIELD’s papers.\*

F 2

St.

\* To the irreparable loss of the public, and that great law expounder, burnt ! burnt in Lord George Gordon’s religious conflagration.—The news-papers howled for months over their ashes.  
 —*Ohe jam satis est.*

St. Dennis, when his head was taken off,  
 Hugg'd it, and kiss'd it—carried it a mile:—  
 This was a pleasant miracle enough,  
 That maketh many an unbeliever smile.

“ 'Sblood! 'tis a lie!” ye roar.—Pray do not swear,  
 Ye may believe the wond'rous tale indeed!  
 Speak, hav'n't you said that many a picture here  
 Was really done by folks without a head?  
 And hav'n't you sworn this instant, with surprise,  
 That he who did *that thing*, had neither hands nor eyes?

How is it that such miserable stuff  
 The walls of this stupendous building stains?  
 The Council's ears with pleasure I could cuff;  
 Mind me—I don't say, batter out their *brains*.  
 What will Duke CHARTRES say when he goes home,  
 And tells King LEWIS all about the room?

Why, viewing such a set of red-hot heads,  
 Our Exhibition he will liken Hell to;  
 Then to the Monarch, who both writes and reads,  
 Give hand-bills of the wond'rous Katterfelto;  
 Swearing th' Academy was all so flat,  
 He'd rather see the wizard and his cat.



## O D E VII.

PETER elegantly and happily depicteth his great Cousin of Thebes—Talketh of Fame—Horsewhippeth the painters for turning their own trumpeters,

A DESULTORY way of writing,  
 A hop and step and jump mode of inditing,  
 My great and wise relation, Pindar, boasted:  
 Or, (for I love the bard to flatter)  
 By jerks, like boar-pigs making water,  
 Whatever first came in his sconce,  
 Bounce, out it flew, like bottled ale, at once,  
 A cock, a bull, a whale, a foldier roasted.

What sharks we mortals are for fame!  
 How poacher-like we hunt the game!  
 No matter, for it, how we play the fool—  
 And yet, 'tis pleasing our own laud to hear,  
 And really very natural to prefer  
 One grain of praise to pounds of ridicule.



I've lost all patience with the trade—  
 I mean the painters—who can't stay  
 To see their works by criticism display'd,  
 And hear what others have to say;  
 But calling FAME a vile old lazy strumpet,  
 Sound their own praise from their own *penny*\* trumpet.

Amidst the hurly-burly of my brain,  
 Where the mad Lyric Muse, with pain,  
 Hammering hard verse her skill employs,  
 And beats a tinman's shop in noise;

Catching wild tropes and similes,  
 That hop about like swarms of fleas—  
 We've *lost* Sir JOSHUA—Ah! that charming elf,  
 I'm griev'd to say, hath this year lost *himself*.

Oh! RICHARD, thy *St. George*\* so brave,  
 Wisdom and Prudence could not save  
 From being foully murder'd, my good friend;  
 Some weep to see the woeful figure;  
 Whilst others laugh, and many snigger,  
 As if their mirth would never have an end.

Prithee

\* At the beginning of the Exhibition, the public papers swarmed with those self-adulators.

† See Mr. Colway's picture of Prudence, Wisdom, and Valour, arming St. George.

Prithee accept th' advice I give with sorrow :  
 Of poor St. George the useleſs armour borrow,  
 To guard thy own poor corſe—don't be a mule—  
 Take it—e'en now thou'rt like a hedgehog, *quill'd*,  
 (RICHARD, I hope in God thou art not *kill'd*)  
 By the dire ſhafts of merc'leſs ridicule.

Pity it is! 'tis true 'tis pity!  
 As Shakeſpeare lamentably ſays,  
 That thou, in this obſerving city,  
 Thus run'ſt a wh-r-ng after PRAISE:  
 With *ſtrong deſires* I really think thee fraught;  
 But, DICK, the nymph, ſo coy, will not be caught.

Yet, for thy conſolation, mind!  
 In this thy wounded pride may refuge find—  
 Think of the *Sage* who wanted a fine *piece*;  
 Who went, *in vain*, five hundred miles at leaſt,  
 On Laïs, a ſweet *fille de joie*, to feaſt—  
 The Miſtreſs ROBINSON of Greece.

Prithee give up, and ſave thy paints and oil,  
 And don't whole acres of good canvas ſpoil:  
 Thou'lt ſay, “ Lord! many hundreds do like *me*.”  
 Lord! ſo have fellows *robb'd*—nay, further,  
 Hundreds of villains have committed *murther*;  
 But, RICHARD, are theſe precedents for *thee*?

## O D E VIII.

PETER groweth ironically facetious.

NATURE's a coarse, vile, daubing jade—

I've said it often, and repeat it—

She doth not understand her trade—

Artists, ne'er mind *her* work, I hope you'll *beat it*.

Look now, for heav'n's sake, at her skies!

What are they?—Smoke, for certainty, I know;  
From chimney-tops, behold! they rise,

Made by some sweating cooks below.

Look at her dirt in lanes, from whence it comes—

From hogs, and ducks, and geese, and horses' bums—

Then tell me, DECENCY, I must request,

Who'd copy such a dev'lish nasty *beast*?

Paint by the yard—your canvas spread,

Broad as the main-sail of a man of war—

Your whale shall eat up ev'ry other head,

Ev'n as the sun licks up each sneaking star!

I do assure you, bulk is no bad trick—

By bulky *things* both men and maids are taken—  
Mind, too, to lay the paints like mortar thick,  
And make your picture look as red as bacon,  
All folks love *size*; believe my rhyme;  
BURKE says, 'tis *part* of the *sublime*.

A Dutchman, I forget his name—VAN GROUT,  
VAN SLABBERCHOPS, VAN STINK, VAN SWAB—  
No matter, though I cannot make it out—  
At calling names I never was a dab;

This Dutchman then, a man of taste,  
Holding a cheese that weigh'd a hundred pound,  
Thus, like a burgomaster, spoke with judgment *vast*—  
“ No poet like my broder step de ground:

“ He be de bestest poet, look !

“ Dat all de vorld must please;

“ Vor he heb vrite von book,

“ So *big* as all dis *cheese* !”

If at a *distance* you would paint a pig,  
Make out each single bristle on his back:  
Or if your meaner subject be a wig,  
Let not the caxon a distinctness lack;

Else,

Else, all the lady critics will so stare,  
And, angry vow, “ ’Tis not a bit like hair !”

Be smooth as glass—like DENNER, finish high ;

Then every tongue commends :—

For people judge not *only* by the eye,

But *feel* your merit by their finger ends ;

Nay ! closely *nosing*, o’er the picture dwell,

As if to try the *goodness* by the *smell*.

CLAUDE’S distances are too confus’d—

One floating scene—nothing made out—

For which he ought to be abus’d,

Whose works have been so cry’d about.

Give me the pencil, whose amazing style

Makes a bird’s beak appear at twenty mile ;

And to my view, eyes, legs, and claws will bring,

With ev’ry feather of his tail and wing.

Make all your trees alike ; for Nature’s wild—

Fond of variety, a wayward child.—

To blame your taste some blockheads may presume ;

But mind that ev’ry one be like a broom.

Of steel and purest silver form your waters,

And make your clouds like rocks and alligators.

When-

Whene'er you paint the moon, if you are willing  
 To gain applause—why paint her like a shilling?  
 Or SOL's bright orb—be sure to make him glow  
 Precisely like a guinea, or a Jo\*.  
 In short, to get your pictures prais'd and fold,  
 Convert, like Midas, every thing to gold.

II fee, at excellence, you'll come at *last*—

Your clouds are made of very brilliant stuff;  
 The blues on China mugs are now surpass'd,  
 Your sun-sets yield not to brick walls, nor buff.

In stumps of trees your art so finely thrives,  
 They really look like golden-hafted knives!  
 Go on, my lads—leave Nature's dismal hue,  
 And she, ere long, will come and copy *you*.

ODE

\* A Portugal coin, *vulgarly* called a Johannes.



## O D E IX.

The sublime PETER concludeth in a sweat.

THUS have I finish'd, for this time,  
 My Odes, a little wild and rambling—  
 May people bite like gudgeons at my rhyme!  
 I long to see them scrambling—  
 Then very soon I'll give 'em more (God willing);  
 But this is full sufficient for a *shilling*\*.  
 For such a trifle, *such a heap*!  
 Indeed I sell my goods too *cheap*.

Finish'd! a disappointed artist cries,  
 With open mouth and straining eyes;  
 Gaping for praise, like a young crow for meat—  
 “ Lord! why you have not mentioned me!”  
 Mention *thee*!

Thy impudence hath put me in a sweat—  
 What rage for fame attends both great and small!  
 Better be d—n'd, than not be nam'd at all!

LYRIC

\* Now eighteen-pence, with additions.



L Y R I C O D E S,

TO THE

ROYAL ACADEMICIANS,

FOR M,DCC,LXXXV.

---

—RIDENTEM DICERE VERUM

QVID VETAT ?——

HORAT.



# L Y R I C O D E S.

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## O D E I.

The divine PETER giveth an account of a conference he held last year with SATIRE, who adviseth him to attack some of the R. A.'s, to tear Mr. WEST's works to pieces, abuse Mr. GAINSBOROUGH, fall foul of Mrs. COSWAY's Sampson, and give a gentle stroke on the back of Mr. RICAUD.—The Poet's gentle answer to SATIRE—The Ode of Remembrance that PETER received on account of his LYRICS—SATIRE's reply—PETER's resolution.

“NOT, not this year the lyric PETER sings—  
“ The great R. A.'s have wish'd my song to cease;  
“ I will not pluck a feather from your wings—  
“ So, Sons of Canvas! take your naps in peace.”

Such was my last year's gracious speech,  
Sweet as the Kings to Commons and to Peers,  
Always with sense and tropes as plum-cake rich;  
A luscious banquet for his people's ears!

“ Not write!” cry'd SATIRE, red as fire with rage—  
“ This instant glorious war with Dulness wage;  
“ Take,



“ No ! ’tis a son of lather—a rank prig ;  
 “ Who, ’stead of begging of the LORD the Law,  
 “ With sober looks, and reverential awe,  
 “ Seems perily tripping up to fetch his wig.

“ With all her thunder bid the Muse  
 “ Fall furious on the groupe of Jews,  
 “ Whose shoulders are adorn’d with *Christian faces* ;  
 “ For by each phiz, (I speak without a gibe)  
 “ There’s not an Israelite in all the tribe—  
 “ Not that they are encumber’d by the Graces.

“ Strike off the head of Jeremiah \*,  
 “ And break the bones of old Ifaiah † ;  
 “ Down with the duck-wing’d Angels ‡, that abreast  
 “ Stretch from a thing call’d *cloud*, and, by their  
 “ Wear more the visage of young rooks [looks,  
 “ Cawing for victuals from their nest.

“ Deal GAINSBOROUGH a lash, for pride so stiff,  
 “ Who robs us of such pleasure for a §miff ;

VOL. I.

G

“ Whose

\* A picture by Mr. West. † Another picture by West.

‡ In the Apotheosis, a picture by West.

§ This extraordinary and celebrated artist, too petulantly insisting on a violation of a law of the Academy, in order to exhibit a picture in a light suitable to his wishes, seceded from the Royal Academy on the disappointment.

“ Whose pencil, when he chooses, can be chaste,  
 “ Give Nature’s form, and please the eye of TASTE.

“ Of cuts on Sampson\* don’t be sparing,  
 “ Between two garden-rollers flaring,  
     “ Shown by the lovely Dalilah foul play !  
 “ To atoms tear that †Frenchman’s trash ;  
 “ Then bountifully deal the lash  
     “ On such as dar’d to dub him an R. A.”

*Thus* SATIRE to the gentle Poet cry’d ;  
 And *thus*, with lamb-like sweetness, I reply’d :—

“ Dear SATIRE ! pray consult my life and ease ;  
 “ Were I to write whatever you desire,  
 “ The fat would all be fairly in the fire—  
     “ R. A.’s surround me like a swarm of bees,  
 “ Or like a flock of small birds round a fowl  
 “ Of solemn speculation, call’d an OWL.”

Quoth I, “ O SATIRE, I’m a simple youth,  
 “ Must make my fortune, therefore not speak truth,  
   “ Although

\* A picture by Mrs. Cosway.

† Rigaud.

“ Although as sterling as the Holy Bible :  
 “ *Truth* makes it (MANSFIELD says) the more a libel !  
 “ I shall not sleep in peace within my hutch ;  
 “ Like Doctor Johnson\*, I have said too much.”

When Mount Vesuvius† pour'd his flames,  
 And frighten'd all the Naples dames,  
 What did the ladies of the city do ?  
 Why, order'd a fat Cardinal to go  
     With good St. Januarius's head,  
 And shake it at the Mountain, 'midst his riot,  
 To try to keep the bully quiet :

    The Parson went, and shook the jowl, and sped ;  
 Snug was the word ; the flames at once kept house ;  
 The frighten'd Mount grew mute as any mouse.

Thus, should Lord MANSFIELD from his bench agree  
 To shake his lion mane-like wig at *me*,

G 2

And

\* The story goes, that SAM, before his *political conversion*, replied to his present Majesty, in the library at Buckingham-house, on being asked by the Monarch, “ Why he did not write more ? ” — “ Please your Majesty, I have written *too much*.” So candid a declaration, of which the sturdy moralist did not believe one syllable, procured him a pension, and a muzzle.

† See Sir William Hamilton's account.



And bid his grim-look'd myrmidons assail;  
 With heads Medusan, and with hearts of bone,  
 Lo! if they did not *turn* me into *stone*,  
 Yet might they turn my limbs into a *jail*.

Read, read this Ode, just come to hand,  
 Giving the Muse to understand  
 That cruelty and scandal swell her song,  
 And that 'twere better far she held her tongue.

### TO PETER PINDAR, ESQ.

A beautiful Fable, and charmingly told; but unfortunately the roguish author leaves us in the dark with respect to his real meaning; that is, whether the compliment to the Lady be serious or ironical.

A THOUSAND frogs, upon a summer's day,  
 Were sporting 'midst the sunny ray,  
 In a large pool, reflecting every face;  
 They show'd their gold-lac'd clothes with pride,  
 In harmless fallies, frequent vied,  
 And gambol'd through the water with a grace.

It happen'd that a band of boys,  
 Observant of their harmless joys,  
 Thoughtless, resolv'd to spoil their happy sport :  
 One frenzy seiz'd both great and small ;  
 On the poor frogs the rogues began to fall,  
 Meaning to splash them, not to do them hurt.

Lo, as old authors sing, ' the stones 'gan pour,'  
 Indeed an \*Otaheite show'r !  
 The consequence was dreadful, let me tell ye ;  
 One's eye was beat out of his head,  
 This limp'd away, that lay for dead ;  
 Here mourn'd a broken back, and there a belly.

Amongst the finitten, it was found,  
 Their beauteous Queen receiv'd a wound ;  
 The blow gave ev'ry heart a sigh,  
 And drew a tear from ev'ry eye :  
 At length King CROAK got up, and thus begun :  
 " My lads, you think this very pretty fun !

" Your pebbles round us fly as thick as hops ;  
 " Have warmly complimented all our chops :

G 3

" To

\* See the Otaheite Journals.

" To *you* I gueſs that theſe are pleaſant ſtones !  
 " And ſo they might be to us frogs,  
 " You damn'd young good-for-nothing dogs,  
 " But that they are ſo hard, they break our bones."

PETER ! thou mark'ſt the meaning of this fable—  
 So put thy Pegafus into the ſtable ;  
 Nor wanton, thus with cruel pride,  
 Mad, Jehu-like, o'er harmleſs people ride.

To drop the metaphor, the Fair\*,  
 Whoſe works thy muſe forbore to ſpare,  
 Is bleſt with talents ENVY muſt approve ;  
 And didſt thou know her heart, thou ſure wouldſt  
 " Perdition catch the cruel lay !" [ſay,  
 Then ſtrike thy lyre to INNOCENCE and LOVE.

---

" Poh, poh !" cry'd SATIRE, with a ſmile,  
 " Where is the glorious freedom of our Iſle,  
 " If not permitted to call names ?"  
 Methought the argument had weight :  
 " SATIRE," quoth I, " you're very right"—  
 So once more forth volcanic PETER flames !

## O D E II.

The Poet correcteth the Muse's warmth, who beginneth with little less than calling names—Hinteth at some academic giants—And concludeth with a pair of apt and elegant similes.

“TAGRAGS and bobtails of the sacred brush!”—  
For Heav'n's sake, Muse, be prudent :—Hush ! hush !

The Ode with too much violence begins : [hush !  
The great R. A.'s, so jealous of their fame,  
Will all declare, of *them* we make a game ;

And then, the Lord have mercy on our skins !  
Think what a formidable phalanx, Muse,  
Strengthen'd by Messieurs GARVAY and RIGAUD,  
and Co.

How dangerous such a body to abuse !

Then there's among the Academic crew,  
A MAN\* that made the President look blue ;  
Brandish'd his weapon with a whirlwind's forces,  
Tore by the roots his flourishing discourses ;  
And swore his own sweet Irish howl could pour  
A half a dozen such, in half an hour.

G 4

Be

\* Mr. Barry.

Be prudent, Muse! once more I pray—  
In vain I preach! th' advice is thrown away :  
Ev'n now ye turn your nose up with a sneer,  
And cry—Lord! REYNOLDS has no cause to fear :  
When BARRY dares the President to fly on,  
    'Tis like a mouse, that, work'd into a rage,  
    Daring most dreadful war to wage,  
Nibbles the tail of the Nemæan lion ;

Or like a louse, of mettle full,  
Nurs'd in some giant's skull,  
Because Goliath scratch'd him as he fed,  
Employs with vehemence his angry claws,  
And gaping, grinning, formidable jaws,  
To *carry off* the GIANT'S HEAD!

## O D E III.

The Poet addresseth Sir WILLIAM CHAMBERS, a gentleman of consequence in the election of R. A.'s—He accuseth the Knight of a partial and ridiculous distribution of the academic honours—Threateneth him with rhyme—Adviseeth a reformation.

ONE minute, gentle IRONY, retire—

Behold ! I'm graver than a mustard pot ;

The Muse, with bile as hot as fire,

Could call *fool*, *puppy*, *blockhead*, and “ what not ;”

As brother Horace has it—*tumet jecur* :

Nor in her angry progress will I check her.

I'm told, that Satan has been long at work

To bring th' Academy into disgrace ;

Oh ! may that Member's b-ck-de feel his fork,

Who dares to violate the sacred place !

Who dares the Devil join

In so nefarious a design ?

Yet, lo ! what dolts the honours claim !

I leave their WORKS to tell their name.

Th'

Th' Academy is like a microscope—  
 For, by the magnifying power, are seen  
 Objects, that for attention ne'er could hope;  
 No more, alas! than if they ne'er had *been*.

So rare a building, and so grac'd  
 With monuments of ancient taste,  
 Statues and busts, relievos and intaglios;  
 For *such poor things* to watch the treasure,  
 Is laughable beyond all measure—  
 'Tis just like eunuchs put to guard scraglios.

Think not, Sir WILLIAM, I'm in jest—  
 By Heaven! I will not let thee rest:  
 Yet thou mayst bluster like bull-beef so big;  
 And of thy own importance full,  
 Exclaim, "Great *cry*, and little *wool*!"  
 As Satan holla'd, when he shav'd the pig.

Yes, thou shalt feel my tomahawk of satire,  
 And find that *scalping* is a serious matter:  
 Shock'd at th' abuse, how rage inflames my veins!  
 Who can help swearing when such wights he sees  
 Crept to th' Academy by ways and means,  
 Like mites and skippers in a Cheshire cheese?

*What*



*What beings* will the next year's choice disclose,  
 The Academic list to grace ?  
 Some *skeletons of art*, I do suppose,  
 That ought to blush to show their face.

Sir WILLIAM ! tremble at the Muse's tongue ;  
 Parnassus boasts a formidable throng !  
 All people recollect poor Marfyas' fate,  
 Save such as are dead, drunk, or fast asleep :  
 Apollo tied the culprit to a gate,  
 And flay'd him as a butcher flays a sheep.  
 And why !—Lord ! not as history rehearſes,  
 Because he scorn'd his *pipi*ng, but his *verſes* :  
 In vain, like a poor pillory'd punk, he bawl'd,  
 And kick'd and writh'd, and ſaid his pray'rs, and ſpawl'd !  
 'Twas all in vain—the God purſu'd his ſport,  
 And pull'd his *hide* off, as you'd pull your *ſhirt* !  
 Then bid not rage the Muſe's ſoul inflame,  
 Whoſe thund'ring voice *damnation* makes, or *fame*.

You'll aſk me, p'rhaps, “ Good Maſter PETER, pray  
 “ What right have *you* to ſpeak ! ” then pertly ſmile.  
 I'll tell you, Sir—My pocket help'd to pay  
 For building that expenſive pile ;  
 A pile that credit to the Nation gains,  
 And does *ſmall* honour to your Worſhip's brains.

It

It made a tax on candles and shoc-leather,  
Of monstrous use in dirty weather :  
It also made a tax on butchers' shops,  
So spread its influence o'er *poetic chops* ;  
A most alarming tax to ev'ry poet,  
Whose poor lank greyhound ribs with sorrow show it.

Therefore, Sir Knight, pray mend your manners,  
And don't choofecobblers, blacksmiths, tinkers, tanners :  
*Some* people love the converse of low folks,  
To gain broad grins for good-for-nothing jokes—  
Though *thou*, 'midst dullness, mayst be pleas'd to *shine*,  
REYNOLDS shall ne'er fit cheek-by-jowl with SWINE.

## O D E IV.

The Poet again payeth his respects to Sir WILLIAM CHAMBERS—Complaineth of his illiberality in his choice of R.A.'s—Adviseeth him to keep company with PRUDENCE; whom he describeth most naturally—He threateneth the Knight—Concludeth with a beautiful smile.

THE Muse is in the fidgets—can't sit still—  
 She must have t'other talk with you, Sir WILL.  
 Since her last Ode, with sorrow hath she heard  
 You want not men with heav'nly genius blest,  
 But with the title of R. A. conferr'd  
 On such as catch the bugs and spiders best;  
 Wash of the larger statues best the faces,  
 And clean the dirty linen of the GRACES;  
 Scour best the skins of the young marble brats,  
 Trap mice, and clear th' Academy from rats.

You look for men whose heads are rather *tubbish*,  
 Or, drum-like, better form'd for sound than sense;  
 Pleas'd with the fine Arabian to dispense,  
 You want the *big-bon'd drayhorse* for your *rubbish*.

Raise

Raise not the Muse's anger, I desire;  
 High-born, she's hotter than the lightning's fire,  
 And proud! (believe the Poet's word)  
 Proud as the lady of a new-made lord;  
 Proud as, in all her gorgeous trappings drest,  
 Fat Lady Mayorefs at a city feast;  
 Whose spouse makes wigs, or some such glorious thing,  
 Shoes, gloves, hats, nightcaps, breeches, for the King!

PRUDENCE, Sir WILLIAM, is a jewel;  
 Is clothes, and meat, and drink, and fuel!  
 PRUDENCE! for man the very best of wives,  
 Whom BARDS have seldom met with in their lives;  
 Which *certès* doth account for, in some measure,  
 Their grievous want of worldly treasure,  
 On which the greatest blockheads make their brags;  
     And sheweth why we see, instead of lace,  
     About the Poet's back, with little grace,  
 Those fluttering, French-like followers, call'd RAGS.

PRUDENCE! a sweet, obliging, curtsying lass,  
 Fit through this hypocritic world to pass!  
 Who kept at first a little peddling shop,  
 Swept her own room, twirl'd her own mop,

Wash'd

Wash'd her own smocks, caught her own fleas,  
 And rose to fame and fortune by degrees;  
 Who, when she enter'd other people's houses,  
 Till spoke to, was as silent as a mouse is;  
 And of opinions, though possess'd a store,  
 She left them, with her pattens, at the door.

Sir WILLIAM, you're a hound! and hunting FAME:  
 Undoubtedly this LADY is fair game:  
 But, Nimrod, mind—my Muse is WHIPPER-IN!  
 So that if ever you disgrace,  
 By turning cur, your noble race,  
 The Lord have mercy on your curship's skin!

## O D E V.

The Poet openeth his account of the Exhibitors at the Academy—Praiseth REYNOLDS—Half damneth Mr. WEST—Completely damneth Mr. WRIGHT of Derby.

MUSE, sing the wonders of the present year :  
 Declare that works of sterling worth appear.  
 REYNOLDS, his heads divine, as usual, gives,  
 Where Titian's and Corregio's genius lives !  
 Works ! I'm afraid, like beauty of rare quality,  
 Born soon to fade ! too subject to mortality !

WEST most judiciously my counsel takes,  
 Paints by the acre—witness Parson PETER\* :  
 For garbs, he very pretty blankets makes,  
 Deserving praises in the sweetest metre.

The flesh of Peter's audience is not good—  
 Too much like ivory, and stone, and wood :  
 Nor of the figures dare I praise th' *expression*,  
 With *some folks* thought a *trifle of transgression*.

WEST.

\* Peter preaching, by West.

WEST, your *Last Supper* is a *hungry* piece :  
 Your Tyburn Saints will not your fame increase ;  
 With looks so thievish, with such skins of copper !  
 Were they for sale, as Heaven's my judge,  
 To give five farthings for them I should grudge,  
 Nay, ev'n my old tobacco-stopper.

Candour must own, that frequently thy paints  
 Have play'd the *Devil* with the *Saints* :  
 For *me* ! I fancy them like doves and throats !  
 But *thou*, if we believe *thy* art,  
 Enough to make us pious Christians start,  
 Hast very scurvy notions of Apostles.

What of thy \* landscape shall I say,  
 Holding the old white sow, and sucking litter ?  
 Curs'd be the moment, curs'd the day,  
 Thou gav'st the Muse such reason to be bitter !  
 But Muse, be soft towards him—only *figh*  
 “ More damned stuff was never seen with eye.”

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H

Thou

\* A most pitiable performance indeed.—It may be fairly  
 called the *dotage* of the art.



Thou really dost not equal Derby WRIGHT\*,  
The Man of Night!

O'er woollen hills, where gold and silver moons  
Now mount like sixpences, and now balloons;  
Where sea-reflections, nothing nat'ral tell ye,  
So much like fiddle-strings, or vermicelli;  
Where ev'ry thing exclaimeth, how severe!  
“What *are* we?” and “what bus'ness have we here?”

ODE

\* A painter of moon-lights.—In this new edition of the Odes, it is but just to acknowledge, that the author has seen some landscapes of a late date, by this artist, that do him great credit.

## O D E VI.

The Poet addresseth Majesty—Pleadeth the cause of poor, starving Poetry—He acknowledgeth in a former Ode the kindnesses of Fame, yet throweth out a Hint to his Majesty that his finances may be improved—He relateth a marvellous story of a Jesuit—Recommendeth something similar to his Sovereign.

AN'T please your Majesty, I'm overjoy'd  
 To find your family so fond of Painting;  
 I wish her sister POETRY employ'd—  
 Poor, dear neglected girl! with hunger fainting.  
 Your Royal Grandfire, (trust me, I'm no fibber)  
 Was vastly fond of Mister COLLEY CIBBER.

For subjects, how his Majesty would hunt!  
 And if a battle grac'd the Rhine, or Weser,  
 He'd cry—" Mine poet sal mak Ode upon't!"  
 Then forth there came a flaming Ode to CÆSAR.

Dread Sire, pray recollect a bit—  
 Some glorious action of your life;  
 And then your humble poet's wit,  
 Sharp as a razor, or a new-ground knife,

Shall mount you on her glorious balloon Odes,  
Like Rome's great CÆSAR, to th' immortal GODS \*.

A Naples Jesuit, HISTORY declares,  
On slips of paper scribbled prayers,  
Which show'd of wisdom great profundity;  
Then fold them to the country folks,  
To give their turkeys, hens, and ducks,  
To bring increase of fowl-fecundity:

It answer'd.—On their turkeys, ducks, and hens,  
The country people all were full of brags—  
Whose little bums, in barns, and mows, and fens,  
Squat down, and laid like conjuration bags.

“ I wish this sage experiment were try'd  
“ On *me*,” cries MUSE, my gentle bride;  
“ And slips of paper giv'n me, with this pray'r”—  
“ *Pay to the bearer fifty pounds at sight.*”—  
“ My sweet prolific pow'rs 'twould so delight!  
“ I'd breed like a tame rabbit or a hare!”

MUSE, give thine idle supplication o'er—  
And know that AVARICE is always *poor*.

## O D E VII.

The following ODE was written just after the great crashes and falls at Somerset House.—PETER is charmingly ironical.

SIR WILLIAM! cover'd with Chinese renown,  
 Whose houses\* are no sooner *up* than *down*,  
 Don't heed the discontented Nation's cry:  
*Thine* are *religious* houses!—very *humble*;  
 Upon their *faces* much inclin'd to tumble;  
 So *meek*, they cannot keep their heads on *high*.

I know the foolish kingdom all runs riot,  
 Calling aloud for WYAT, WYAT, WYAT!  
 Who on their good opinion hourly gains.  
 But where lies WYAT's merit?—What his praise?  
*Abroad* this roving man spent half his days,  
 Contemplating of ROME, the great remains.

This WYAT's works a *classic taste* combine,  
 Who studied thus the ANCIENTS o'er and o'er;  
 But, lo! the *greater reputation thine*,  
 To do what no man ever did *before*.

H 3

ODE

\* I take it for granted, that the houses in general built by the KNIGHT, are as much in the style of gingerbread as Somerset House.

## O D E VIII.

PETER'S account of wonderful RELIQUES in FRANCE, with the devotion paid to them—The sensible application to Painters and Painting, by way of simile.

IN FRANCE, some years ago—some twenty-three,  
At a fam'd church, where hundreds daily jostle,  
I wisely paid a priest six sols to see  
The thumb of 'Thomas the Apostle.

Gaping upon Tom's thumb, with *me* in wonder,  
The rabble rais'd its eyes, like ducks in thunder;  
Because in virtues it was vastly rich,  
Had cur'd possess'd of devils, and the itch;  
Work'd various wonders on a scabby pate;  
Made little sucking children strait,  
Though crook'd like ram's-horns by the rickets;  
Made people see, though blind as moles;  
And made your sad, hyfteric souls,  
As gay as grasshoppers and crickets;  
Brought noses back again to faces,  
Long stol'n by *Venus* and her *Graces*;

And

And eyes to fill their parent sockets,  
 Of which fad Love had pick'd their pockets:  
 Lo! had the Priest *permitted*, with their kisses,  
 The mob had sinack'd this holy thumb to pieces.

Though, Reader, 'twas not the Apostle's thumb—  
 But mum!—

It play'd as well of miracles the trick,  
 Although a painted piece of rotten stick!

For six fols more, behold! to view, was bolted  
 A feather of the Angel Gabriel's wing!  
 Whether 'twas pluck'd by force, or calmly molted,  
 No holy legends tell, nor poets sing.  
 But *was* it Gabriel's feather, heav'nly Muses?  
 It was *not* Gabriel's feather, but a Goose's!  
 But stay! from truth we would not wish to wander,  
 For, probably, the owner was a Gander.

Painters! you take me right:—The Muse supposes  
 You make your *coup-de-maitre* dashes,  
 Christen them eyes, and cheeks, and lips, and noses,  
 Beards, chins, and whiskers, and eye-lashes;  
 As like, p'rhaps, as a horse is like a plum,  
 Or 'foresaid stick, St. Tom th' Apostle's thumb.



With purer eyes the British vulgar sees;  
 We are no Crawthumpers, no Devotees;  
 So that, whene'er your figures are mere wood,  
 Our eyes will never deem 'em flesh and blood.

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## O D E IX.

The generous PETER rescueth the immortal RAPHAEL from  
 the obloquy of MICHAEL ANGELO—The Poet moralizeth—  
 Telleth a story not to the credit of MICHAEL ANGELO, and  
 nobly defendeth RAPHAEL's name against his invidious  
 attack—Concludeth with a most sage observation.

HOW difficult in Artists to allow

To brother brushmen ev'n a grain of merit!  
 Wishing to tear the laurels from their brow,  
 They shew a fniv'ling, diabolic spirit.

So 'tis, however moralists may chatter!  
 What's worse still—nature will be always nature:  
 We can't brew Burgundy from four small beer,  
 Nor make a filken purse of a sow's ear.



Sweet is the voice of PRAISE!—from eve to morn,  
 From blushing morn to darkling eve again,  
 My Muse the brows of MERIT could adorn,  
 And, lark-like, swell the panegyric strain.

PRAISE, like the balm which evening's dewy star  
 Sheds on the drooping herb and fainting flower,  
 Lifts modest, pining MERIT from despair,  
 And gives her clouded eye a golden hour.

P-x take me if I ever read the story  
 Of MICHAEL ANGELO, without some swearing;  
 'Tis such a slice cut off from his great glory:  
 He surely had been brandying it, or beering:  
 That is, in plainer English, he was drunk,  
 And CANDOUR from the man with horror shrunk.

RAPHAEL did honour to the Roman school,  
 Yet MICHAEL ANGELO did call him *fool*.  
 When working in the Vatican, would stare,  
 Throw down his brush, and stamp and swear,  
 If e'er a porter let him in—he'd stone him;  
 And, if he RAPHAEL caught, most surely bone him.

He

He swore the world was a rank afs,  
To pay a compliment to RAPHAEL's *stuff*;  
For that he knew the fellow well enough,  
And that his paltry metal would not pass.

Such was the language of this false Italian:  
One time he christen'd RAPHAEL a Pygmalion;  
Swore that his madams were compos'd of stone;  
Swore his expressions were like owls so tame,  
His drawings, like the lamest cripple, lame;  
That, as for composition, he had none.

Young artists! these assertions I deny;  
'Twas vile ill manners—not to say a *lie*:  
RAPHAEL did *real* excellence inherit;  
And if you ever chance to paint as well,  
I *bonâ fide* do foretel,  
You'll certainly be men of merit.

## O D E X.

The gossiping PETER telleth a strange Story, and *true*, though *strange*—Seemeth to entertain no very elevated opinions of the wisdom of Kings—Hinteth at the narrow escape of Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS—Mr. RAMSAY's riches—A recommendation of flattery as a specific in fortune-making.

I'M told, and I believe the story,  
That a fam'd Queen of Northern brutes,  
A GENTLEWOMAN of prodigious glory,  
Whom ev'ry sort of epithet well suits;  
Whose husband dear, just happening to provoke her,  
Was shov'd to Heaven upon a red-hot poker,  
Sent to a *certain* KING, not King of *France*—  
Desiring by SIR JOSHUA's hand his PHIZ—  
What did the Royal Quiz?  
Why, damn'd genteelly, fat to Mr. DANCE!\*

Then

\* The true reason that induced his Majesty to sit to Mr. DANCE, was nothing less than *laudable Royal* economy. Mr. DANCE charged Fifty Pounds for a picture—Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS' price was somewhat more than a Hundred—a very great difference in the market-price of paint and canvas; and, let me say, justified the preference given to the man who worked *cheapest*.

Then sent it to the Northern Queen—  
 As sweet a bit of wood as e'er was seen!  
 And therefore most unlike the PRINCELY HEAD—  
 He might as well have sent a pig of lead.

Down ev'ry throat the piece was cramm'd  
 As done by REYNOLDS, and deserv'dly damn'd;  
 For as to Master DANCE's art,  
 It ne'er was worth a fingle - - - !  
 Reader, I BLUSH!—am delicate this time!  
 So let *thy* impudence supply the rhyme.

Thank God! that Monarchs cannot Taste controul,  
 And make each subject's poor, submissive soul  
 Admire the work that JUDGEMENT oft cries fie on:  
 Had things been so, poor REYNOLDS we had seen  
 Painting a barber's pole—an ale-house queen,  
 The cat and gridiron, or the old red-lion!  
 At \*Plympton, p'rhaps, for some grave Doctor Slop,  
 Painting the pots and bottles of the shop;  
 Or in the Drama, to get meat to munch,  
 His brush divine had pictur'd scenes for PUNCH!

Whilst

\* Sir Joshua's native spot, in Devonshire.

Whilst WEST was whelping 'midst his paints,  
 Moses and Aaron, and all sort of Saints!  
 Adams and Eves, and snakes and apples,  
 And dev'ls, for beautifying *certain* CHAPELS:  
 But REYNOLDS is no favourite, that's the matter;  
 He has not learnt the noble art—to flatter.\*

Thrice happy times, when MONARCHS find them hard  
 things

To teach us *what* to view with admiration;  
 And, like their heads on halfpence and brads farthings,  
 Make their opinions current through the nation!

I've heard that RAMSAY,† when he died,  
 Left just nine rooms well stuff'd with Queens and Kings;  
 From whence all nations might have been supply'd,  
 That long'd for valuable things.

Viceroys, ambassadors, and plenipo's,  
 Bought them to join their raree-shows

In foreign parts,  
 And shew the progress of the British arts.

Whether

\* This Ode was composed before Sir JOSHUA was dubbed King's Painter. Possibly the great artist dreamt of my BEAUTIFUL LYRIC, and pursued its advice.

† Late painter to his Majesty.

Whether they purchas'd by the pound or yard,  
I cannot tell, because I never heard;  
But *this* I know, his shop was like a fair,  
And dealt most largely in this ROYAL WARE.

See what it is to gain a Monarch's smile!  
And hast thou miss'd it, REYNOLDS, all this while!  
How stupid! pr'ythee, seek the Courtier's School,  
And learn to manufacture oil of fool.

FLATTERY's the turnpike-road to FORTUNE's door—  
TRUTH is a narrow lane, all full of quags,  
Leading to broken heads, abuse, and rags,  
And workhouses—sad refuge for the poor!  
FLATTERY's a mountebank so spruce—gets riches;  
TRUTH, a plain Simon Pure, a Quaker Preacher,  
A moral-mender, a disgusting teacher,  
That never got a fixpence by her speeches!



## O D E XI.

The lofty PETER beginneth with an original simile—Displayeth  
a deep knowledge of HOMER and modern Duchesses—Con-  
cludeth with a prophecy about his Sovereign.

PAINTERS who figure in the Exhibition,  
Are pretty nearly in the same condition  
With cocks on Shrove-tide, which the season gathers;  
Flung at by ev'ry lubber, ev'ry brat,  
Possessing strength enough to throw a bat,  
To break their bones, and knock about their feathers.

This little difference, however, lies  
Between the painter and the fowl, I find:  
The artist for the post of danger *tries*—  
The fowl is fasten'd much against his *mind*;  
Who damns his sentence, would annul it—  
Sue out his *habeas corpus*, and, instead  
Of being beat with bats about the head,  
Make handsome love to a smart pullet.

And yet the painter like a booby groans,  
Who courts the very bats which break his bones.

But



But *who* from scandal is exempt?

*Who* does not meet, at times, contempt?

Great Jove, the God of Gods, in figures rich,  
Oft call'd the Queen of Heav'n a saucy bitch;  
Achilles\* call'd great Agamemnon hog,  
An impudent, deceitful, dirty dog!

Behold our lofty *Duchesses* pull caps,  
And give each other's reputations raps,  
As freely as the drabs of Drury's school;  
And who, pray, knows that GEORGE our gracious King,  
(Said by his courtiers to know *every* thing)  
May not, by future times, be call'd a Fool?

ODE

\* Vide HOMER.

## O D E XII.

The Bard sensibly reproveth the young artists for their propensity to abuse.—Most wittily compareth them to horse-leeches, game-cocks, and curs.

THE mean, the ranc'rous jealousies that swell  
 In some sad artists' souls, I do despise;  
 Instead of nobly striving to *excel*,  
 You strive to pick out one the other's eyes.  
 To be a PAINTER, was CORREGIO's glory:  
 His speech should flame in gold—"SONO PITTORE."  
 But what, if truth were spoke, would be *your* speeches?  
*This*—"We're a set of fame-sucking horse-leeches;  
 " Without a blush, the poorest scandal speaking—  
 " Like cocks, for ever at each other beaking;  
 " As if the globe we dwell on were so small,  
 " There really was not room enough for all."

Young men!—

I do presume that one of you in ten  
 Has kept a dog or two, and has remark'd,  
 That when you have been comfortably feeding,  
 The curs, without one atom of court breeding,  
 With watery jaws, have whin'd, and paw'd, and bark'd;

Show'd anxiousness about the mutton bone,  
 And, 'stead of *your* mouth, wish'd it in their *own*;  
 And if you gave this bone to one or t'other,  
 Heav'ns, what a snarling, quarrelling, and pother!  
 This, probably, has touch'd you to the quick,  
 And made you teach good manners by a kick;  
 And if the tumult was beyond all bearing,  
 You treated them with sweet emphatic swearing,  
 An eloquence of wond'rous use in wars,  
 Amongst sea-captains and the brave jack-tars.

Now tell me honestly—pray don't ye find  
 Somewhat in Christians just of the same kind  
     That ye experienc'd in the curs,  
     Causing your anger and demurs?  
 As, for example, when your mistress, FAME,  
 Wishing to celebrate a worthy name,  
 Takes up her trump to give the just applause;  
     How have you, puppy-like, paw'd, wish'd, and  
         whin'd,  
     And growl'd, and curs'd, and swore, and pin'd,  
 And long'd to tear the trumpet from her jaws!  
 The dogs deserv'd *their* kicking to be sure;  
 But *you*! O fie, boys! go and sin no more.

## O D E XIII.

The compassionate PETER lamenteth the death of Mr. HONE,  
an R. A.—Recommendeth him to OBLIVION, the great  
Patron of a number of *geniuses*.

THERE's one R. A. more dead! stiff is poor  
HONE!

His works be with him under the same stone:

I think the sacred art will not bemoan 'em;

But, Muse!—*De mortuis nil nisi bonum*,

As to his host a trav'ler, with a sneer,

Said of his dead small beer.

Go then, poor HONE! and join a numerous train

Sunk in OBLIVION's wide pacific ocean;

And may its whale-like stomach feel no motion

To cast thee, like a JONAH, up again.

## O D E XIV.

The Poet exhibiteth the inconstancy of the world, by a most elegant comparison of a flock of starlings.

YOUNG artists, it may so fall out,  
That folks shall make a grievous rout;  
Follow you—praise your painting to the skies;  
When, probably, a ribband, (fie upon it!)  
A feather, or a tawdry bonnet,  
Caught, by its *glare*, their wonder-spying eyes.

Therefore, don't *thence* suppose that ye inherit  
Mountains of unexampled merit;  
That *always* ye shall be pursu'd,  
And like a wond'rous beauty woo'd.

Great is the world's inconstancy, God knows!—  
Fame, like the ocean, *ebbs*, as well as *flows*;  
Next year the million pitches on a ruff,  
A balloon cap, a shawl, a muff;

For *you*, no longer cares a single rush,  
Following *some other* brother of the brush.

To raise to nobler flights the Muse's wing,  
A *simile*'s a very pretty thing;  
To whose sweet aid I'm oft a humble debtor,  
T'illustrate with more force the thing I mean;  
And if the *simile* be neat and clean,  
*Tant mieux*—that is—*so much the better*.

Therefore, young folks, as there's a great deal in't,  
Accept one just imported from the mint.

You've seen a flock of starlings, to be sure,  
A hundred thousand in a mess or more;  
Who fortunately having found  
A lump of horse-litter upon the ground,  
Down drops the chattering cloud upon the dung;  
Then, Lord, what doings! Heav'ns, what admiration!  
What joy, what transport 'midst the speckled nation!

How busy ev'ry beak, and ev'ry tongue!  
All talking, gabbling, but none list'ning,  
Just like a group of gossips at a christ'ning:  
Let but a *cowdab* show its grass-green face,  
They're *up*, without so much as saying grace;



And lo! the busy flock around it pitches;  
 Just as upon the lump before,  
 They gabble, wonder, and adore!  
 And equal *brother* MARTYN's\* speeches.  
 These starlings show the world, with great propriety,  
 Mad as March hares, or curlews for VARIETY.

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## O D E XV.

The Great PETER despiseth Frenchmen.

I BEG it as a favour, my young folks,  
 Ye will not copy, monkey-like, the French,  
 Whose pictures, justly, are all standing jokes,  
 Whether they represent a man or wench.  
 If Monsieur paints a man of fashion,  
 Making an *obeisance* well bred,  
 The gentleman's a *ram-cat* in a passion,  
 His back all crumpled o'er his head:  
 Or, if he paints a wretch upon the wheel,  
 And bone-breaking's no *trifling thing*, G-d knows!  
 Amidst his pains the fellow's so *genteel*!  
 He feels with such *decorum* all the blows.  
 Or if a culprit's going to the devil,  
 Which some folks also deem a serious evil,

So

\* A much-admired speaker in the House of Commons, who  
*rem, con.* was baptized the Starling MARTYN.



So *dégagé* you see the man advance !

His arms, hands, shoulders, turn'd-out toes,

Madona-lifted eyes, and cock'd up nose,

Proclaim the pretty puppy in a dance.

I've seen a sleeping VENUS, I declare,

With hands and legs stretch'd out with *such* an air !

Her neck and head *so* twisted on one shoulder,

With *such* a *heav'nly* smile, that each beholder

Would swear, (disdaining DANCING's *vulgar* track)

The Dame was walking minuets on her *back* !

E'en an old woman yielding up her breath

By means of cholic, stone, or gravel,

How smirkingly she feels the pangs of death !

With what a *grace* her soul prepares to travel !

A Frenchman's angel is an OPERA PUNK ;

His Virgin Marys, milliners half drunk ;

Our blest Redeemer, a rank *petit-maitre*,

In every attitude and feature ;

The humble Joseph, so *genteelly* made,

Poor gentleman—as if above his trade,

And only fit to *compliment* his wife—

So *delicate* ! as if he scarcely knew

Oak from deal board—a gimlet from a screw,

And never made a MOUSE-TRAP in his life.

Think not I wantonly the French attack—  
 I never will put MERIT on the rack :  
 No!—yet, I own, I hate the shrugging dogs—  
 I've liv'd amongst them, eat their frogs,  
 And vomited them up, thank God, again ;  
     So that I'm able now to say,  
     I carried nought of *theirs* away,  
 Which otherwise had made the puppies *vain*.

---

## O D E XVI.

The conceited PETER turneth an arrant egotist—Mentioneth  
 a number of fine folks—'This minute condemneth WILL  
 WHITEHEAD's verses; and the next, exculpateth the Lau-  
 reat, by clapping the right saddle on the right horse.

NO giant more rejoiceth in his course,  
 Not Count O'KELLY in a winning horse;  
 Not Mistrefs HOBART\* to preserve a box,  
 Not GEORGE the THIRD to triumph o'er CHARLES FOX;  
 Not Spain's *wife* Monarch to bombard Algiers—  
     Not pillories, obeying LAW's stern voice,  
         Can more rejoice  
 To hold KITT ATKINSON's two ears;

Not

\* The contest between Mrs. Hobart and Lady Salisbury, with their *seconds*, about a box at the Opera, is a SUBJECT for the most *sublime* Epic!

Not more rejoiceth patriotic PITT,  
 By patriotic grocers to be fed;  
 Not Mother WINDSOR\* in a nice young Tit,  
 Nor gaping Deans, to catch a Bishop dead;  
 Not more *reform'd* JOHN WILKES, to *court* the Crown,  
 Nor SKINNER in his Aldermanic gown,  
 Nor Common-Councilmen on turtle feeding;  
 Not more rejoice old envious maids, so stale,  
 To hear of weeping Beauty a sad tale,  
 And tell the world a reigning toast is *breeding*—  
 Than I, the Poet, in a lucky Ode,  
 That catches at a hop the Cynic face;  
 Kills by a laugh its grave Bubonic face;  
 And tears, in spite of him, his jaws abroad.

And are there such grave Dons that read my rhymes?  
 All gracious Heav'n forgive their crimes!  
 Oh! be their lot to have *wife-talking* wives;  
 And if in *reading* they delight,  
 To read, ye Gods! from morn to night,  
 WILL WHITEHEAD's† Birth-day Sonnets all their lives.  
P'rhaps

\* A priestess of the Cyprian Goddess.

† This Ode was written before a late Laureat resigned his earthly crown for a heavenly one. May Mr. TOM WARTON be more successful in his *courtly* adulations, and not verify the Latin adage—*Ex nihilo, nihil fit*; which is thus *elegantly* translated, 'There is no making a velvet purse of a sow's ear.'

P'rhaps, reader, thou'rt a tinker, or a tanner,  
And mendest kettles in a pretty manner;  
Or tannest hides of bulls, and cows, and calves:  
But if the saucepan, or the kettle,  
*Originally* be bad metal,  
Thou'lt say, "It only can be done by *balves*;"  
Or if by nature bad the bullocks' skins,  
"They'll make vile shoes and boots for people's shins."

Then wherefore do I thus abuse  
WILL WHITEHEAD's hard-driv'n Muse?  
Who merits rather PITY's tend'rest sigh:  
For what the Devil can he do,  
When forc'd to praise—the *Lord knows who*!  
Verse *must* be dull on subjects so damn'd dry.

## O D E XVII.

The classic PETER adviseth Painters to cultivate taste—Lasheth some of the ignorant—Accuseth Painters of an affection for vulgarity, whom he horsewhippeth—Recommendeth a charming subject—Telleth the secret of his love, and giveth a *die-away* sonnet of former days—Persecuteth TENIER's devils, but applaudeth the execution.

PAINTERS, improve your education;  
That surely stands in need of reformation.  
I've heard that some can neither write nor read,  
Which does no honour to the hand or head.

Many, I know, would rather paint a bear,  
Or monkey playing his quaint tricks,  
Than some sweet damsel, whom all hearts revere,  
Whose charms the eye of admiration fix—  
Would rather see a stump with strength exprest,  
Than all the snowy fulness of her breast;  
Or lip, that Innocence so sweetly moves;  
Or smile, the fond Elysium of the LOVES.  
This brings those days to mem'ry, when my tongue  
To CYNTHIA's beauty pour'd my soul in song;  
When,

When, on the margin of the murm'ring stream,  
My fancy frequent form'd the golden dream  
Of CYNTHIA's grace—of CYNTHIA's smiles divine,  
And made those smiles and peerless beauty *mine*.

It brings to mem'ry, too, those dismal times,  
When nought my sighs avail'd, and nought my rhymes;  
When at the silent, solemn close of day,  
My pensive steps would court the darkling grove,  
To hear, in Philomela's lonely lay,  
The fainting echoes of my luckless love;  
Till night's increasing shades around me stole,  
And mingled with the gloom that wrapp'd my soul.

Reader—Dost choose a sonnet of those days?  
Take it; and say not I'm a foe to PRAISE.

### TO CYNTHIA.

O thou! whose love-inspiring air  
Delights, yet gives a thousand woes;  
My day declines in dark despair,  
And night hath lost her sweet repose.



Yet who, alas! like me was blest,  
 To *others* e'er thy charms were known;  
 When Fancy told my raptur'd breast,  
 That Cynthia smil'd on *me* alone?

Nymph of my soul! forgive my sighs:  
 Forgive the jealous fires I feel;  
 Nor blame the trembling wretch, who dies,  
 When others to thy beauties kneel.

Lo! theirs is every winning art,  
 With Fortune's gifts, unknown to *me*!  
 I only boast a simple heart,  
 In love with INNOCENCE and THEE.

---

Build not, alas! your popularity  
 On that beast's back yclep'd *Vulgarity*;  
 A beast that many a booby takes a pride in;  
 A beast beneath the noble PETER's riding.

How should the man with appetite unchaste,  
 Stuffing on carrion dread, his hound-like paunch,  
 Judge of an ortolan's delicious taste,  
 Or feel the flavour of a dainty haunch?

Or,



Or, wont with bitter purl to wet his clay,  
How should *be* judge of Claret or Tokay?

TENIERS's devils, witches, monkeys, toads,  
That make me shudder whilst I pen these Odes,  
Most *truly painted*, to be sure, you'll find:  
How greater far the excellence, to paint  
With heaven-directed eye, the charming SAINT,  
And mark th' emotions of her angel-mind!  
Envy not *such* as have in *dirt* surpass'd ye;  
'Tis very, very easy to be *nasty*!

---

## O D E XVIII.

The moralizing Bard exposeth the unfairness of mankind in the article of laughing—Descanteth upon wit—Disclaimeth pretension to it—Maketh love to Candour, and *modestly* concludeth.

HOW dearly mortals love to laugh and grin!  
Just as they love to stuff themselves to *chin*  
With other people's meat—good saving sense!  
Because at other folks' expence;  
But turn the laugh on *them*—how chang'd their notes!  
“O damn 'em! this is *serious*—cut their throats!”

WIT,

WIT, says an author that I do not know,  
Is like TIME's scythe—cuts down both friend and foe;  
Ready each object, tiger-like, to leap on!

“ Lord ! what a butcher this same WIT ! thank God !

“ (A critic cries) in Master PINDAR's Ode,

“ We spy th' effect of no such dangerous weapon.”

No, Sir—'tis dove-ey'd CANDOUR's charms

I woo to these desiring arms ;

*She* is my GODDESS ; to her shrine I bend :

Nymph of the voice that beats the morning lark,

Sweet as the dulcet note of either PARK \*,

Be thou my soft companion and my friend.

Thy lovely hand my Pegasus shall guide,

And teach thy modest pupil how to ride :

Thus shall I hurt not any group composers,

From SARAH BENWELL's brush, to MARY MOZER's †.

ODE.

\* Two brothers of distinguished merit on the Oboe.

† The last of those Ladies, an R. A. by means of a *sublime* picture of a plate of GOOSEBERRIES—the other in *hopes* of Academic honours, through an *equal* degree of merit.

## O D E XIX.

The judicious PETER giveth most wholesome advice to landscape  
painters.

W HATE'ER your wish, in landscape to excel,  
London's the very place to mar it;  
Believe the oracles I tell,  
There's very little landscape in a *garret*.  
Whate'er the flocks of fleas you keep,  
'Tis badly copying *them* for goats and sheep;  
And if you'll take the Poet's honest word,  
A bug must make a miserable bird.

A rush-light in a bottle's neck, or stick,  
Ill represents the glorious ORB of MORN;  
Nay, though it were a candle with a *wick*,  
'Twould be a representative forlorn.

I think, too, that a man would be a fool,  
For trees, to copy legs of a joint stool;  
Or ev'n by *them* to represent a stump:  
Also by broomsticks—which, though well he rig-  
Each with an old fox-colour'd wig,  
Must make a very poor autumnal clump.

You'll

You'll say, " Yet *such ones*, oft a person sees  
 In many an artist's trees ;  
 And in some paintings, we have all beheld,  
 Green bays hath surely sat for a green field ;  
 Bolsters for mountains, hills, and wheaten mows ;  
 Cats, for ram-goats ; and curs, for bulls and cows.'<sup>a</sup>

All this, my lads, I freely grant ;  
 But better things from you, I want.  
 As SHAKSPEARE says, (a Bard I much *approve*)  
 " Lift, lift, Oh ! lift," if thou dost PAINTING love.

CLAUDE painted in the open air !

Therefore to Wales at once repair ;

Where scenes of true magnificence you'll find :  
 Besides this great advantage—if in debt,  
 You'll have with creditors no *tête-à-tête* :

So leave the bull-dog bailiffs all behind ;  
 Who, hunt you with what noise they may,  
 Must hunt for needles in a stack of hay.

## O D E XX.

The Poet hinteth to Artists the value of Time.

THE man condemn'd on Tyburn-tree to swing,  
Deems such a show, a very dullish thing;  
He'd rather a *spectator* be, I ween,  
Than the sad *actor* in the scene.

He blames the LAW's too rigid resolution:  
If with a beef-steak stomach—in his prime,  
Lord, with what reverence he looks on Time!  
And, most of all—the hour of execution!  
And as the cart doth to the tree advance,  
How wond'rous willing to postpone the *Dance*!

Believe me, Time's of monstrous use;  
But, ah! how subject to abuse!  
It seems that with him, folks were often *cloy'd*:  
I do pronounce it, Time's a public good,  
Just like a youthful Beauty—to be *woo'd*,  
Made *much* of, and be *properly* enjoy'd.

Time's sand is wonderfully small;  
 It slips between the fingers in a hurry:  
 Therefore, on each young artist let me call,  
 To prize it as an Indian does his *Curry* ;\*  
 Whether his next rare *Exhibition* be  
 Amidst the great R. A.'s—or on a *Tree*.

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O D E XXI.

The unfortunate PETER lamenteth the loss of an important Ode,  
 by rats—He prayeth devoutly for the rats.

*HIATUS maxime deflendus!*

I've lost an ODE of charming praise;  
 From like misfortune, Heav'n defend us!  
 The sweetest of my Lyric lays!  
 Where many an youthful artist shone with fame,  
 Like his own pictures in a fine gilt frame.

Perdition catch the roguish rats!  
 Their trembling limbs shall fill the maws of cats,

K 2

Were

\* An universal food in the East-Indies.



Were I to be their sole adviser :

Vermin ! like trunk-makers, kings, pastry-cooks,  
Dealing in legions of delightful books,  
Yet, with the learning, not a whit the wiser.  
Thank G—d ! the Ode unto MYSELF they spar'd :  
And, lo ! the labour of the lucky Bard.

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## O D E XXII.

TO MYSELF.

The exalted PETER wisheth to make the gaping world acquainted with the place of his nativity ; but before he can get an answer from *himself*, he most *sublimely* bursteth forth into an address to *Mevagizzy* and *Moufehole*, two fishing-towns in Cornwall—The first celebrated for pilchards, the last for giving birth to DOLLY PENTREATH—The Poet praiseth the Honourable DAINES BARRINGTON, and pilchards—Forgetteth the place of his nativity ; and, like his great ancestor of *Thebes*, leaveth his readers in the *dark*.

○ THOU ! whose daring works sublime  
Defy the rudest rage of TIME,  
Say !—for the world is with conjecture dizzy,  
Did *Moufehole* give thee birth, or *Mevagizzy* ?

---

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HAIL,



HAIL, *Mevagizzy*! with such wonders fraught!

Where boats, and men, and stinks, and trade, are  
stirring;

Where pilchards come in myriads to be caught;

Pilchard! a thousand times as good as herring.

Pilchard! the idol of the Popish nation!

Hail, little instrument of vast salvation!

Pilchard, I ween, a most soul-saving fish,

On which the Catholics in Lent are cramm'd;

Who had they not, poor souls, this lucky dish,

Would feed on flesh, and therefore all be damn'd.

Pilchards! whose bodies yield the fragrant oil,

And make the London lamps at midnight smile;

Which lamps, wide spreading salutary light,

Beam on the wandering BEAUTIES of the night,

And show each gentle youth their cheeks' deep roses,

And tell him whether they have eyes and noses,

Hail, *Moufchhole*! birth-place of old DOLL PENTREATH,\*

The *last* who jabber'd Cornish—so says DAINES,

Who, bat-like, haunted ruins, lane, and heath,

With Will-o'-Wisp, to brighten up his brains.

DAINES!

\* A very old woman of Moufchhole, supposed (*falsely* however) to have been the *last* who spoke the Cornish language. The

DAINES ! who a thousand miles, unwearied, trots  
For bones, brads farthings, ashes, and old pots :

Ransacks the mouldy mansions of the dead,  
To prove that men in days of *yore*,  
Eyes, ears, and noses, like *us Moderns*, wore ;  
And travell'd just like *us* too, with a *head* !

## ODE

honourable antiquarian, DAINES BARRINGTON, Esq. journeyed, some years since, from London to the Land's-end, to converse with this wrinkled, yet delicious *morceau*. He entered Mouse-hole in a kind of triumph ; and, peeping into her hut, exclaimed, with all the fire of an enraptured lover, in the language of the famous Greek Philosopher—" EUREKA !" The couple kissed ; DOLL soon after *gabbled* ; DAINES listened with admiration ; committed her speeches to paper, not venturing to trust his memory with *so much treasure*. The transaction was announced to the Society ; the Journals were *enriched* with their dialogues ; the old Lady's picture was ordered to be taken by the most eminent artist, and the Honourable Member to be publicly thanked for the DISCOVERY !

## O D E XXIII.

PETER concludeth his Odes—Seemeth hungry—Expostulateth  
with the Reader.

TOM Southern to John Dryden went one day,  
To buy a head and tail piece for his play:  
“ Thomas,” quoth John, “ I’ve fold my goods too  
cheap;  
“ So, if you please, my price shall take a leap.”

O Reader, look me gravely in the face;  
Speak, is not that with *me* and *thee* the case?  
For this Year’s Odes I charge thee half-a-crown;  
So, without grumbling, put thy money down:  
For things are desperately ris’n, good Lord!  
Fish, flesh, coals, candles, window-lights, and board.  
Why should not charming Poetry then rise,  
That comes so dev’lish far too—from the *skies*?  
And lo! the verses that adorn *this* page,  
Beam, comet-like, alas! but once an age,



# FAREWELL ODES,

FOR

THE YEAR M,DCC,LXXXVI.

---

—RIDENTEM DICERE VERUM

QUID VETAT?—

HORAT.



# F A R E W E L L O D E S.

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## O D E I.

PETER talketh of resigning the Laureatship—He prophesieth the triumph of the Artists on his resignation—The Artists also prophesy to PETER's disadvantage—PETER's last comforts, should their prophecy be fulfilled.

PETER, like fam'd Christina, Queen of Sweden,  
Who thought a wicked court was not an Eden,  
This year, resigns the laurel crown for ever!

What all the fam'd ACADEMICIANS wish;

No more on painted fowl, and flesh, and fish,

He shows the world his carving skill so clever:

Brass, iron, woodwork, stone, in peace shall rest—

“Thank God!” exclaim the works of Mister WEST.

“Thank God!” the works of LOUTHERBOURG ex-  
claim—

For guns of critics, no ignoble game—

“No longer now afraid of rhyming praters,

“Shall we be christ'ned tea-boards, varnish'd waiters:

“No verse shall swear that ours are paste-board rocks,

“Our trees, brass wigs; and mops, our fleecy flocks.”

“Thank



“ Thank Heav’n ! ” exclaims RIGAUD, with sparkling  
 “ Then shal. my pictures in importance rise, [eyes,  
 “ And fill each gaping mouth and eye with wonder.”

Monfieur Rigaud,

It may be so,

To think thy stars have made so strange a blunder,  
 That bred to *paint*, the genius of a glazier:  
 That spoil’d, to make a *dauber*, a good brazier.  
 None but thy partial tongue (believe my lays)  
 Can dare stand forth the herald of thy praise:  
 Could FAME applaud, whose voice my verse reveres,  
 JUSTICE should break her trump about her ears.

“ Thank Heav’n ! ” cries MISTER GARVY; and “ Thank  
 God ! ”

Cries MISTER COPLEY, “ that this Man of Ode,  
 “ No more, Barbarian-like, shall o’er us ride:  
 “ No more like beads, in nasty order strung,  
 “ And round the waist of this vile Mohawk hung,  
 “ Shall academic scalps indulge his pride.

“ No more hung up in this dread fellow’s rhyme,  
 “ Which he most impudently calls *sublime*,  
 “ Shall we, poor, inoffensive souls,  
 “ Appear just like so many moles,

Trapp’d

- “ Trapp’d in an orchard, garden, or a field ;  
 “ Which mole-catchers suspend on trees,  
 “ To shew their titles to their fees,  
 “ Like Doctors, paid too often for the *kill’d*.”

Pleas’d that no more my verses shall annoy ;  
 Glad that my blister Odes shall cease their stinging ;  
 Each wooden figure’s mouth expands with joy ;  
 Hark ! how they all break forth in singing !

In boastful sounds the grinning ARTISTS cry,  
 “ LO ! PETER’s hour of insolence is o’er :  
 “ His Muse is dead—his lyric pump is dry—  
 “ His Odes, like stinking fish, not worth a groat a  
 score :

- “ Art thou, then, weak, like us, thou snarling sniv’ller ?  
 “ Art thou like one of us, thou lyric driv’ller ?

- “ Our Kings and Queens in glory now shall lie,  
 “ Each unmolested, sleeping in his frame ;  
 “ Our ponds, our lakes, our oceans, earth, and sky,  
 “ No longer, scouted, shall be put to shame :  
 “ No poet’s rage shall root our stumps and stumplings,  
 “ And swear our clouds are flying apple-dumplings :

“ Fame

“ Fame shall proclaim how well our plum-trees bud,  
 “ And sound the merits of our marle and mud.

“ Our oaks, our brushwood, and our lofty elms,  
 “ No jingling tyrant’s wicked rage o’erwhelms,  
 “ Now this vile FELLER is laid low :

“ In peace shall our stone hedges sleep,  
 “ Our huts, our barns, our pigs, and sheep,  
 “ And wild fowl, from the eagle to the crow.”

“ They who shall see this PETER in the street,  
 “ With fearless eye his front shall meet,  
 “ And cry, “ Is this the man of keen remark?  
 “ Is this the blade,” shall be their taunting speech—  
 “ A dog! who dar’d to snap each artist’s breech,  
 “ Nay, bite Academicians like a shark?

“ *He* whose broad cleaver chopp’d the sons of paint,  
 “ Crush’d like a marrowbone each lovely faint;  
 “ Spar’d not the very clothes about their backs;  
 “ The little duck-wing’d cherubims abus’d,  
 “ That could not more inhumanly be us’d,  
 “ Poor lambkins! had they fall’n among the BLACKS;  
 “ *He*, once so furious, soon shall want relief,  
 “ Stak’d through the body, like a paltry thief.

“ How

“ How art thou fall’n, O Cherokee !” they cry ;  
“ How art thou fall’n !” the joyful roofs resound ;  
“ Heli shall thy body, for a rogue, furround ;  
“ And there, for ever roasting, mayst thou lie :  
“ Like Dives, mayst thou stretch in fires along,  
“ Refus’d one drop of beer to cool thy tongue.”

Ye goodly gentlemen, repress your yell,  
Your hearty wishes for my soul restrain ;  
For if our *works* can put us into hell,  
Kind Sirs ! we certainly shall meet again.

## O D E II.

A most pleasant history of the Academic Dinner—PETER pitieth the PRINCE of WALES, Duke of ORLEANS, Duke FITZ-JAMES, Count LAUZUN, Lords CAERMARTHEN and BESBOROUGH, &c. and praises Mr. WELTJIE—Exculpateth the PRESIDENT—Condemneth Sir W. CHAMBERS and the COMMITTEE for their bad management—PETER talketh of visiting the French KING and the Duke of ORLEANS.

WHENE'ER ACADEMICIANS run astray,  
*Such* should the moral PETER's song reclaim:  
 Of paint, this Ode shall nothing sing or say;  
 My eagle satire darts at *diff'rent* game;  
 Against *decorum*, I abhor a sinner;  
 And therefore lash the Academic dinner.

Th' ACADEMY, though marvellously poor,  
 Can once a year afford to *eat*:  
 By means of kind donations at the door,  
 The members make a comfortable treat:  
 Like gipsies in a barn, around their king,  
 That annual meet, to eat, and dance, and sing.

A feast was made of flesh, fish, tarts, creams, jellies,  
To suit the various qualities of bellies:

*Mine* grumbled to be ask'd, and be delighted;  
But *wicked* PETER's paunch was not invited.

Yet though no message waited on the BARD,

With compliments from Academic names;

The PRINCE of WALES receiv'd a civil card,

His Grace of ORLEANS too, and Duke FITZJAMES;

Count de LAUZUN; and Count CONFLAN,

A near relation to the man

In whose poor sides old HAWKE once fix'd his claws,

Were welcom'd by the ACADEMIC LORDS,

Either by writing or by words;

To come and try the vigour of their jaws.

Unfortunately for the modest DUKES;

The nimble artists, all with greyhound looks,

Fell on the meat, with teeth prodigious able;

Seiz'd; of the Synagogue, the highest places;

And left the poor forlorn, their GALLIC GRACES,

To nibble at the *bottom* of the table!

There sat, too, the sweet simpering Lord CARMARTHEN,

As one of the *Canaille*, not worth a farthing!



But what can titles, virtues, at a feast,  
Where glory waits upon the greatest beast?

To see a stone-cutter and mason  
High mounted o'er fine men of quality,  
By no means can our annals blazon  
For feats of courtly hospitality.  
I've heard, however, one or two were *tanners* :  
Granted—it doth not much improve their manners.

They probably, in answer, may declare,  
They thought the feast just like a hunt ;  
In which, as soon as ever starts the hare,  
Each Nimrod tries to be the first upon't :  
As he's the greatest, 'midst the howling fufs  
Who first can triumph o'er poor dying puss.

PETERS \* most justly rais'd his eyes of wonder,  
And wanted decently to give them grace ;  
But bent on ven'son and on turbot-plunder,  
A clattering peal of knives and forks took place :  
Spoons, plates, and dishes, rattling round the table,  
Produc'd a new edition of old Babel.

They

\* A clergyman, and one of the Academicians.



They had no stomach, o'er a grace, to nod,  
 Nor time enough to offer thanks to GOD :  
*That* might be done, they wisely knew,  
 When they had nothing else to *do*.

His HIGHNESS entering somewhat rather late,  
 Could scarcely find a knife, or fork, or plate :  
 But not one single *maiden* dish,  
 Poor gentleman ! of flesh or fish.

Most woefully the pastry had been paw'd,  
 And trembling jellies barbarously claw'd :  
 In short, my gentle readers to amaze,  
 His HIGHNESS pick'd the bones of the R. A.'s.

O WELTJIE \*, had thy lofty form been there,  
 And seen thy PRINCE so serv'd with scrap and slop,  
 Thou surely wouldst have brought him better fare—  
 A warm beef-steak, perchance, or mutton chop.

Thou wouldst have said, “ *De PRINCE of WALES, by*  
 “ *Do too musß honour to be to der feast ;* [Got,  
 “ *Vere he can't heb von beet of meat dat's hot ;*  
 “ *But treated vid de bones shuft like a beast.*

L 2

“ *De*

\* The Prince's German cook.

*“ De PRENCE, he vas too great to sheet and eat*

*“ De bones and leafings of de meat ;*

*“ And munsh vat dirty low-lif’d rogues refuse,*

*“ By Got ! not fit to vipe de PRENCE’s shoes.”*

Great BESBOROUGH’s Earl, too, came off second best  
His murmuring stomach had not half a feast ;

And therefore it was natural to mutter :

To rectify the fault, with joyless looks,

His Lordship bore his belly off to BROOKES,

To fill the grumbler up with bread and butter.

Sirs ! those manœuvres were extremely coarse ;

This really was the essence of ill breeding :

Not for your souls could you have treated worse,

Bumb-bailiffs, by this dog-like mode of feeding.

Grant, you eclips’d a pack of hounds, with glee

Pursuing, in full cry, the fainting game ;

Surpass’d them, too, in gobbling down the prey ;

Still, great R. A.’s, I tell you, ’twas a shame :

Grant, each of you the wond’rous man excell’d,

Who beat a butcher’s dog in eating tripe ;

And that each paunch with guttling was so swell’d,

Not one bit more could pass your swallow-pipe :

Grant,

Grant, that you dar'd such stuffing feats display,  
 That not a soul of you could walk away:  
 Still, 'midst the triumphs of your gobbling fame,  
 I tell you, great R. A.'s, it was a shame.

Grant, you were greas'd up to the nose and eyes,  
 Your cheeks all shining like a lantern's horn,  
 With tearing hams and fowls, and gibblet pies,  
 And ducks, and geese, and pigeons newly born:  
 Though great, in your opinion, be your fame,  
 I tell you, great R. A.'s, it was a shame.

This, let me own—the candour-loving Muse  
 Most willingly Sir JOSHUA can excuse,  
 Who tries the nation's glory to increase;  
 Whose genius rare is very seldom nodding,  
 But deep on painting subjects plodding,  
 To rival Italy and Greece.

But pray, Sir WILLIAM\*, what have *you* to say?  
 No such impediment is in *your* way;  
*Genius* can't hurt *your etiquette* attention;

L 3

And

\* Sir W. Chambers.

And Messieurs TYLER, WILTON, and RIGAUD,  
Have *you* a genius to impede you?—No!

Nor many a one besides that I could mention.

This year (God willing) I shall visit France,

And taste of LOUIS, Grand Monarque! the prog:  
His Grace of ORLEANS, so kind, perchance,

May ask me to his house to pick a frog:  
And yet, what right have *I* to visit *there*?  
Who see a Prince so vilely treated *here*.

Ye Royal Artists, at your future feasts,

I fear you'll make their GRACES downright Daniels:  
And as the PROPHEET din'd amongst wild beasts,  
The DUKES may join your pointers and your spaniels.

## O D E III.

PETER giveth sage advice to mercenary artists, and telleth a most delectable story of a country bumpkin and a peripatetic razor-feller.

FORBEAR, my friends, to sacrifice your fame  
 To fordid gain, unless that you are starving:  
 I own that hunger will indulgence claim  
 For hard stone heads and landscape carving,

In order to make haste to fell and eat;  
 For there is certainly a charm in meat:  
 And in rebellious tones will stomachs speak,  
 That have not tasted victuals for a week.

But yet there are a mercenary crew,  
 Who value fame no more than an old shoe;  
 Provided for their daubs they get a sale;  
 Just like the man—but stay—I'll tell the tale.

A fellow in a market town,  
 Most musical, cry'd razors up and down,



And offer'd twelve for eighteen-pence;  
Which certainly seem'd wond'rous cheap,  
And for the money, quite a heap,  
As ev'ry man would buy, with cash and sense.

A country Bumpkin the great offer heard:  
Poor Hodge, who suffer'd by a broad black beard,  
That seem'd a shoe-brush stuck beneath his nose:  
With cheerfulness the eighteen-pence he paid,  
And proudly to himself, in whispers, said,  
“ This rascal stole the razors, I suppose.”

“ No matter if the fellow *be* a knave,  
“ Provided that the razors *shave*;  
“ It certainly will be a monstrous prize.”  
So home the clown, with his good fortune, went,  
Smiling in heart and soul content,  
And quickly soap'd himself to ears and eyes,

Being well lather'd from a dish or tub,  
Hodge now began with grinning pain to grub,  
Just like a hedger cutting furze:  
'Twas a vile razor!—then the rest he try'd—  
All were impostors—“ Ah,” Hodge sigh'd!  
“ I wish my eighteen-pence within my purse.”

In vain to chafe his beard, and bring the graces,  
 He cut, and dug, and winc'd, and stamp'd, and swore;  
 Brought blood, and danc'd, blasphem'd, and made  
     wry faces,  
 And curs'd each razor's body o'er and o'er,

His muzzle, form'd of *opposition* stuff,  
 Firm as a Foxite, would not lose its ruff;  
 So kept it—laughing at the steel and fuds:  
 Hodge, in a passion, stretch'd his angry jaws,  
 Vowing the direst vengeance, with clench'd claws,  
 On the vile CHEAT that fold the goods.  
 “ Razors! a damn'd, confounded dog,  
     “ Not fit to scrape a hog!”

Hodge fought the fellow—found him, and begun:  
 “ P'rhaps, Master Razor-rogue, to you 'tis fun,  
     “ That people flay themselves out of their lives:  
 “ You rascal! for an hour have I been grubbing,  
 “ Giving my crying whiskers here a scrubbing,  
     “ With razors just like oyfter-knives.  
 “ Sirrah! I tell you, you're a knave,  
 “ To cry up razors that can't *shave*.”

“ Friend,”



“ Friend,” quoth the razor-man, “ I’m not a knave :

“ As for the razors you have bought,

“ Upon my soul I never thought

“ That they would *shave*.”

“ Not think they’d *shave* !” quoth Hodge, with won-  
d’ring eyes,

And voice not much unlike an Indian yell ;

“ What were they made for then, you dog ?” he cries.

“ Made !” quoth the fellow, with a smile—“ to *sell*.”

## O D E IV.

PETER observeth the *Lex Talionis*.

WEST tells the world that PETER cannot *rhime* :

PETER declares point blank that WEST can’t *paint*.

WEST fwears I’ve not an atom of *sublime* :

I fwear he hath no notion of a *saint* ;

And that his cross-wing’d cherubims are fowls,  
Baptiz’d by naturalists, *owls* ;

Half of the meek apostles, gangs of robbers ;

His angels, fets of brazen-headed lubbers.

The Holy Scripture says, "All flesh is grafs;"—  
 With Mifter WEST, all flesh is brick and brafs;  
 Except his horse-flesh, that, I fairly own,  
 Is chiefly of the choicest Portland stone.

I've said, too, that this artist's faces  
 Ne'er paid a visit to the GRACES:

That on *Expression*, he can never brag:  
 Yet for this article hath he been studying;  
 But in it, never could surpass a pudding—  
 No, gentle reader, nor a pudding *bag*.

I dare not say that Mifter WEST  
 Cannot sound criticism impart:  
 I'm told the man with *technicals* is blest,  
 That he can talk a deal upon the art:  
 Yes, he can talk, I do not doubt it—  
 "About it, goddess, and about it!"

Thus, then, is Mifter WEST deserving praise;  
 And let my justice the fair laud afford;  
 For, lo! this far-fam'd artist cuts both ways;  
 Exactly like the Angel GABRIEL's sword:

The beauties of the art, his *converse* shows;  
 His *canvass*, almost ev'ry thing that's bad!  
 Thus at th' Academy, we must suppose,  
 A man more useful never could be had;  
 Who in himself, a host, so much can do;  
 Who is both precept and example too.

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## O D E V.

Great advice is given to *gentlemen* authors—To Mr. WEBB and  
 Mr. H. WALPOLE particularly—PETER sheweth wonderful  
 knowledge in the art of painting—Animadverteth on the  
 SQUIRE of STRAWBERRY HILL,

ASTRONOMERS should treat of stars and comets;  
 Doctors of *assa fatida* and vomits,  
 And apoplexies, those light troops of Death,  
 That use no ceremony with our breath;  
 Ague and dropsy, jaundice and catarrh,  
 The grim-look tyrant's heavy horse of war.

Farriers should write on farcys and the glanders;  
 Bug-doctors, only upon bed-disorders;  
 Farmers, on land, ploughs, pigs, ducks, geese and  
 Nightmen alone, on aromatic ordures. [ganders;  
 The

The artists should on painting solely write;  
 Like David, then they may "good things indite."  
 But when the mob of *gentlemen*  
 Desert their province, and take up the pen,  
 The Lord have mercy on the art!  
 Their crow-quills can no light impart.  
 This verse be thine, Squire Webb\*—it is thy due:  
 And Mister HORACE WALPOLE†, what think *you*?

HORACE,

\* Author of a Treatise on Painting, who seems to display a greater parade of erudition than real knowledge in the art.

† A gentleman *once* respected in the literary world; an *amateur*, but by no means a *connoisseur* in painting, and a wholesale dealer in flummery to PEOPLE OF WORSHIP. When Mr. H. Walpole penned his flattering advertisement‡, he should have considered that the province of an historian is impartial truth. Let us see how he has acquitted himself.—"Posterity (writeth Mr. W.) appreciates impartially the works of the dead. To posterity he leaves the continuation of these volumes; and recommends to the lovers of arts the industry of Mr. Vertue, who preserved notices of all his contemporaries, as he had collected of past ages, and thence gave birth to this work. In that supplement will not be forgotten the wonderful progress, in miniature, of Lady Lucan, who has arrived at copying the most exquisite works of Isaac and Peter Oliver, Hoskins and Cooper, with a genius that almost depreciates those masters, when we consider that they spent their lives in attaining perfection; and who, soaring above their modest timidity, has transferred the vigour of Raphael to her copies in water-colours. There will be re-

corded



HORACE, thou hast some trifling taste and sense;  
Then don't, of folly, be at such expence;

Do

“ corded the living etchings of Mr. H. Bunbury, the second  
 “ Hogarth, the first imitator who ever fully equalled his origi-  
 “ nal; and who, like Hogarth, has more humour when he  
 “ invents, than when he illustrates—probably because genius  
 “ can draw from the sources of nature with more spirit than  
 “ from the ideas of another. Has any painter ever executed a  
 “ scene, a character of Shakespeare, that approached to the  
 “ prototype so near as Shakespeare himself attained to nature?  
 “ Yet is there a pencil in a living hand as capable of pronoun-  
 “ cing the passions as our unequalled poet; a pencil not only  
 “ inspired by his insight into nature, but by the graces and taste  
 “ of Grecian artists. But it is not fair to excite the curiosity of  
 “ the public, when both the rank and bashful merit of the pos-  
 “ sessor, and a too rare exertion of superior talents, confine  
 “ the proofs to a narrow circle. Whoever has seen the draw-  
 “ ings, and bas-reliefs, designed and executed by Lady Diana  
 “ Beauclerc, is sensible that these imperfect encomiums are far  
 “ short of the excellence of her works. Her portrait of the  
 “ Duchess of Devonshire, in several hands, confirms the truth  
 “ of part of these assertions. The nymph-like simplicity of  
 “ the figure is equal to what a Grecian statuary would have  
 “ formed for a dryad or goddess of a river. Bartolozzi's print  
 “ of her two daughters after the drawing of the same lady, is  
 “ another specimen of her singular genius and taste. The gay  
 “ and sportive innocence of the younger daughter, and the  
 “ demure application of the elder, are as characteristically con-  
 “ trasted as Milton's Allegro and Penseroso. A third female  
 “ genius is Mrs. Damer, daughter of General Conway, in a  
 “ walk more difficult and far more uncommon than painting.  
 “ The annals of statuary record few artists of the fair sex, and  
 “ not one that I recollect of any celebrity. Mrs. Damer's busts  
 “ from

Do not to Lady LUCAN\* pay such court ;  
 Her better knowledge will not thank thee for't.

Ah!

“ from the life are not inferior to the antique ; and theirs, we are  
 “ sure, were not more like. Her shock dog, large as life, and  
 “ only not alive, has a looseness and softness in the curls that  
 “ seemed impossible to terra-cotta : it rivals the marble one of  
 “ Bernini in the royal collection. As the ancients have left us  
 “ but five animals of equal merit with their human figures,  
 “ namely, the Barberini goat, the Tuscan boar, the Mattei  
 “ eagle, the eagle of Strawberry-hill, and Mr. Jennings's, now  
 “ Mr. Duncombe's, dog, the talent of Mrs. Damer must appear  
 “ in the most distinguished light. Aided by some instructions  
 “ from that masterly statuary Mr. Bacon, she has attempted and  
 “ executed a bust in marble. Ceracchi, from whom first she  
 “ received four or five lessons, has given a whole figure of her  
 “ as the Muse of sculpture, in which he has happily preserved  
 “ the graceful lightness of her form and air.”—*Such* is the praise!  
 and *such* the *objects* of it !

But we have another crow to pull with Mr. W. (I beg his pardon, the EARL OF ORFORD) before we part. Speaking of VANDYKE's marriage to a daughter of LORD GOWRY, he thus expresses himself : “ Towards the end of his (VANDYKE's) life,  
 “ the King bestowed on him for a wife, MARY, the daughter  
 “ of the unfortunate Lord GOWRY, which, if meant as a  
 “ signal honour, might be calculated too to *depress* the disgraced  
 “ family, by *connecting them with the blood of a painter.*”

*Such* is the liberal spirit of the historian of Strawberry Hill !  
*such* is the reflection from the pen of a man who *pretends* to  
 almost an adoration for the Michael Angelos, the Raffaelles,  
 the Corregios, the Titians, the Reynoldses : a reflection that  
 dares mention the *vanity* of *title*, and the DIVINITY of GENIUS,  
 in the same sentence ; the trumpery present of *Kings*, and the  
 greatest gift of the ALMIGHTY !

\* A lady of some ingenuity in the miniature department.

Ah! don't endeavour thus to dupe her,  
By swearing that she equals COOPER\*.

So gross the flattery, faith! it seems to show  
That verily thou dost not know

The pow'rs requir'd for copying a *picture*,  
And those for copying *Dame Nature*;  
Alas! a much more arduous matter!

So don't expose thyself, but mind my stricture.

Thou 'lt say it was mere compliment;  
That nothing else was thy intent,

Although it might disgrace a boy at school:  
I grant the fact, and think that no man  
Says or writes fillier things to woman;  
But still 'tis making each of you a fool.

Yet, HORACE, think not that I write  
Through spite;

Think not I read thy works with jealous pain;  
Lord! no! although no favourite with *me*,  
Thou *mayst* be *something* of a *bel esprit*:

Let me not *damn* the windmill of thy brain;  
It is a pretty and ingenious mill,  
Just fit to grind for *folk* round Strawb'rry Hill!

ODE

famous miniature-painter in the time of Cromwell.



## O D E VI.

PETER still continueth to give great advice, and to exhibit deep reflection.—He telleth a miraculous story.

THERE is a *knack* in doing many a thing,  
Which *labour* cannot to perfection bring:  
Therefore, however great in your own eyes,  
Pray do not hints from other folks, despise:

A *fool* on something great, at times, may stumble,  
And consequently be a good adviser;  
On which, for ever, your *wise men* may fumble,  
And never be a whit the wiser.

Yes! I advise you, for there's wisdom in't,  
Never to rise superior to a hint:  
The genius of each man, with keenness view;  
A *spark*, from this or that man, caught,  
May kindle, quick as thought,  
A glorious *bonfire* up, in you.

A question of you, let me beg—  
 Of fam'd Columbus and his egg,  
 Pray, have you heard?—" Yes."—Oh, then if you  
*please,*  
 I'll give you the two Pilgrims and the Peas.

## THE PILGRIMS AND THE PEAS,

### A TRUE STORY.

A BRACE of finners, for no *good*,  
 Were order'd to the Virgin Mary's shrine,  
 Who at Loretto dwelt in wax, stone, wood,  
 And, in a curl'd white wig, look'd wond'rous fine.

Fifty long miles had those sad rogues to travel,  
 With something in their shoes much worse than gravel;  
 In short, their toes, so gentle, to amuse,  
 The priest had order'd peas into their shoes:

A *nostrum* famous in old Popish times  
 For purifying souls that stunk with crimes;  
 A sort of apostolic salt,  
 That Popish parsons for its powers exalt  
 For keeping souls of finners sweet,  
 Just as our kitchen salt keeps meat,

The knaves fet off on the same day,  
 Peas in their shoes, to go and pray;  
 But very diff'rent was their speed, I wot:  
 One of the finners gallop'd on,  
 Light as a bullet from a gun;  
 The other limp'd as if he had been shot.

ONE saw the VIRGIN soon—*peccavi* cry'd—  
 Had his foul whitewash'd all so clever;  
 Then home again he nimbly hied;  
 Made fit, with saints above, to live for ever.

In coming back, however, let me say,  
 He met his brother rogue, about half way;  
 Hobbling with outstretch'd bum and bending knees;  
 Damning the souls and bodies of the peas;  
 His eyes in tears, his cheeks and brows in sweat,  
 Deep sympathizing with his groaning feet.

“How now!” the light-toed, whitewash'd pilgrim  
 “You lazy lubber!”— [broke—  
 “Ods curse it!” cried the other, “’tis no *joke*—  
 “My feet, once hard as any rock,  
 “Are now as soft as *blubber*.”

“ Excuse me, Virgin Mary, that I swear ;

“ As for Loretto, I shall not get there :

“ No ! to the Dev’l my sinful soul must go ;

“ For damme if I ha’n’t lost ev’ry toe.

“ But, brother finner, do explain

“ How ’tis that you are not in pain ;

“ What Pow’r hath work’d a wonder for *your* toes :

“ Whilst *I*, just like a snail, am crawling,

“ Now swearing, now on Saints devoutly bawling,

“ Whilst not a rascal comes to ease my woes ?

“ How is’t that *you* can like a greyhound go,

“ Merry, as if that nought had happen’d, burn ye !”

“ Why,” cry’d the other, grinning, “ you must know,

“ That just before I ventur’d on my journey,

“ To walk a little more at ease,

“ I took the liberty to boil *my* peas.”

## O D E VII.

PETER grinneth deliciously at the blind idolatry of the present age for the ancient masters; and also at the illiberality of artists of the present day, towards each other.

YOUNG men; be cautious of each critic word  
That, blasphemous, may much offence afford;  
I mean, that wounds an *ancient* master's fame:  
At Titian, Guido, Julio, Veronese,  
Your length'ning phiz let admiration seize,  
And throw up both your eyes at Raphael's name.

Ev'n by a print-shop should you chance to pass,  
Adore their effigy inside the glass:  
Just as, with Papists, the religious care is,  
In churches, lanes, to bend their marrowbones  
To bees-wax saints, bons-dieux of stones,  
And beech, or deal, or wainscot Virgin Marys.

Whate'er their errors, they no more remain;  
For TIME, like fullers' earth, takes out each stain;  
Nay more—on faults that *modern works* would *tarnish*,  
TIME spreads a sacred coat of varnish.

Spare not on brother artists' backs, the lash;  
Put a good wire in't—let it *lash*;

Since ev'ry stroke with int'rest is repaid:  
For, though ye cannot kill the *man* outright,  
Yet, by this effort of your rival spite,

Fifty to one if ye don't spoil his *trade*.  
His ruins may be feathers for your nest:—  
The maxim's not amiss—*probatum est*.

## O D E VIII.

The Poet inquireth into the state of the EXHIBITION—Lasheth  
Father TIME for *making* great geniuses, and *destroying* them—  
Praiseth REYNOLDS—Fancieth a very curious dialogue be-  
tween King ALEXANDER and the Deer, the subject of Mr.  
WEST's picture—Turneth to Mr. WEST's Resurrection.

WELL, Muse! what is there in the Exhibition?  
How thrive the beauties of the graphic art?  
Whose racing genius seems in best condition  
For GLORY's plate to start?



Say what sly rogues old Fame cajole?  
 Speak, who hath brib'd her trumpet, or who stole?  
 For much is prais'd that ought in fires to mourn;  
 Nay, what would ev'n disgrace a fire to *burn*.

What artist boasts a work sublime,  
 That mocks the teeth of raging TIME?  
 Old fool! who, after he hath form'd with pains  
     A genius rare,  
     To make folks stare,  
 Knocks out his brains:  
 Like children, dolls creating with high brags;  
 Then tearing all their handy-works to rags.

Lo! REYNOLDS shines with undiminish'd ray!  
 Keeps, like the bird of Jove, his distant way:  
 Yet, simple portrait strikes too oft our eyes;  
 Whilst HIST'RY, anxious for his pencil, sighs.

We don't desire to see on canvas live,  
     The *copy* of a jowl of lead;  
 When for th' *original* we would not give  
     A small pin's head.

This year, of picture, Mister WEST

Is quite a Patagonian maker :

He knows that *bulk* is not a *jest* ;

So gives us painting by the *acre*.

But ah ! this ARTIST's brush can never brag

Upon KING ALEXANDER and the STAG ;

For, as they play'd at loggerheads a rubber,

We surely ought to see a handsome battle

Between the MONARCH and the PIECE of CATTLE ;

Whereas each keeps his distance, like a lubber.

His MAJESTY, upon his breech laid low,

Seems *preaching* to his horned foe ;

Observing what a very wicked thing,

To hurt the sacred person of a KING :

And seems, about his business, to intreat him

To *march*, for fear the hounds should *eat him*.

The STAG appears to say, in plaintive note,

“ I own, KING ALEXANDER, my offence :

“ True ! I've not shew'd my loyalty, nor sense ;

“ So bid your huntsmen come and cut my throat.”

The cavalry, adorn'd with fair stone bodies,  
 Seem on the dialogue with wonder staring;  
 And on their flinty backs, a set of noddies,  
 Not one brags farthing for their MASTER caring,

Behold! *one* fellow lifts his mighty spear  
 To save the owner of the Scottish crown;  
 Which, harmless hanging o'er the gaping deer,  
 Seems in no mighty hurry to come down.

Another, on a pegasus, comes flying!  
 His phiz, his errand much belying;  
 For if he means to *baste* the beast so cruel,  
 God knows, 'tis with a face of water-gruel.

So then, sweet Muse, the picture boasts no merit—  
 As flat as dish-water, or dead small-beer—  
 Or, what the mark is tolerably near,  
 As heads of aldermen, devoid of spirit.

Well then! turn round—view t'other side the room,  
 And see his SAVIOUR mounting from the tomb:  
 Is *this* piece, too, with painting fins so cramm'd,  
 Born to increase the number of the *damn'd*?

My sentiments by no means I refuse—

Was our REDEEMER like that *wretched thing*?

I do not wonder that the cunning JEWS

Scorn'd to acknowledge him for KING!

## O D E IX.

PETER moraliseth, and giveth good advice.

ENVY and JEALOUSY, that pair of devils,  
 Stuff'd like PANDORA'S box with wond'rous evils,  
 I hate, abhor, abominate, detest:  
 Like CIRCE, turning man into a beast.

Beneath their cankering breath no bud can blow;  
 Their black'ning pow'r resembles smut in corn,  
 Which kills the rising ears that should *adorn*,  
 And bid the vales with golden plenty glow.

Yet, fierce in yonder dome each demon reigns;  
 Their poison swells too many an artist's veins;  
 Draws from each labouring heart the fearful sigh,  
 And casts a fullen gloom on ev'ry eye.

BRUSHMEN!

BRUSHMEN ! accept the counsel PETER sends,  
 Who scorns th' acquaintance of this brace of fiends :  
     Should any, with uncommon talents, tow'r ;  
 To any, is superior science given ;  
     Oh, let the weaker feel their happier pow'r,  
 Like plants that triumph in the dews of Heav'n !

Be pleas'd, like REYNOLDS, to direct the blind ;  
     Who aids the feeble fault'ring feet of youth ;  
 Unfolds the ample volume of his mind,  
     With genius stor'd, and NATURE's simple truth :

Who, though a SUN, resembles not his *brother* ;  
     Whose beams so full of jealousy conspire,  
 Whene'er admitted to the room, to smother  
     The humble kitchen, or the parlour fire,

## O D E X.

PETER speaketh *figuratively*—Accommodateth himself to *vulgar* readers—Lasheth *pretenders* to fame—Concludeth merrily.

A *MODEST* love of praise I do not blame;  
But I abhor a *rape* on Mistress FAME.  
Although the Lady is exceeding chaste,  
Young forward bullies seize her round the waist;

Swear, *nolens volens*, that she shall be kiss'd;  
And though she vows she does not like 'em,  
Nay, threatens, for their impudence, to strike 'em;  
The faucy rascals still persist.

Reader! of images, here's no confusion;  
Thou therefore understand'st the Bard's allusion:  
But possibly thou hast a thickish head;  
And therefore no vast quantity of brain:  
Why then, my precious PIG OF LEAD,  
'Tis necessary to explain.

Some artists, if I so may call 'em,  
So ignorant (the foul fiend maul 'em!)



Mere driv'lers in the charming art,  
 Are vastly fond of being prais'd;  
 Wish to the stars, like Blanchard, to be rais'd:  
 And rais'd they should be, reader—from a *cart*.

If disappointed in some STENTOR's tongue,  
 Upon *themselves* they pour forth prose or song;  
 Or *buy* it in some venal paper,  
 And then heroically vapour.

What prigs to immortality aspire,  
 Who stick their trash around the room!  
 Trash meriting a very diff'rent doom—  
 I mean the warmer regions of the fire!

Heav'n knows, that I am anger'd to the soul,  
 To find some blockheads of their works so vain;  
 So proud to see them hanging cheek by jowl  
 With *his*,\* whose pow'rs the Art's high fame sustain.

To wond'rous merit their pretension,  
 On such *vicinity suspension*,  
 Brings to my mind a not unpleasant story,  
 Which, gentle readers, let me lay before ye:

A shabby

\* The President.

A shabby fellow chanc'd, one day, to meet  
The British Roscius in the street,

GARRICK, on whom our nation justly brags;  
The fellow hugg'd him with a kind embrace:

“ Good Sir, I do not recollect your face,”

Quoth Garrick—“ No !” replied the man of rags.—

“ The boards of Drury you and I have trod

“ Full many a time together, I am sure.”—

“ When?” with an oath, cry'd GARRICK—“ for by G—

“ I never saw that face of yours before !

“ What characters, I pray,

“ Did *you* and *I* together play ?”

“ Lord !” quoth the fellow, “ think not that I mock :

“ When *you* play'd HAMLET, Sir, *I* play'd the COCK.\*”

ODE

\* In the Ghost Scene,

## O D E XI.

PETER talketh *sensibly* and *knowingly*—Recommendeth it to ARTISTS to prefer pictures for their MERIT. Discovereth musical knowledgé, and sheweth, that he not only hath kept company with *Fid-lers*, but *Fiddle-makers*—He satirizeth the *Pseudo-Cognoscenti*—Praiseth his ingenious neighbour, Sir JOSHUA,

BE not impos'd on by a name;  
 But bid your eye the picture's *merit* trace:  
 POUSSIN at times in outline may be lame,  
 And GUIDO's angels destitute of grace.

Yet lo! a picture of some famous school:  
 A warranted old daub of reputation,  
 Where charming PAINTING's almost ev'ry rule  
 Hath suffer'd almost ev'ry violation,  
 Oft hath been gaz'd at, by devouring eyes,  
 Where NATURE, banish'd from the picture, sighs:

So some old DUCHESS, as a badger gray,  
 Her snags by TIME, sure DENTIST, snatch'd away,  
 With long, lank, flannel checks;  
 Where AGE, in ev'ry wrinkled feature,  
 Unto the poor, weak, shaking creature,  
 Of death, unwelcome tidings speaks;

Draws

Draws from the gaping mob the envying look,  
Because her husband chanc'd to be a DUKE.

How many pasteboard rocks, and iron seas;  
How many torrents wild, of still stone water;  
How many brooms, and broomsticks meant for trees,  
Because the fancy'd labours of SALVATOR,\*  
Whose pencil, too, most grossly may have blunder'd;  
Have brought the blest possessor many a hundred?

Thus prove a *crowd*, a STAINER,† or AMATI;‡  
No matter for the fiddle's *sound*;  
The fortunate POSSESSOR shall not bate ye  
A doit, of fifty, nay a hundred pound:  
And though what's vulgarly baptiz'd a *rep*,  
Shall in a hundred pounds be deem'd dog cheap.

It tickles one excessively to hear  
Wife prating pedants the old masters praise;  
Damning by wholesale, with sarcastic sneer,  
The *wretched* works of modern days;  
Making at *living* wights such fatal pushes,  
As though not good enough to wipe their brushes.

And

\* Salvator Rosa.

† A German Fiddle-maker.

‡ A maker of fiddles, called Cremonas.

And yet on each wise *cognoscenté* afs,

Who shall for hours on paint and sculpture din ye,  
A person, with facility, may pass

RIGAUD for RAPHAEL—BACON for BERNINI;  
Or, *little* as an OVEN to VESUVIUS,  
WILL TYLER for PALLADIO or VITRUVIUS!

One would imagine, by the madd'ning fools

Who talk of nothing but the *ancient* schools,

And vilify the works of *modern* brains,  
They think poor Mother NATURE's art is fled,  
That now she cannot make a head,

Who took with old Italian nob's such pains;  
Nay, turn'd a *driv'ler*, that her pow'r so sunk is,  
Tame soul! she nothing now can make but *monkeys*.

"Look at your fav'rite REYNOLDS," is their strain;

"Allow'd by all, the *first* in EUROPE's eye;

"One atom of repute can REYNOLDS gain,

"When TITIAN, RUBENS, and VANDYKE, are nigh?

"Say, what can REYNOLDS near CORREGIO's line?"

Blinckards, permit me to inform ye—*shine*!

## O D E XII.

PETER increaseth in wisdom, and adviseth wisely—Seemeth angry at the illiberality of Nature in the affair of his good acquaintance the LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR of ENGLAND, and Mr. PEPPER ARDEN—PETER treateth his readers with love-verses of past times.

COPY not NATURE's form *too closely*,  
 Whene'er she treats th' *original* too grossly ;  
 For when she gives deformity for *grace*,  
 Pray have a little mercy on the face.  
 Indeed 'twould be but charity to flatter  
 Some dreadful works of seeming drunken Nature.

As for example : Let us now suppose  
 THURLOW's black scowl, and PEPPER ARDEN's nose ;  
 But when your pencil's powers are bid to trace  
 The smiles of DEVONSHIRE—DUNCANNON's grace ;  
 To bid the blush of beauteous \* CAMPBELL rise,  
 And wake the radiance of AUGUSTA's † eyes,  
 (Gad ! Muse, thou art beginning to grow *loyal*)  
 And paint the graces of the PRINCESS ROYAL ;

Try

\* Lady Charlotte.

† Second daughter of the King.



Try all your art—and when your toils are done,  
You show a flimsy meteor for a Sun.

Or should your skill attempt *her* face and air,  
Who fir'd my heart, and fix'd my roving eye,  
The Loves, who robb'd a world to make her fair,  
Would quickly triumph, and your art defy.

Sweet NYMPH!—but, reader, take the song  
Which CYNTHIA's charms alone, inspir'd;  
That left of yore the poet's tongue,  
When LOVE his raptur'd fancy fir'd.

### S O N G.

FROM *her*, alas! whose smile was love,  
I wander to some lonely cell:  
My sighs too weak the maid to move,  
I bid the flatterer HOPE, farewell.

Be all her Siren arts forgot,  
That fill'd my bosom with alarms:  
Ah! let her crime, a little spot,  
Be lost amidst a *world* of charms.

As on I wander flow, my sighs

At ev'ry step for CYNTHIA mourn:

My anxious heart within me dies,

And sinking, whispers, "Oh! return."

Deluded heart! thy folly know,

Nor fondly nurse the fatal flame:

By *absence* thou shalt lose thy woe;

And only *flutter* at her name.

Readers! I own the song of love is sweet;

Most pleasing to the soul of gentle PETER:

Your eyes, then, with *another* let me treat,

Yes, gentle Sirs, and in the same sweet metre.

### S O N G   T O   D E L I A.

SAY, lonely MAID, with down-cast eye,

O DELIA! fay, with cheeks so pale,

What gives thy heart the lengthen'd sigh,

That tells the world a mournful tale?

Thy tears that thus each other chase,  
Bespeak a bosom swell'd with woe;  
Thy sighs, a storm that wrecks thy peace,  
Which souls like thine should never know.

O tell me, doth some favour'd youth,  
With virtue tir'd, thy beauty slight;  
And leave those thrones of love and truth,  
That lip, and bosom of delight?

Perhaps to nymphs of other shades,  
He feigns the soft, im passion'd tear;  
With sighs their easy faith invades,  
That treach'rous won *thy* witless ear,

Let not *those* MAIDS thy envy move,  
For whom his heart may seem to pine;  
That HEART will ne'er be blest by love,  
Whose guilt could force a pang from *thine*.

## O D E XIII.

Pious PETER acknowledgeth great obligations to the Reverend  
Mister MARTIN LUTHER—Yet lamenteth the effects of this  
PARSON'S reformation on Painting.

WE PROTESTANTS owe much to MARTIN LUTHER,

Who found to Heav'n a shorter way and smoother;  
And shall not soon repay the obligation:  
MARTIN against the Papists got the laugh;  
Who, as the butchers bleed and bang a calf  
To whiteness—bled and bang'd unto *salvation*:

As if such drubbings could expel their sins;  
As if that Pow'r, whose works with awe we view,  
Grac'd all our backs with sets of comely skins,  
Then order'd us to beat them black and blue:

Well then! we must confess for certain,  
That much we owe to brother MARTIN,  
Who alter'd, for the better, our religion:  
Yet, by it, glorious PAINTING much did lose;  
Was pluck'd, poor GODDESS! like a goose;  
Or, for the rhyme-sake, like a pigeon.

Mad at the WHORE OF BABYLON, and BULL,  
Down from the churches men began to pull  
Pictures, that long had held a lofty station;  
Pictures of SAINTS, of pious reputation,  
For curing, by a miracle, the ills  
That now so stubborn yield not to devotions,  
But unto blisters, boluses, and potions,  
That make such handsome 'pothecaries bills.

Down tumbled ANTHONY who preach'd to Sprats;  
And HE\* who held discourses with a Hog,  
That, grunting, after him so us'd to jog,  
Came down by favour of long sticks and bats.

The SAINTS who grinn'd on spits, like ven'son roasting;  
Broiling on gridir'ns; baking in an oven;  
Or on a fork, like cheese of Cheshire, toasting;  
Or kick'd to death, by Satan's hoof so cloven;  
All humbled to the ground were forc'd to fall,  
Spits, forks, and gridir'ns, ovens, dev'l and all.

Ev'n Saints of poor Old England's breeding,  
In wonders, many foreign ones, exceeding,

N 4

Our

\* Commonly known by the name of PIG ANTHONY.

Our hot REFORMERS did as roughly handle :  
 In troth, poor harmless souls ! they met no quarter,  
 But down were tumbled, MIRACLE and MARTYR ;  
 Put up in lots, and sold by inch of candle.

Had we been Papists—Lord ! we still had seen  
 Devils and Devils mates, young pimping liars  
 Tempting the blushing NUNS of frail fifteen,  
 With gangs of ogling, rosy, wanton FRIARS :  
 Which NUNS, so pure, no love-speech could cajole ;  
 Who *starv'd* the body, to *preserve* the soul.

Then had we seen St. DENNIS with his head  
 Fresh in his hand, and, with affection, kissing ;  
 As if the nob, that from his shoulders fled,  
 By knife or broad-sword, never had been missing :  
 Then had we seen, upon their friendly coating,  
 SAINTS on the waves, like gulls and wigeons, floating.

I've seen a SAINT on board a ship,  
 To whom, for a fair wind, the Papists pray,  
 Well flogg'd from stem to stern, by birch and whip,  
 Poor wooden fellow ! twenty times a day :

Pull'd



Pull'd by the nose, and kick'd—call'd lubber, owl,  
 To make him turn a wind, to fair from foul!  
 And oft these things have brought a prosp'rous gale,  
 When pray'rs and curses have been found to fail.  
*This*, had we Papists been, had grac'd our churches,  
 Saints, seamen, nose-pulling, kicks, whips, and birches.

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## O D E XIV.

PETER attacketh the R. A.'s.

Y E ROYAL SIRs, before I bid adieu,  
 Let me inform you, *some* deserve my praise:  
 But trust me, gentle 'Squires, ye are but few  
 Whose names would not disgrace my lays;  
 You'll say, with grinning, sharp, sarcastic face,  
 "We must be *bad indeed*, if that's the case."  
 Why, if the truth I must declare,  
 So, gentle 'squires, you really are!  
 I'm greatly pleas'd, I must allow,  
 To see the *foreigners* beat hollow;  
 Who stole into that dome the Lord knows how;  
 (I hope to God no more will follow):

Who,

Who, curs'd with a poor sniv'ling spirit,  
Were never known to vote for *merit* :—

Poor narrow-minded imps,  
Hanging together just like shrimps.  
I own, (so little they have merited)  
That from yon noble dome,  
Made almost an Italian and French home,  
I long to see the vermin ferreted.

Yet where's the house, however watch'd by cats,  
That can get rid of all its rats?  
Or, if a prettier simile may please,  
Where is the bed that hath not fleas?  
Or if a *prettier still*—what London rugs  
Have not at times been visited by *bugs*?

O D E XV.

PETER taketh leave—Displayeth wonderful learning—Seemeth  
forry to part with his Readers—Administereth crumbs of  
comfort.

MY dearest readers ! 'tis with grief I tell,  
That now, for ever, I must bid farewell !

Glad, if an Ode of mine, with grins, can treat ye,

*Valete :*

And if you like the Lyric PETER's *oddity*,

*Plaudite.*

Rich as a Jew am I in *Latian lore*—

So, classic readers, take a sentence more :

*Pulchrum est monstrari digito, et dicier hic est !*

Says JUVENAL, who lov'd a bit of fame :

In English—Ah ! 'tis sweet among the thickest

To be found out, and pointed at by *name*.

To hear the *shrinking* GREAT exclaim, " That's PETER,

" Who makes much immortality by *metre* ;

" Who nobly dares indulge the tuneful whim,

" And cares no more for KINGS than KINGS for *him* ! "

Yet

Yet one word more before we part :  
Should any take it grievously to heart ;  
Look melancholy, pale, and wan, and thin,  
Like a poor pullet that hath eat a pin ;  
Put on a poor desponding face, and pine,  
Because that PETER the *Divine*  
Resolves to give up Painting Odes :  
By all the rhyming Goddeffes and Gods,  
I here, upon a poet's word, protest,  
That if it is the world's request  
That I again in Lyrics should appear ;  
Lo ! rather than be guilty of the sin  
Of losing GEORGE the THIRD *one* SUBJECT's *skin*,  
My LYRIC BAGPIPE shall be tun'd *next year*.

T H E  
L O U S I A N D.

A N  
HEROI-COMIC POEM.

---

---

C A N T O I.

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---

Prima Syracosio dignata est ludere versu  
Nostra, nec erubuit sylvas habitare Thalia;  
Cum canerem reges et prælia, Cynthus aurem  
Vellit et admonuit——

VIRGIL.

I, who so lately in my Lyric lays  
Sung to the praise and glory of R. A.'s;  
And sweetly tun'd to Love the melting line,  
With OVID's art, and SAPPHO's warmth divine;  
Said, (nobly daring!) "MUSE, exalt thy wings,  
"LOVE and the SONS OF CANVAS quit for KINGS."  
APOLLO, laughing at my powers of song,  
Cry'd "PETER PINDAR, prithee hold thy tongue."  
But I, like Poets, self-sufficient grown,  
Reply'd, "APOLLO, prithee hold thy *συν*."





## TO THE READER.

GENTLE READER,

IT is necessary to inform thee, that His Majesty actually discovered, some time ago, as he sat at table, a LOUSE on his plate. The emotion occasioned by the unexpected appearance of *such* a guest can be better imagined than described.

An edict was, in consequence, passed for shaving the Cooks, Scullions, &c. and the unfortunate LOUSE condemned to die.

Such is the foundation of the LOUSIAD.—With what degree of merit the Poem is executed, the *uncritical* as well as critical Reader will decide.

The ingenious AUTHOR, who ought to be allowed to know somewhat of the matter, hath been heard privately to declare, that, in *his* opinion, the Batrachomyomachia of Homer, the Secchia Rapita of Tassoni, the Lutrin of Boileau, the Dispensary of Garth, and the Rape of the Lock of Pope, are not to be compared to it; and to exclaim at the same time, with all the modest assurance of an author—

Cedite, scriptores Romani; cedite, Graeci—  
Nil ortum in terris, *Lousiadâ*, melius.

Which, for the sake of the mere English Reader, is thus beautifully translated:

Roman and Grecian Authors, great and small,  
The Author of the LOUSIAD beats you all.

THE

## THE ARGUMENT.

THE Proëmium—Description of the LOUSE's Fall—History of his Wife and Family—A wonderfully sublime Simile of a Cow—Discovery of the LOUSE by His Majesty—The King's Horror and Astonishment on seeing him—equal to that he felt at Mr. Fox's Attempt on Prerogative—at Mr. BURKE's dreadful Defalcation of the Royal Table—equal to that his Majesty felt in a Tumble from his Horse—equal to the Horrors of disappointed Venison Eaters—of a Serjeant at Law—of a Country Girl—of a Petit-Maitre saluted by a Chimney-sweeper—of the Devil when pinched by St. DUNSTAN's red-hot tongs—of Lady WORSLEY—of SAM HOUSE the Patriot—of BILLY RAMUS—of KYNASTON, the 'Squire of *Leatherhead*—of the perjured CHRISTOPHER ATKINSON—of the Prince of ASTURIAS—of the King of SPAIN—of Dr. JOHNSON, and Dr. WILSON—Description of His Majesty's Heart—most naturally and wittily compared to a Dumpling—His Majesty's Speech to the Queen—Her Majesty's most gracious and short Answer—The short Speech of the beautiful Princesses—His Majesty's rough Rejoinder—The Fear that came on the Queen and her Children—beautiful Apostrophe to the Princesses—The King's Speech to the Pages—The King unable to eat—The Queen able—The King's Orders about the LOUSE—Description of DIXON the Cook Major—his Speech—A Speech of the Cooks—Fine Simile of Bubble and Squeak; thought more sublime than that of HOMER's Black Pudding—Speech of a Scullion—of a Scullion's Mate—of a Turnbroche—Noble Comparison of a Tartar Monarch after he hath dined—A long and wise Speech of a Yeoman of the Kitchen—The Cook's Approbation of the Yeoman's Speech—Grand Simile of a Barn and its Lodgers set on fire by Lightning—The concluding Speech of the Cook Major.

T H E

L O U S I A D.

---

CANTO THE FIRST.

THE Louse I sing, who, from some head unknown,  
Yet born and educated near a throne,  
Dropp'd down—(so will'd the dread decree of Fate!)  
With legs wide sprawling on the Monarch's plate:  
Far from the raptures of a wife's embrace;  
Far from the gambols of a tender race,  
Whose little feet he taught with care to tread  
Amidst the wide dominions of the head;  
Led them to daily food with fond delight,  
And taught the tiny wand'ers where to bite;  
To hide, to run, advance, or turn their tails,  
When hostile combs attack'd, or vengeful nails:  
Far from those pleasing scenes ordain'd to roam,  
Like wise Ulysses, from his native home;

Yet, like that fage, though forc'd to roam and mourn,  
 Like him, alas ! not fated to return ;  
 Who, full of rags and glory, faw his boy \*  
 And wife † again, and dog ‡ that dy'd for joy.  
 Down dropp'd the lucklefs LOUSE, with fear appall'd,  
 And wept his wife and children as he sprawl'd.  
 Thus, on a promontory's misty brow,  
 The POET's eye, with sorrow, faw a cow  
 Take leave abrupt of bullocks, goats, and sheep,  
 By tumbling headlong down the dizzy steep ;  
 No more to reign a queen amongst the cattle,  
 And urge her rival beaus, the bulls, to battle ;  
 She fell §, rememb'ring ev'ry roaring lover,  
 With all her wild *courants* in fields of clover.  
 Now on his legs, amidst a thousand woes,  
 The LOUSE, with judge-like gravity, arose :  
 He wanted not a motive to entreat him,  
 Beside the horror that the King might eat him :  
 The dread of gasping on the fatal fork,  
 Stuck with a piece of mutton, beef, or pork,  
 Or drowning 'midst the sauce in dismal dumps,  
 Was full enough to make him stir his stumps.

Vain

\* Telemachus.

† Penelope.

‡ Argus, for whose history, see the *Odyſſey*.

§ — moriens dulces reminiscitur Argos.

VIRG.

Vain hope of stealing unperceiv'd away !  
He might as well have tarried where he lay.  
Seen was the LOUSE, as with the Royal brood  
Our hungry King amus'd himself with food ;  
Which proves (though scarce believ'd by one in ten)  
That Kings have appetites like common men ;  
And that, like London Aldermen and Mayor,  
Kings feed on solids less refin'd than air.  
Paint, heav'nly Muse, the look, the *very* look,  
That of the Sov'reign's face possession took  
When first he saw the LOUSE, in solemn state,  
Grave as a Spaniard, march across the plate !  
Yet, could a LOUSE a British King surprise,  
And like a pair of saucers stretch his eyes ?  
The little tenant of a mortal head,  
Shake the great RULER of three realms with dread ?  
Good Lord ! (as somebody sublimely sings)  
What great effects arise from little things !  
As many a loving swain and nymph can tell,  
Who, following Nature's law, have lov'd too well !

Not with more horror did his eyes behold  
Charles Fox, that cunning enemy of old,  
When Triumph hung upon his plotting brains,  
And dear PREROGATIVE was just in chains :



Not with more horror did his eye-balls work  
 Convulsive on the patriotic Burke,  
 When guilty of economy, the crime !  
 Edmund wide wander'd from the *true sublime*,  
 And, cat-like, watchful of the flesh and fish,  
 Cribb'd from the Royal table many a dish ;  
 Saw ev'ry slice of bread and butter cut,  
 Each apple told, and number'd ev'ry nut ;  
 And gaug'd (compos'd upon no sneaking scale)  
 The Monarch's belly like a cask of ale ;  
 Convinc'd that, in his scheme of state-salvation,  
 To starve\* the Palace, was to save the Nation :  
 Not more aghast he look'd, when, 'midst the course,  
 He tumbled, in a stag-chase, from his horse,  
 Where all the Nobles deem'd their Monarch dead ;  
 But luckily he pitch'd upon his head.

Not VENISON EATERS at the vanish'd fat,  
 With stomachs wider than a Quaker's hat :

Not

\* His Majesty was really reduced some time since to a most mortifying dilemma. The apples at dinner time having been, by a too great liberality to the Royal children, expended ; the King ordered a supply, but was informed that the BOARD OF GREEN CLOTH would positively allow no more. Enraged at the unexpected and unroyal disappointment, he furiously put his hand into his pocket, took out sixpence, sent a PAGE for two-penny-worth of pippins, and received the change.



Not with more horror Mifter Serjeant PLIANT  
Looks down upon an empty-handed client :  
Not with more horror ftares the rural Maid,  
By hopes, by fortunetellers, dreams, betray'd,  
Who fees her ticket a dire blank arife,  
Too fondly thought the twenty-thoufand prize,  
With which the fimple damfel meant, no doubt,  
To blefs her faithful fav'rite, Colin Clout.

Not with more horror ftares each lengthen'd feature,  
Of fome fine, fluttering, mincing *petit-maitre*,  
When of a wanton chimney-fweeping wag  
The beau's white veltment feels the footy bag :  
Not with more horror did the Devil look,  
When Dunftan by the nofe the dæmon took,  
(As gravely fay our legendary fongs)  
And led him with a pair of red-hot tongs :  
Not Lady Worsley, chafte as *many* a nun,  
Look'd with more horror at Sir Richard's fun,  
When, rais'd on high to view her naked charms,  
He held the peeping Captain in his arms ;  
Like David, that moft am'rous little dragon,  
Ogling sweet Bethsheba without a rag on ;

Not more the great Sam House\* with horror star'd,  
 By mob affronted to the very beard;  
 Whose impudence (enough to damn a jail)  
 Snatch'd from his waving hand his fox's tail,  
 And stuff'd it, 'midst his thunders of applause,  
 Full in the center of Sam's gaping jaws,  
 That, forcing down his patriotic throat,  
 Of "Fox and Freedom!" stopp'd the glorious note.

Not with more horror Billy Ramus† star'd,  
 When Puff‡, the Prince's hair-dresser, appear'd

Amidst

\* In Westminster Hall, where the *sense* (the author was just about to say *nonsense*) of the people was to be taken on an election.

† Billy Ramus—emphatically and constantly called by His Majesty *Billy Ramus*; one of the Pages who shaves the Sovereign, airs his shirts, reads to him, writes for him, and collects anecdotes.

‡ Puff, his Royal Highness's hair-dresser, who attending him at Windsor, the Prince, with his usual good-nature, ordered him to dine with the PAGES. The pride of the Pages immediately took fire, and a petition was dispatched to the King and Prince, to be relieved from the distressful circumstance of dining with a *hair-dresser*. The petition was treated with the proper contempt, and the Pages commanded to receive Mr. Puff into their mess, or quit the table. With unspeakable mortification Mr. Ramus and his brethren *submitted*; but, like the poor Gentoos who lose their *Cast*, have not held up their heads *since*.

Amidst their eating room, with dread design,  
To *sit* with PAGES, and with PAGES *dine*!

Not with more horror Gloster's Duchefs star'd,  
When (blest in metaphor!) the King declar'd,  
That not of all her mongrel breed, one whelp  
Should in the Royal kennel ever yelp:

Not more that man so sweet, so unprepar'd,  
The gentle 'Squire of Leatherhead\*, was scar'd,  
When, after prayers so good, and rare a sermon,  
He found his front attack'd by fierce Miss Vernon;  
Who meant (Thalestris-like, disdaining fear!)  
To pour her *foot* in thunder on his *rear*;  
Who, in God's house†, without one grain of grace,  
Spit, like a vixen, in his Worship's face;  
Then shook her nails, as sharp as taylor shears,  
That itch'd to scrape acquaintance with his ears.

O 4

Not

\* Kynaſton is the name of the gentleman assailed by the furious Maid of Honour, for disapprobation of the lady as an acquaintance for his wife.

† Verily in the House of the Lord, on the Lord's Day, in the year of our Lord 1785, in the village of Leatherhead, in the county of Surry, did this profane salival assault take place on the phiz of 'Squire Kynaſton, to the disgrace of his family, the wonder of the parson, the horror of the clerk, and the stupefaction of the congregation.

Not Atkinson\* with stronger terror started  
(Somewhat afraid, perchance, of being carted)  
When JUSTICE, a fly dame, one day thought fit  
To pay her serious compliments to Kit;  
Ask'd him a few short questions about *corn*,  
And whisper'd, she believ'd he was forsworn;  
Then hinted, that he probably would find,  
That though she sometimes wink'd, she was not blind.

Not more ASTURIAS' Princesses† look'd affright,  
At breakfast, when her spouse, the unpolite,  
Hurl'd, madly heedless both of time and place,  
A cup of boiling coffee in her face;  
Because the fair one eat a butter'd roll,  
On which the selfish Prince had fix'd his soul:  
Not more astonish'd look'd that Prince to find  
His royal father to his face unkind;  
Who, to the cause of injur'd beauty won,  
Seiz'd on the proud proboscis of his son,

(Just

\* Mr. Christopher Atkinson's airing on the pillory is sufficiently known to the public.

† This quarrel between the Prince of Asturias and his Princess, with the interference of the Spanish Monarch, as described here, is not a poetic fiction, but an absolute fact, that happened not many months ago.

(Just like a tiger of the Lybian shade,  
 Whose furious claws the helpless deer invade,  
 And led him, till that son its durance freed,  
 By asking pardon for the brutal deed ;  
 Led him thrice round the room (the story goes)  
 Who follow'd with great gravity his nose,  
 Resolv'd at first (for Spaniards are stiff stuff)  
 To ask no pardon, though the snout came off :  
 Not more astonish'd look'd that Spanish King,\*  
 Whene'er he miss'd a snipe upon the wing :  
 Not more astonish'd look'd that King of Spain,  
 To see his gun-boats blazing on the main :  
 Not Doctor Johnson more, to hear the tale  
 Of vile Piozzi's marrying Mistress Thrale ;  
 Nor Doctor Wilson, child of am'rous folly,  
 When young Mac Clyster bore off Kate Macaulay.†

What

\* His Most Catholic Majesty's shooting merits are universally acknowledged. Though far advanced in years, he is still the admiration of his subjects, and the envy of his brother Kings, as a SHOT ; and it is well known, that even on those days when the Royal Robes are obliged to be worn, his breeches pockets are stuffed with gun flints, screws, hammers, and other implements necessary to the destruction of snipes, partridges, and wild pigs.

† The fair Historian.



What dire emotions shook the Monarch's soul!  
 Just like two billiard balls his eyes 'gan roll;  
 Whilst anger all his Royal heart possess'd,  
 That, swelling, wildly bump'd against his breast;  
 Bounc'd at his ribs with all its might so stout,  
 As resolutely bent on jumping out,  
 T' avenge, with all its pow'rs, the dire disgrace,  
 And nobly spit in the offender's face.  
 Thus a large dumpling to its cell confin'd,  
 (A very apt allusion, to my mind)  
 Lies snug, until the water waxeth hot,  
 Then bustles 'midst the tempest of the pot:  
 In vain!—the lid keeps down the child of dough,  
 That bouncing, tumbling, sweating, rolls below.

“ What's that! what's that!” th' astonish'd Monarch  
 cries,

(Lifting to pitying Heav'n his piteous eyes)

“ What monster's that, that's got into the house?

“ Look, look, look, Charly! is not that a louse?”

The Queen look'd down, and said, “ Mine Gote!

“ good la!

And with a smile the grey-back'd STRANGER saw.

Each Princess strain'd her lovely neck to see,

And, with another smile, exclaim'd, “ Good me!”—

“ Mine



“ Mine Gote! Good me! is that all you can say?”  
 (Our gracious Monarch cry’d, with huge dismay.)  
 “ What! what! a silly vacant smile take place  
 “ Upon your Majesty’s and children’s face,  
 “ Whilst that vile LOUSE (soon, soon to be unjointed!)  
 “ Affronts the presence of the LORD’S ANOINTED!”

Dash’d, as if tax’d with Hell’s most deadly sins,  
 The Queen and Princesses drew in their chins,  
 Look’d prim, and gave each exclamation o’er,  
 And, very prudent, ‘ word spake never more.’  
 Sweet Maids! the beauteous boast of BRITAIN’S Isle,  
 Speak—were those peerless lips forbid to smile?  
 Lips! that the soul of simple NATURE moves—  
 Form’d by the bounteous hands of all the LOVES!  
 Lips of delight! unstain’d by SATIRE’s gall!  
 Lips! that I never kiss’d—and never shall.

Now, to each trembling Page, a poor mute mouse,  
 The *pious* MONARCH cried, “ Is this *your* Louse?”  
 “ Ah! Sire,” (reply’d each Page with pig-like whine)  
 “ An’t please your Majesty, it is not mine.”  
 “ *Not thine?*” (the hasty Monarch cried agen)  
 “ What? what? what? what? what? who the devil’s  
 then?”

Now

Now at this sad event the SOVEREIGN, fore,  
Unhappy, could not eat a mouthful more :  
His wiser Queen, her gracious stomach studying,  
Stuck most devoutly to the beef and pudding ;  
For Germans are a very hearty sort,  
Whether begot in Hog-styes or a Court ;  
Who bear (which shews' their hearts are not of stone)  
The ills of others better than their own.

Grim TERROR seiz'd the souls of all the Pages,  
Of different sizes, and of different ages ;  
Frighten'd about their pensions or their bones,  
They on each other gap'd like Jacob's sons !

Now to a PAGE, but *which* we can't determine,  
The growling Monarch gave the plate and vermin :  
“ Watch well that blackguard animal,” he cries,  
“ That soon or late, to glut my vengeance, dies !  
“ Watch, like a cat, that vile marauding LOUSE,  
“ Or George shall play the devil in the house.  
“ Some Spirit whispers, that to Cooks I owe  
“ The precious visitor that crawls below ;  
“ Yes, yes ! the whisp'ring Spirit tells me true,  
“ And soon shall vengeance all their locks pursue.

“ Cooks,

“ Cooks, scourers, scullions too, with tails of pig,  
“ Shall lose their coxcomb curls, and wear a wig.”  
Thus roar’d the King—not Hercules so big;  
And all the Palace echo’d—“ Wear a wig!”

FEAR, like an ague, struck the pale-nos’d Cooks,  
And dash’d the beef and mutton from their looks;  
Whilst from each cheek the rose withdrew its red,  
And PITY blubber’d o’er each menac’d head.

But lo! the great COOK-MAJOR \* comes! his eyes  
Fierce as the redd’ning flame that roasts and fries;  
His cheeks like bladders, with high passion glowing,  
Or like a fat Dutch trumpeter’s when blowing.  
A neat white apron his huge corpse embrac’d,  
Ty’d by two comely strings about his waist:  
An apron that he purchas’d with his riches,  
To guard from hostile grease his velvet breeches—  
An apron that, in Monmouth-Street high hung,  
Oft to the winds with sweet deportment fwung.

“ Ye sons of dripping, on your Major look!  
(In sounds of deep-ton’d thunder cry’d the Cook)

“ By

\* Dixon.

- “ By this white apron, that no more can hope  
 “ To join the piece in Mifter Inkle’s shop;  
 “ That oft hath held the best of Palace meat,  
 “ And from this forehead wip’d the briny sweat;  
 “ I swear this head disdains to lose its locks;  
 “ And those that do not, tell them they are *Blocks*.  
 “ Whose head, my Cooks, such vile disgrace endures?  
 “ Will it be yours, or yours, or yours, or yours?  
 “ Ten thousand crawlers in that head be hatch’d,  
 “ For ever itching, but be never scratch’d!  
 “ Then may the charming perquisite of greafe  
 “ The Mammon of your pocket ne’er increase;—  
 “ Greafe! that so frequently hath brought you coin,  
 “ From veal, pork, mutton, and the great SIR LOIN.  
 “ O brothers of the spit, be firm as rocks:  
 “ Lo! to no King on earth I yield these locks.  
 “ Few are my hairs behind, by age endear’d!—  
 “ But, few or many, they shall not be shear’d.

- “ Sooner shall Madam Schwellenberg,\* the jade,  
 “ Yield up her fav’rite perquisites of trade;  
 “ Give up her sacred Majesty’s old gowns,  
 “ Caps, petticoats, and aprons, without frowns:

She!

† Mistress of the Robes to Her Majesty.

“ She! who for ever studies mischief—She!  
“ Who soon will be as busy as a bee,  
“ To get the liberty of locks enslav’d,  
“ And ev’ry harmless cook and scullion hav’d—  
“ She, if by chance a *British* Servant Maid,  
“ By some insinuating tongue betray’d,  
“ Induc’d the fair forbidden fruit to taste,  
“ Grows, luckless, somewhat bigger in the waist;  
“ Rants, storms, swears, turns the penitent to door,  
“ Grac’d with the pretty names of B—ch and W—,  
“ To range a prostitute upon the Town,  
“ Or, if the weeping wretch think better, drown:—  
“ But, if a GERMAN Spider-brusker fails,  
“ Whose nose grows sharper, and whose shape tells tales;  
“ Hush’d is th’ affair—the Queen and She, good  
    dame,  
“ Both club their wits to hide the growing shame;  
“ To wed her, get some fool—I mean some *wise* man;  
“ Then dub the prudent Cuckold an Exciseman—  
“ She! who hath got more insolence and pride,  
“ God mend her heart! than half the world beside:  
“ She! who, of guttling fond, stuffs down more meat,  
“ Heav’n help her stomach! than ten men can eat!  
“ Ten men! aye, more than ten—the hungry hag!  
“ Why, zounds! the woman’s stomach’s like a bag:  
    She!



“ She! who will swell the uproar of the house,  
 “ And tell the King damn’d lies about the louse;  
 “ When probably that louse (a vile old trull!)  
 “ Was born and nourish’d in her own gray scull.

“ Sooner the room shall buxom NANNY\* quit,  
 “ Where oft she charms her master with her wit;  
 “ Tells tales of ev’ry body, ev’ry thing,  
 “ From honest courtiers to the thieves who swing—  
 “ Waits on her Sov’reign while he reads dispatches,  
 “ And wisely winds up state affairs or watches:

“ Sooner the PRINCE (may Heav’n his income  
     “ mend!)  
 “ Shall quit his bottle, mistress, or his friend;  
 “ Laugh at the drop on MISERY’s languid eye,  
 “ And hear her sinking voice without a sigh;  
 “ Break for the wealth of realms his sacred word,  
 “ And let the world write *coward* on his sword:  
 “ Sooner shall ham from fowl and turkey part,  
 “ And stuffing leave a calf’s or bullock’s heart:  
 “ Sooner shall toasted cheese take leave of mustard,  
 “ And from the codlin tart be torn the custard:

“ Sooner

\* Buxom Nanny—a female servant of the Palace, who constantly attends the King when he reads dispatches.



“ Sooner these hands the glorious haunch shall spoil,  
 “ And all our melted butter turn to oil:  
 “ Sooner our pious KING, with pious face,  
 “ Sit down to dinner without saying grace;  
 “ And ev’ry night salvation pray’rs put forth,  
 “ For Portland, Fox, Burke, Sheridan, and North:  
 “ Sooner shall fashion order frogs and snails,  
 “ And dishclouts stick eternal to our tails!  
 “ Let GEORGE view MINISTERS with furly LOOKS,  
 “ Abuse ’em, kick ’em—but reverè his COOKS!”—  
 “ What, lose our locks!” reply’d the roasting crew,  
 “ To Barbers yield ’em?—Damme if we do!  
 “ Be shav’d like foreign dogs one daily meets,  
 “ Naked and blue, and shiv’ring in the streets!  
 “ And from the Palace be ashamed to range,  
 “ For fear the world should think we had the mange;  
 “ By taunting boys made weary of our lives,  
 “ Broad-grinning wh—es, and ridiculing wives!”—

“ Rouse, OPPOSITION!” roar’d a tipsy Cook,  
 With hands a-kimbo, and bubonic look—  
 “ ’Tis SHE alone our noble curls can keep—  
 “ Without HER, MINISTERS would fall asleep:  
 “ ’Tis SHE who makes great men—our FOXES, PITTS,  
 “ And sharpens, whetstone-like, the Nation’s wits:

“ Knocks off your knaves and fools, however great,  
 “ And, broom-like, sweeps the cobwebs of the State :  
 “ In casks like sulphur that expels bad air,  
 “ And makes, like thunder-claps, foul weather fair ;  
 “ Acts like a gun, that, fir’d at gather’d foot,  
 “ Preserves the chimney and the house to boot :  
 “ Or, like a school-boy’s whip, that keeps up tops,  
 “ The sinking Realm, by flagellation, props.  
 “ Our Monarch must not be indulg’d too far ;  
 “ Besides ! I love a little bit of war.  
 “ Whether to crop our curls he boasts a right,  
 “ Or not, I do not care the Louse’s bite ;  
 “ But then, no force-work ! No ! No force, by Heav’n !  
 “ COOKS ! YEOMEN ! SCOURERS ! we will not be driv’n.  
 “ Try but to force a PIG against his will,  
 “ Behold ! the sturdy GENTLEMAN stands still !  
 “ Or, p’rhaps, (his pow’r to let the driver know)  
 “ Gallops the very road he should not go—  
 “ No force for me !—The FRENCH, the fawning dogs,  
 “ E’en let *them* lose their freedom, and eat frogs ;  
 “ Damme ! I hate each pale *soupe-maigre* thief—  
 “ Give me my darling liberty and beef.”

He spoke—and from his jaws a lump he slid,  
 And, swearing, manful flung to earth his QUID.

Then

Then fwelling PRIDE forbade his tongue to reſt,  
 Whilſt wild emotions labour'd in his breaſt—  
 Now ſounds confus'd his anger made him mutter,  
 And, when he thought on ſhaving, curſes ſputter.  
 Such is the ſound (the ſimile's not weak)  
 Form'd by what mortals BUBBLE\* call, and SQUEAK,  
 When 'midſt the frying-pan, in accents ſavage,  
 The beef ſo furly quarrels with the cabbage.

“ Be ſhav'd !” a Scullion loud began to bellow,  
 Loud as a pariſh bull, or poor OTHELLO,  
 Plac'd by that rogue IAGO upon thorns,  
 With all the horrors of a pair of horns :  
 Loud as th' EXCISEMAN † ſtruggling for his life,  
 And panting in a moſt inglorious ſtriſe ;

P 2

When

\* The modeſt Author of the LOUSIAD muſt do himſelf the juſtice to declare here, that his ſimile of the Bubble and Squeak is vaſtly more natural and more ſublime than Homer's black pudding on a grid-iron, illustrating the motions and emotions of his Hero ULYSSES. *Vide ODYSSEY.*

† This affair happened a few years ſince.—An Excife-man ſeizing ſome ſmuggled goods belonging to a Princeſs, a relation of the Great Frederic, her HIGHNESS fell upon the poor *Rat de Cave*, and almoſt ſcratched his eyes out : the Excife-man made a formal complaint to the King, begging to be reliev'd from the diſgrace. The gallant Monarch returned for anſwer, that he gave up the duties to his couſin the Princeſs ; but could not conceive how the hand of a fair Lady could diſhonour the face of an Excife-man.

When on his face the sinuggling Princess sprung,  
And, cat-like clawing, to his visage clung.

“ Be shav’d like pigs ! ” rejoin’d the scullion’s mate,  
His dishclout shaking, and his pot-crown’d pate :  
“ What barber dares it, let him watch his nose,  
“ And, curse me ! dread the rage of these ten toes.”  
So saying, with an oath to raise one’s hair,  
He kick’d with threat’ning foot the yielding air.

Thus have I seen an Ass (baptiz’d a JACK)  
Grac’d by a CHIMNEYSWEEPER on his back,  
Prance, snort, and fling his heels with liberality,  
In imitation of a HORSE OF QUALITY.

“ Be shav’d ! ” an understrapper TURNEROCHE cry’d,  
In all the foaming energy of pride—  
“ Zounds ! let us take His Majesty in hand !  
“ The King shall find he lives at *our* command :  
“ Yes ; let him know, with all his wond’rous state,  
“ His teeth and stomach on *our* wills shall wait :  
“ *We* rule the platters, *we* command the spit,  
“ And George shall have his melfs when *we* think fit ;  
“ Stay

“ Stay till *ourselves* shall condescend to eat,  
 “ And then, if *we* think proper, have his meat.”

Thus having fed on venison rather coarse,  
 A colt, or crocodile, or dish of horse,  
 The Tartar quits his smoaky hut with scorn,  
 Sounds to the kingdoms of the world his horn;  
 And treating MONARCHS like his slaves or swine,  
 Informs them they have liberty to dine.

“ Heav’ns!” cry’d a YEOMAN, with much learn-  
 ing grac’d,

In books as well as meat, a man of taste,  
 Who read with vast applause the daily news,  
 And kept a close acquaintance with the MUSE;  
 Conundrum, rebus made, acrostic, riddle;  
 And sung his dying sonnets to the fiddle,  
 When LOVE, with cruel dart, the murd’ring thief,  
 His heart had spitted, like a piece of beef;  
 “ Are these,” he said, “ of KINGS, the whims and jokes?  
 “ Then KINGS can be as mad as common folks.  
 “ DAMÈ NATURE, when a PRINCE’S head she makes,  
 “ No more concern about the inside takes,  
 “ Than of the inside of a bug’s or bat’s,  
 “ A flea’s, a grasshopper’s, a cur’s, a cat’s!



“ As careless as the ARTIST, trunks designing,  
 “ About the trifling circumstance of *lining*;  
 “ Whether of Cumberland he use the plays,  
 “ Miss Burney’s novels, or Miss Seward’s lays;  
 “ Or sacred dramas of Miss Hannah More,  
 “ Where all the NINE, with little MOSES, snore;  
 “ Or good’ Squire Pindar’s Odes, or Wharton’s stick;  
 “ Or Horace Walpole’s Doubts upon King Dick,  
 “ Who furious drives, at times, his old goose quill,  
 “ On *Strawb’rry*, (Reader!) not th’ *Aonian Hill*;  
 “ Whether he doom the ROYAL SPEECH to cling,  
 “ Or *those* of Lords and Commons to the King;  
 “ Where *one* begs money, and the *others* grant  
 “ So easy, freely, friendly, complaisant,  
 “ As though the cash were really all their own,  
 “ To purchase *knick-knacks*\* that disgrace a throne.  
 “ Ah, me! did people know what trifling things  
 “ Compose those idols of the earth call’d *Kings*,  
 “ Those counterparts of that *important fellow*,  
 “ The children’s wonder—SIGNOR PUNCHINELLO;  
 Who

\* The Civil List, we are inclined to think, feels deficiencies from toys—For an instance, we will appeal to Mr. Cumming’s non-descript of a time-piece at the Queen’s House, which cost nearly two thousand pounds. The same artist is also allowed 200*l. per annum* to keep the bauble in repair,



“ Who struts upon the stage his hour away ;  
 “ His outside, gold—his inside, rags and hay ;  
 “ No more as GOD’S Vicegerents would they shine,  
 “ Nor make the world cut throats for RIGHT DIVINE.

“ Those LORDS of Earth, at dinner, we have seen,  
 “ Sunk, by the merest trifles, with the spleen—  
 “ Oft for an ill-dress’d egg have heard them groan,  
 “ And seen them quarrel for a mutton bone :  
 “ At salt or vinegar, with passion, fume,  
 “ And kick dogs, chairs, and pages, round the room.\*

“ Alas ! how often have we heard them grunt,  
 “ Whene’er the rushing rain hath spoil’d a HUNT !  
 “ Their sanguine wishes cross’d, their spirits clogg’d,  
 “ Mere riding disheclouts homeward they have jogg’d ;  
 “ Poor imps ! the sport (with all their pride and pow’r)  
 “ Of NATURE’S diuretic stream—a show’r !

P 4

This

\* This is partly a picture of the last reign as well as the present. The passions of George the Second were of the most impetuous kind—his hat and his favourite minister, Sir Robert Walpole, were too frequently the foot-balls of his ill humour—nay, poor Queen Caroline came in for a share of his foot benevolence. But he was a Prince of virtues—*ubi plura nitent, non ego paucis offendar maculis*.

“ This *we*, the actors in the farce, perceive ;  
“ But *this* the *distant* world will ne’er believe,  
“ Who fancy KINGS to all the virtues born,  
“ Ne’er by the vulgar storms of passion torn ;  
“ But, blest with souls so calm, like summer seas,  
“ That smile to Heav’n, unruffled by a breeze :  
“ Who think that KINGS, on wisdom always fed,  
“ Speak sentences like BACON’s brazen head ;  
“ Hear from their lips the vilest nonsense fall,  
“ Yet think some heav’nly spirit dictates all ;  
“ Conceive their bodies of celestial clay,  
“ And, though all ailment, sacred from decay ;  
“ To nods and smiles their gaping homage bring,  
“ And thank their GOD their eyes have seen a KING !  
“ Lord ! in the circle when our ROYAL MASTER  
“ Pours out his words as fast as hail, or faster,  
“ To country ’Squires, and wives of country ’Squires ;  
“ Like stuck pigs staring, how each oaf *admires* !  
“ Lo ! ev’ry syllable becomes a GEM !  
“ And if, by chance, the Monarch cough, or hem,  
“ Seiz’d with the symptoms of a deep surprise,  
“ Their joints with rev’rence tremble, and their eyes  
“ Roll wonder first ; then, shrinking back with fear,  
“ Would hide behind the brains, were any there.

“ How

“ How taken is this idle world by show !  
 “ Birth, riches, are the Baals to whom we bow ;  
 “ Preferring, with a foul as black as foot,  
 “ A rogue on horseback, to a faint on foot.  
 “ See FRANCE, see PORTUGAL, SICILIA, SPAIN,  
 “ And mark the desert of each DESPOT’s brain ;  
 “ Whose tongues should never treat with taunts a FOOL ;  
 “ Who prove that nothing is too mean to *rule*.  
 “ What could the PRINCE, high tow’ring like a steeple,  
 “ Without the MAJESTY of *Us* the PEOPLE ?  
 “ Go, like the King of Babylon,\* to grafs,  
 “ Or wander, like a beggar with a pass !  
 “ However *modern* KINGS may COOKS despise,  
 “ WARRIORS and KINGS were cooks, or Hist’ry lies.—  
 “ PATROCLUS broil’d beef-steaks to quell his hunger :  
 “ The mighty AGAMEMNON potted conger !—  
 “ And CHARLES of SWEDEN, ’midst his guns and drums,  
 “ Spread his own bread and butter with his thumbs.  
 “ Be shav’d !—No !—sooner pill’ries, jails, the stocks,  
 “ Shall pinch this corpse, than BARBERS snatch my  
     “ locks.”  
 “ Well hast thou said,” a Scourer bold rejoin’d ;  
 “ Damme ! I love the man who speaks his mind.”

Then

\* Nebuchadnezzar.

Then in his arms the orator he took,  
And swore he was an angel of a Cook.  
Awhile he held him with a Cornish hug;  
Then seiz'd, with glorious grasp, a pewter mug,  
Whose ample womb nor cyder held nor ale,  
But nectar fit for Jove, and brew'd by THRALE.  
“ A health to Cooks,” he cried, and wav'd the pot;  
“ And he who sighs for titles is a sot—  
“ Let Dukes and Lords the world in wealth surpass;  
“ Yet many a lion's skin conceals an ass.  
“ Lo! this is one amongst my golden rules,  
“ To think the greatest men the greatest fools:  
“ The GREAT are judges of an opera song,  
“ And fly a Briton's for a eunuch's tongue;  
“ Thus idly squand'ring for a squall their riches,  
“ To faint with rapture at those cats in breeches.  
“ Accept this truth from me, my lads—the man  
“ Who first found out a spit, or frying-pan,  
“ Did ten times more towards the public good,  
“ Than all the tawdry titles since the flood:  
“ Titles! that KINGS may grant to asses, mules,  
“ The scorn of sages, and the boast of fools.”

He ended—All the Cooks exclaim'd, " Divine !"  
Then whisper'd one another, 'twas " damn'd fine !"  
Thus spoke the SCOURER like a man inspir'd,  
Whose speech the HEROES of the kitchen fir'd :  
Grooms, master scourers, scullions, scullions' mates,  
With all the overseers of knives and plates,  
Felt their brave souls like frisky cyder work,  
Whizzing in opposition to the cork :  
Earth's Potentates appear'd ignoble things,  
And Cooks of greater consequence than Kings ;  
Such is the pow'r of words, where truth unites,  
And such the rage that injur'd worth excites !  
The SCOURER's speech, indeed, with reason blest,  
Inflam'd with godlike ardour all the rest.  
Thus if a barn Heav'n's vengeful light'ning draw,  
The flame ethereal darts amongst the straw ;  
Doors, rafters, beams, owls, weazels, mice and rats,  
And (if unfortunately mousing) cats ;  
All feel the fierce devouring fire in turn,  
And, mingling in one conflagration, burn.

" Sons of the SPIT," the Major cry'd again,  
" Your warlike speeches prove you blest with brain ;  
" Brain ! that Dame Nature gives not ev'ry head,  
" But fills the vast vacuity with lead !—

" Yet

- “ Yet ere for opposition we prepare,  
“ And bravely battle in the cause of HAIR ;  
“ Methinks ’twould be but decent to petition,  
“ And tell the King, with firmness, our condition :  
“ Soon as our sad complaint he hears us utter,  
“ His gracious heart may melt away like butter ;  
“ Fair MERCY shine amidst our gloomy house,  
“ And anger’d MAJESTY forget the LOUSE.”



## ADVERTISEMENT,

AS many people persist in their incredulity with respect to the attack made by the Barbers on the heads of the harmless Cooks, I shall exhibit a list of the unhappy sufferers: it is the Palace list, and therefore as authentic as the Gazette.

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### A TRUE LIST OF THE SHAVED AT BUCKINGHAM HOUSE.

Two Master Cooks,	Two Soil-carriers,
Three Yeoman ditto,	Two Door-keepers,
Four Grooms,	Eight Boys,
Three Children,	Five Pastry People,
Two Master Scourers,	Eight Silver Scullery, for
Six Under Scourers,	laughing at the Cooks.
Six Turnbroches,	

In all, fifty one.

A young man, named John Bear, would not submit, and lost his place.



THE  
L O U I S I A N A D.  
A N  
HEROI-COMIC POEM.

---

C A N T O II.

---

“ ——— *Qualis ab incepto.*”

HORACE.

“ As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end.”

## THE ARGUMENT.

INVOCATION to the Muses—Degeneracy of modern poets—

The ragged state of the ladies of Parnassus—Sad condition of bards—Praise of Mr. West's great picture of King Alexander and the Stag—More invocation to the Muses—The tricks of those Ladies—Their impositions on Poets and Poetesses—A compliment to King George and Dr. Herschell, on their intimacy with the Moon, and important discoveries in that planet—Invocation to Apollo—Invocation to Conscience—Conscience described—The great powers of Conscience—More invocation to Conscience—Truth and Falsehood, their situations—More invocation to Conscience—The praise of Royal economy and a Hanoverian College—Address to Gottingen—More invocation to Conscience—Mr. Hastings's bulse, Mrs. Hastings's bed and cradle properly treated—More words to Conscience—The fatal power of Conscience over the late Mr. Yorke and Lord Clive—Address to Fame—A request to the aforesaid Gentlewoman, instructing her how to dispose of some of her trumpets—Description of her *pseudo*-votaries—The Bard blushing for the quantity of invocation—Procession of his Epic Poem—Madam Schwellenberg described with a plate of ham—Account of her birth, parentage, and education—Account of Pride—Madam Schwellenberg's visit to the King—His Majesty's most gracious speech—Madam Schwellenberg's answers—Address to Readers on Ladies swearing—Sir Francis Drake, the Steward of the Household, described—not to be confounded with the famous Sir Francis Drake, who died near 200 years ago—The perquisites of the present Sir Francis—Description of the dining-room belonging to the Cooks at Buckingham House—The entertainment and utensils of this room—Dixon the Cook-Major's speech—Story of a Nabob and a Beggar—Cook-Major Dixon's speech in continuation—Speech of another Cook—The Cooks in the dumps—The Cook-Major's rejoinder to the Cook's speech—A very sensible speech—Conclusion with a beautiful simile—The petition of the Cooks.

T H E

L O U I S I A D.

---

CANTO THE SECOND.

N YMPHS of the sacred fount, around whose brink  
Bards rush in droves, like cart-horses, to drink ;  
Dip their dark beards amidst your streams so clear,  
And, whilst they gulp it, wish it ale or beer ;  
Far more delighted to possess, I ween,  
Old Calvert's brewhouse for their Hippocrene ;  
And blest with beef, their ghostly forms to fill,  
Make Dolly's chophouse their Aonian hill ;  
More pleas'd to hear knives, forks, in concert join,  
Than all the tinkling cymbals of the NINE ;  
Assist me—ye who themes sublime pursue,  
With scarce a shift, a stocking, or a shoe !  
Such pow'r have fatires, epigrams, and odes,  
As make ev'n bankrupts of the born of gods,

As well as mortal bards, who oft bewail  
Their unsuccessful madrigals in jail,  
Where penn'd, like hapless cuckoos, in a cage,  
The ragged warblers pour their tuneful rage;  
Deck the damp walls with verse of various quality,  
And, from their prisons, mount to immortality.

Ah! tell me where is now thy blush, O SHAME!  
Shall bards through *jails* explore the road to Fame?  
Like souls of Papists in their way to glory,  
Doom'd at the half-way house, call'd Purgatory,  
'To burn, before they reach the realms of light,  
Like old tobacco-pipes, from black to white?  
Yet let me say again, that pow'ful rhyme  
Hath lifted poets to a state sublime;  
To lofty pill'ries rais'd their sacred ears  
High o'er the heads of marvelling compeers,  
Whose eggs, potatoes, turnips, and their tops,  
Paid flying homage to their tuneful chops!  
Blest state! that gives each fair exalted mien,  
To grace in print a monthly magazine;  
And deck the shops with sweet engravings drest,  
'Midst angels, sinners, saints of Mister WEST;  
Where brave King ALEXANDER and the DEER,  
A noble bustling hodge-podge shall appear,

From



From that fam'd\* picture which our wonder drew,  
 And pour'd its brazen splendors on the view;  
 Bright as the pictures that with glorious glare,  
 On pent-house high, in Piccadilly stare,  
 Where lions seem to roar, and tigers growl,  
 Hyænas whine, and wolves in concert howl;  
 And, by their goggling eyes and furious grin,  
 Inform what shaggy devils lodge within.

Ye NYMPHS who, fond of fun, full many a time,  
 Mount on a jack-ass many a child of rhyme,  
 And make him think, astride his braying hack,  
 He moves sublime on Pegafus's back:  
 Ye MUSES, oft by brainless poets fought  
 To bid the stanza chime, and swell with thought;  
 Who, whelping for OBLIVION, fain would save  
 Their whining puppies from the fullen wave;  
 Assist me! YE who visit towns and hovels,  
 To teach our girls in bibs to eke out novels,  
 And treat with scorn (far *nobler* knowledge studying)  
 The humble art of making pye or pudding:  
 Who bid our Sapphos of their verse be vain,  
 And fancy all Parnassus in their brain;

Q 2

And,

\* A whole acre of canvas so daubed by colour as to give it the appearance of 2 bras foundery.

And, 'mid the bustle of their lucubrations,  
 Take downright madness for your inspirations ;  
 Charm'd with the cadence of a lucky line,  
 Who taste a rapture equal, GEORGE, to thine ;  
 When, blest at DATCHET, through thy HERSCHELL'S  
     glafs,  
 That brings from distant worlds a horse, an afs,  
 A tree, a windmill, to the curious eye,  
 Shirts, stockings, blankets, that on hedges dry,  
 Thine eyes, at evenings late, and mornings soon,  
 Unfated feast on wonders in the Moon ;  
 Where HERSCHELL on volcanoes, mountains, pores,  
 And happy NATURE'S true sublime explores ;  
 Whilst thou, so modest, (wonderful to tell !)  
 On LUNAR *trifles* art content to dwell,  
 Flies, grasshoppers, grubs, cobwebs, cuckoo spittle ;  
 In short, delighted with the world of *little* ;  
 Which WEST shall paint, and grave Sir JOSEPH BANKS  
 Receive from thy historic mouth with thanks ;  
 Then bid the vermin on the journals\* crawl,  
 Hop, jump, and flutter, to amuse us all.

And thou, great PATRON † of the double quill,  
 That slays by rhyme, and murders by a pill,

A pretty,

\* Of the Royal Society.

† Apollo.

A pretty kind of double-barrel'd gun,  
 More giv'n to tragic than to comic fun;  
 Auspicious PATRON of the paunch and backs  
 Of those all-daring rascals christen'd quacks,  
 To whom our purse and lives are legal plunder,  
 Who, hawk-like, keep the human species under:

GOD of those gentlemen of gingling brains,  
 Who, for *their own amusement*, print their strains;  
 Strains that ne'er soar'd beyond the beetle's flight,  
 Save on the pinions of a school-boy's kite;  
 Strains arrant strangers to a depth profound,  
 Save when deep pilgrimaging under ground,  
 In humble rags, like Tinnors in a mine,  
 They pay their court to CLOACINA's shrine;  
 Strains that no ray of light nor warmth proclaim,  
 Save when, committed to the fire, they flame;  
 Strains that a *circulation* never found,  
 Save when they turn'd on beef or ven'son round:  
 Oh! aid, as lofty HOMER says, my *nouse*  
 To sing sublime the MONARCH and the LOUSE!

NYMPHS, PHOEBUS, in my *first* heroic chapter  
 I should have pray'd for crumbs of tuneful rapture:  
 Thus to forget my friends was not so clever;  
 But, says the proverb, "better *late* than *never*."

Well! since I'm in the invocation trade,  
To CONSCIENCE let my compliments be paid—

CONSCIENCE, a terrifying little sprite,  
That, bat-like, winks by day, and wakes by night;  
Hunts through the heart's dark holes each lurking vice,  
As sharp as weasels hunting eggs or mice;  
Who, when the lightnings flash, and thunders crack,  
Makes our hair bristle like a hedge-hog's back;  
Shakes, ague-like, our hearts with wild commotion;  
Uplifts our faint-like eyes with dread devotion;  
Bids the poor trembling tongue make terms with Heav'n,  
And promise miracles to be forgiv'n;  
Bids spectres rise, not very like the Graces,  
With goggling eyes, black beards, and Tyburn faces;  
With scenes of fires of glowing brimstone scares,  
Spits, forks, and proper culinary wares  
For roasting, broiling, frying, fricasseeing  
The SOUL, that sad offending little *Being*;  
That stubborn stuff, of salamander make,  
Proof to the fury of the burning lake.

O CONSCIENCE! thou strait jacket of the soul,  
The madding fallies of the bard control;

Who,

Who, when inclin'd, like brother bards, to lie,  
 Bring TRUTH's neglected form before his eye;  
 Fair MAID ! to towns and courts a stranger grown,  
 And now to rural swains almost unknown,  
 Whose company was once their prudent choice;  
 Who once, delighted, listen'd to her voice;  
 When in their hearts the *gentler* passion strove,  
 And CONSTANCY went hand in hand with LOVE !  
 Sweet TRUTH, who steals through lonely shades along,  
 And mingles with the turtle's note her song;  
 Whilst FALSHOOD, rais'd by fycophantic tricks,  
 Unblushing, flaunts it in a coach and six.

CONSCIENCE ! who bid'st our Monarch, from the  
     nation,  
 Send sons to Gottingen for education,  
 Since helpless CAM and Isis, lost to knowledge,  
 Are ideots to this Hanoverian college,  
 Where simple SCIENCE beams with orient ray;  
 The great, the glorious ATHENS of the day !  
 So says the RULER of us English fools,  
 Who cannot judge like *him* of WISDOM's schools.

Dear attic GOTTINGEN ! to thee I bow,  
 Of Knowledge, oh ! most wonderful milch cow !



From whom huge pails the royal boys shall bring,  
 And give, we hope, a little to the ——.  
 Through *Thee*, besides the knowledge they may reap,  
 The lads shall get their board and lodging cheap;  
 And learn, like their good parents, to subsist  
 Within the limits of the Civil List;  
 Who seldom bid a Minister implore  
 A little farther pittance for the *poor*.

CONSCIENCE! who, to the wonder of his SIRE,  
 Bad'st from his wonted state a PRINCE retire,  
 And, like a subject, humbly seek the shade,  
 That not a tradesman might remain unpaid:  
 An action that the soul of ENVY stings—  
 A deed unmention'd in the book of KINGS:

CONSCIENCE! who mad'st a Monarch, by thy pow'r,  
 Send pris'ner the fam'd Di'mond\* to the Tow'r;  
 So witchingly that look'd him in the face,  
 And impudently fought to bribe his GRACE:  
 Where, too, the cradle and the bed shall rest,  
 That on the same damn'd errand left the East—  
 Thus fall of gem and pearl the treas'nous tribe,  
 And beds and cradles that would MONARCHS bribe!

CON-

\* Such is the story of the late sly Bulfe that stole into St. James's,



CONSCIENCE ! who now canst like a cart-horse draw ;  
Now, lifeless sinking, scarcely lift a straw ;  
So diff'rent are thy pow'rs at diff'rent times,  
Thou dear companion of the man of rhymes !  
Thou ! who at times canst like a lion roar  
For one poor sixpence ; yet, like NORTH, canst snore,  
Though rapine, murder, try to ope thine eyes,  
And raging Hell with all his horrors rise ;  
Whose eye on petty frauds can fiercely flame,  
Yet wink at full-blown crimes that *blast* a name !

O CONSCIENCE ! who didst bid to madness work  
(So great thy pow'r) the brain of hapless YORK,  
And mad'st him cut from ear to ear his throat,  
That luckless spoil'd his patriotic note ;  
Yet wanted'st strength to force from *his* hard eye  
One drop—who *help'd* him to yon spangled sky ;  
Whose damned pray'rs, feign'd tears, and tongue of art,  
Won on the weakness of his honest heart !  
Poor YORK ! without a stone whose reliques lie,  
Though VIRTUE mark'd the murder with a sigh !

O CONSCIENCE ! who to CLIVE didst give the knife  
That, desp'rate plunging, took his forfeit life ;

Who,

Who, lawless plund'rer, in his wild career,  
Whelm'd ASIA's eye with woe, and heart with fear;  
Whose wheels on carnage roll'd, and, drench'd with  
blood,

From gasping Nature forc'd the blushing flood;  
Whilst HAVOCK, panting with triumphant breath,  
Nerv'd his red arm, and hail'd the hills of death.—  
And now to thee, O lovely FAME, I bend;  
Let all thy trumpets this great work commend:  
Give one apiece to all the learn'd Reviews,  
And bid them sound the labours of the Muse:  
Give to the Magazines a trumpet each,  
And let the swelling note to doomsday reach:  
To daily News-papers a trumpet give;  
Thus shall my epic strain for ever live:  
Thus shall my book descend to distant times,  
And rapt posterity resound my rhymes.  
By future *Beauties* shall each tome be prest,  
And, with their lapdogs, live a parlour guest.

Thee, dearest FAME, some mercenaries hail,  
Merely to gain their labours a good sale;  
Or rise to fair preferment by thy tongue,  
Though deaf as adders to thy charms of song;

Just

Just as the hypocrites say pray'rs, sing psalms,  
Bestow upon the blind and cripple alms;  
Yield glory to the Pow'r who rules above,  
Not from a principle of heav'nly love,  
But, sneaking rascals! to obtain, when dead,  
A comfortable lodging over head,  
When forc'd by age, or doctors, or their spouses,  
The vagrants quit their sublunary houses.

With tiresome invocation having done,  
At length our glorious Epic may go on.  
Lo! Madam SCHWELLENBERG, inclin'd to *cram*,  
Was wond'rous busy o'er a plate of ham;  
A ham that once adorn'd a German pig,  
Rough as a bear, and as a jack-ass big;  
In woods of *Westphaly* by hunters smitten,  
And sent a present to the Queen of Britain.

But ere we farther march, ye Muses, say  
Somewhat of Madam SCHWELLENBERG, I pray.  
If ancient poets mention but a horse,  
We read his genealogy of course:  
Oh! say, shall horses boast the deathless line,  
And o'er a *Lady's* lineage sleep the Nine?

By virtue of her father and her mother,  
This woman saw the light without much pother ;  
That is—no grand commotions shook our earth ;  
Apollo danc'd no hornpipe at her birth,  
To say to what perfection she was born,  
What wit, what wisdom should the Nymph adorn :  
No bees around her lips in clusters hung,  
To tell the future sweetness of her tongue ;  
Around her cradle perch'd no cooing dove,  
To mark the fowl of innocence and love ;  
No smiling Cupids round her cradle play'd,  
To show the future conquests of the maid,  
Whose charms would make the jealous sex her foes,  
And with their lightnings blast a thousand beaus.  
Indeed the Muse must own a trifling pother  
Sprung up between the father and the mother ;  
For, after taking methods how to gain her,  
They knew not how the dev'l they should maintain her.

Heav'ns ! what ! no prodigy attend *her* birth,  
Who awes the greatest palace upon earth ?  
Yes ! a black cat round the bantling squall'd,  
Join'd its young cries, and all the house appall'd :  
Now here, now there, he sprung with visage wild,  
And made a bold attempt to kiss the child ;

Bats pour'd in hideous hofts into the room,  
And, imp-like, flitting, form'd a sudden gloom;  
Then to the cradle rush'd the dark'ning throng,  
And, raptur'd, shriek'd congratulating song;  
Which song, in concert with the squalls of puffs,  
Seem'd, in plain German, "*Thou art one of us.*"  
In Strelitz first this Dame the light espy'd,  
Born to a good inheritance of pride;  
For, howe'er paradoxical it be,  
PRIDE pigs with people of a *low* degree,  
As well as with your folks of fortune struts;  
Like rats that live in palaces or huts;  
Or bugs, an animal of pompous gait,  
That dwell in beds of straw, or beds of state;  
Or monkeys vile, whose tooth inglorious grapples,  
Now with ananas, now with rotten apples.  
Hail, PROTEUS PRIDE, whose various pow'rs of throat  
Can swell the trumpet's loud and saucy note;  
And if a meaner air can serve thy turn,  
In panting, quiv'ring sounds of Jews-harps, mourn!  
Hail, PRIDE, companion of the great and little,  
So abject, who canst lick a patron's spittle;  
Whine like a sneaking puppy at his door,  
And turn the hind part of thy wig before;

Nay,



Nay, if he orders, turn it inside out,  
And wear it, Merry-Andrew like, about;  
Heed not the grinning world a fingle rufh,  
But bear its pointed fcorn without a blufh !  
Yet fain wouldft thou the crouching world bestride,  
Juft like the RHODIAN BULLY o'er the tide;  
The brazen wonder of the world of yore,  
That proudly ftretch'd his legs from fhore to fhore,  
And faw of Greece the loftieft navy travel,  
In dread fubmiffion, underneath his navel.

So much for Pride—great, little, humble, vain;  
And now for Madam SCHWELLENEBERG again.

Whether the Nymph could ever boaft a grace,  
That deign'd to pay a vifit to her face,  
The MUSE is ignorant, fhe muft allow;  
Yet knows this truth, that not one sparkles *now*.  
If ever beauties, in delight excelling,  
Charm'd on her cheek, they long have left their dwelling.  
This Nymph a mantua-maker was, I ween,  
And priz'd for cheapnefs by our faving Queen,  
Who (where's the mighty harm of loving money?)  
Brought her to this fair land of milk and honey,

And



And plac'd her in a most important sphere—  
INSPECTRESS GENERAL of the Royal Geer,

Soon as this woman heard the Louse's tale,  
At once she turn'd, like walls of plaster, pale.  
But first the ham of *Westphaly* she gobbled,  
And then to seek the LORD'S ANOINTED hobbled :  
HIM full of wrath, like Peleus' son of yore,  
When Agamemnon took away his wh—,  
In all the bitterness of wrath she found ;  
The Queen and Royal Children staring round.  
“ O *Swelly!* ”—thus the madden'd Monarch roar'd,  
Whilst wild impatience wing'd each rapid word ;  
For, lo ! the *solemn* march of graceful speech,  
The KING long since had bid to kiss his b—h.  
The broken language that his mouth affords  
Are heads and tails, and legs and wings of words,  
That give imagination's laughing eye  
A lively picture of a giblet pye.—

“ O *Swelly, Swelly!* ” cry'd the furious King,  
“ What ! what a dirty, filthy, nasty thing !—  
“ That thus you come to ease my angry mind,  
“ Indeed is very, very, very, very kind.—

“ What's

- " What's your opinion, hæ!"—the Monarch rav'd :  
 " Yes, yes, the cooks shall ev'ry one be shav'd—  
 " What ! what ! hæ ! hæ ! now tell me, *Swelly*, pray,  
 " Shan't I be right in't—What ! what ! *Swelly*, hæ ?  
 " Yes, yes, I'm fure on't, by the Louse's looks,  
 " That he belong'd to some one of the cooks.  
 " Speak, *Swelly* ; shan't we shave each filthy jowl ?  
 " Yes, yes, and that we will, upon my foul."

To whom the DAME, with elevated chin,  
 Wide-staring eyes, and broad, contemptuous grin :

- " Yes, fure as dat my foul is to be fav'd,  
 " So fure de dirty rascals shal be shav'd—  
 " Shav'd to de quick be ev'ry moder's son—  
 " And curse me if *I* do not see it done !  
 " De barbers soon der nasty locks shal fall on,  
 " Nor leave vone standing for a Louse to crawl on.  
 " If on der skulls de razor do not shine,  
 " May gowns and petticoats no more be mine—  
 " Curl, club, and pigtail, all shal go to pot,  
 " For fush curs'd nastiness, or I'll be rot ;  
 " Or else to Strelitz let me quickly fly,  
 " Dat dunghill, dat poor pighouse to de eye ;
- " Where

“ Where from his own mock trone de Prince, so great,  
 “ Can jomp into anoder Prince estate—  
 “ Ifs, by de God dat made dis eart and me,  
 “ No fingle lousy rascal fal go free,”

Reader, thou raifest both thy marv'lling eyes,  
 In all the staring wildness of surprise;  
 As if the poet did not truth revere,  
 And fanciest *gentlewomen* could not swear:  
 Go, fool, and seek the ladies of the mud,  
 Queens of the lakes, or damsels of the flood,  
 Nymphs, Nereids, or what vulgar tongues call drabs,  
 Who vend at Billingsgate their sprats and crabs;  
 Tell them their fish all stink, and thou wilt hear  
 Whether fine *gentlewomen* ever swear:  
 Nay, visit many of our courtly dames,  
 When wrath their dove-like gentleness inflames;  
 Lo! thou shalt find, by many a naughty word,  
 They use small ceremony with the Lord,  
 In spite of all that godly books contain,  
 That teach them not to take his name in vain.

“ Thanks, *Swelly*, thanks, thanks, thanks,” the

“ KING reply'd;

“ Like me, you have not got a grain of pride.

“ Yes, yes, if I am master of this house—

“ Yes, yes, the locks shall fall, and then the Louse.”

He spoke—and to confirm the dreadful doom,  
His head he shook, that shook the dining room.

Thus Jove of old, the dread, the THUND’RING GOD,  
Shook, when he swore, OLYMPUS with his nod.

“ Yes,” cry’d the KING, “ yes, yes, their curls shall  
“ quake—

“ But tell me, where, where, where’s Sir FRANCIS  
“ DRAKE?”

O, Reader, think not ’twas that DRAKE, Sir FRANCIS,  
Whose wond’rous actions seem almost romances;  
Who shone in sense profound, and bloodiest wars,  
And rais’d the nation’s glory to the stars;  
Who first in triumph sail’d around the world,  
And vengeance on the foes of Britain huri’d;  
But HE who skulks around the Royal kitchen,  
Which if he catch a neighbour’s dog or bitch in,  
Lets fly, to strike the four-legg’d mumper dead,  
A poker, or a cleaver, at his head.  
Not *that* Sir FRANCIS DRAKE who, god-like, bore  
Fair Freedom, Science to th’ Atlantic shore;

To Pagans gave the Gospel's saving grace,  
 And planted Virtue 'midst a barb'rous race;  
 Spread on the darken'd realms the blaze of light—  
 But *he* who sees the spoons and plates are *bright*;  
 Sees that the knives before the King and Queen  
 Are, like the pair of Royal stomachs, *keen*:  
 Not *he*, whose martial frown whole kingdoms shook,  
 But he whose low'ring visage shakes a cook:  
 Not he who pour'd on Mexico his tars;  
 But he, at London, who with linen wars,  
 Napkins and damask tablecloths \* affails  
 With scissars, razors, knives, and teeth and nails;  
 Who dares with Doylies desp'rate war to wage,  
 Such is *his* province and domestic rage,  
 If, like his predecessors, he hath grace,  
 And calls his conquests, *perquisites of place*.  
 'Twas not that DRAKE who bade his daring crew  
 Run with their bayonets the Spaniards through;  
 But that important DRAKE, in office big,  
 Instructing cooks to spit a goose or pig:

R 2

Not

\* It was a common practice in the last and preceding reigns (the *present* being somewhat more economical) to tear and cut the Royal linen privately, which, on account of the teeth, knife, nail, or scissar wounds, were never more used, but went as perquisites to Treasurers and Masters of the Household.



Not *he* who took the Spaniards by the nose,  
And prisons fill'd with Britain's graceless foes;  
But he who bids the geese, his pris'ners, die,  
And stuffs their legs and gizzards in a pye:  
He who, three times a week, a Green-cloth Lord,  
Sits, wisdom-fraught, at that important Board  
With wise compeers, in judge-like order studying,  
Whether the KING shall have a tart or pudding.  
Not *he*, by virtues to the world endear'd,  
By foes respected, and by friends rever'd;  
Prompt to relieve the supplicating sigh,  
Who never dash'd with tears the asking eye;  
But wak'd of joy the long departed beam,  
Deep sunk in sorrow's unremitting stream:—  
But *he*, with generosity at strife,  
Who never gave a sixpence in his life;  
Who, if he ever ask'd a friend to dine,  
Requested favours that outweigh'd his wine:  
From lane to lane, who steals with wary feet,  
Just like the cautious hare that seeks his feat:  
Who, though a city \* near him, rears her head,  
And wealthy villages around him spread,  
No friend, no neighbour near his mansion found,  
Like CAIN surveys a solitude around.

'Twas

\* Exeter.



'Twas *this* Sir FRANCIS, quite a diff'rent man  
 From him who round the world with glory ran:  
 Forbid it, Heav'n! that e'er the MUSE untrue  
 Should give to any man another's due!

MUSE, leave we now the Monarch, vengeance brew-  
                   ing,  
 To take a peep at what the Cooks were doing.

In that snug room,\* the scene of shrewd remark,  
 Whose window stares upon the saunt'ring Park;  
 Where many a hungry bard, and gambling sinner,  
 In chop-fall'n sadness, counts the trees for dinner;  
 In that snug room where any man of spunk  
 Would find it a hard matter to get drunk;†  
 Where coy Tokay n'er feels a cook's embraces,  
 Nor Port nor Claret show their rosy faces;  
 But where old Adam's beverage flows with pride,  
 From wide-mouth'd pitchers, in a plenteous tide;  
 Where veal, pork, mutton, beef, and fowl and fish,  
 All club their joints to make one *handsome* dish;

R 3

Where

\* The Larder.

† This will be deemed strange by my *country* readers; but it is nevertheless true.

Where stew-pan covers serve for plates, I ween,  
And knives and forks and spoons are never seen;  
Where pepper issues from a paper bag,  
And for a crewet stands a brandy cag;  
Where Madam SCHWELLENBERG too often sits  
Like some old tabby in her mousing fits,  
Demurely squinting with majestic mien,  
To catch some fault to carry to the QUEEN:  
In that snug room, like those immortal Greeks,  
Of whom, in book the thirteenth, OVID speaks;  
Around the table, all with fulky looks,  
Like culprits doom'd to Tyburn, sat the Cooks:  
At length, with phiz that shew'd the man of woes,  
The sorrowing King of spits and stewpans rose.  
Like PAUL at Athens, very justly fainted,  
And by the charming brush of Raphael painted,  
With outstretch'd hands, and energetic grace,  
He fearless thus harangues the ROASTING RACE;  
Whilst gaping round, in mute attention, sit  
The poor forlorn disciples of the spit.  
“ Cooks, scullions, hear me ev'ry mother's son—  
“ Know that I relish not this Royal fun:  
“ GEORGE thinks us scarcely fit ('tis very clear)  
“ To carry guts, my brethren, to a bear.”—

“ Guts

“Guts to a bear!” the Cooks, up-springing, cry’d—

“Guts to a bear!” the Major loud reply’d.

“Guts to the dev’l!” loud roar’d the Cooks again,

And tofs’d their noses high in proud disdain:

The plain translation of whose pointed noses

The reader needeth not, the bard supposes;

But if the reason some dull reader looks,

’Tis this—whatever Kings may think of Cooks,

Howe’er crown’d heads may deem them low-born  
things,

Cooks are possess’d of souls as well as Kings.

Yet are there some who think (but what a shame!)

Poor people’s souls like pence of Birmingham,

Adulterated brass—base stuff—abhorr’d—

That never can pass current with the LORD;

And think, because of wealth they boast a store,

With ev’ry freedom they may treat the *poor*:

Witness the story that my Muse, with tears,

Relates, O Reader, to thy shrinking ears.

With feeble voice and deep desponding sighs,

With fallow cheek and pity-asking eyes,

A WRETCH, by age and poverty decay’d,

For farthings lately to a NABOB pray’d;

The NABOB, turkey-like, began to fwell,  
 And damn'd the beggar to the pit of hell.  
 " Oh! Sir," the supplicant was heard to cry,  
 (The tear of mis'ry trickling from his eye)  
 " Though I'm in rags, and wond'rous, wond'rous poor,  
 " And *you* with gold and filver cover'd o'er,  
 " There won't in heav'n such difference, Sir, take place,  
 " When we before the LORD come face to face."—  
 " *You* face to face with *me*!" the Nabob cry'd,  
 In all the insolence of upstart pride—  
 " *You* face to face with *me*, you dog, appear!  
 " Damme, I'll kick you, if I catch you there."—  
 Oh, shocking blasphemy! oh, horrid speech!—  
 Where was the fellow born?—the wicked wretch!—  
 So black an imp would pull, I do suppose,  
 A bulse of di'monds from a BEGUM's nose;  
 Or make, like DOULAH, careless of his soul,  
 A new edition of the old Black Hole.

" What's life," the Major said, " my brethren, pray,  
 " If force must snatch our first delights away?  
 " Relentless shall the Royal mandate drag  
 " The hairs that long have grac'd this filken bag;  
 " Hairs to a barber scarcely worth a fig,  
 " Too few to make a foretop for a wig?

Must

“ Must razors vile these locks so scanty, shave,  
“ Locks that I wish to carry to my grave;  
“ Hairs, look, my lads, so wonderfully thin,  
“ Old SCHWELLENBERG hath more upon her chin?”—  
“ Yes, that she hath,” exclaim’d a Cook, “ by God,  
“ A damn’d old German good-for-nothing toad.  
“ Yes, yes, her mouth with beard divinely bristles—  
“ Curse me, I’d rather kiss a bunch of thistles.  
“ Oh! were it but His Majesty’s commands  
“ To give her gentle jawbones to these hands;  
“ I’d shave her, like a punish’d soldier, *dry*;  
“ No killing sow should make a sweeter cry:  
“ I’d pay my compliments to Madam’s chin;  
“ I’ll answer for’t I’d make the devil grin:  
“ The razor most deliciously should work;  
“ I’d trim her muzzle; yes, I’d scrape her pork:  
“ I’d teach her to some purpose to behave,  
“ And show the witch the nature of a shave.  
“ O! woman, woman! whether lean or fat,  
“ In face an *angel*, but in soul a *cat*!”

He ended—when each mouth upon the stretch,  
Crown’d with a loud horse-laugh the classic speech.

Too



Too soon, alas ! RESENTMENT seiz'd the hour,  
And JOKE resign'd his grin-provoking pow'r ;  
RAGE dimm'd of mirth the sudden sunny sky,  
And fill'd with gloomy oaths each scowling eye ;  
Whilst GRIEF, returning, took her turn to reign,  
Sunk ev'ry heart, and sadden'd ev'ry mien ;  
Drew from their giddy heights the laughing graces—  
For much is GRIEF dispos'd to bring down faces.

“ Son of the spit,” the Major, strutting, cry'd,  
“ I like thy spirit, and revere thy pride :  
“ I'd rather hear thee than a Bishop preach,  
“ For thou hast made a very pretty speech.  
“ Such is the language that the Gods should hear,  
“ And such should thunder on the Royal ear.  
“ Yet, son of dripping, though thou speak'st my notions,  
“ We must not be too nimble in our motions.  
“ Awhile, heroic brothers, let us halt ;  
“ Soft fires, the proverb tells us, make sweet malt.  
“ And yet again I bid you stand like rocks,  
“ And battle for the honour of your locks.  
“ Lo ! in these aged hairs is all my joy ;  
“ To shave them, is my *being* to destroy.  
“ What's life, if life has not a bliss to give ?  
“ And, if unhappy, who would wish to live ?

“ CONTENT



“ CONTENT can visit the poor spider’d room ;  
“ Pleas’d with the coarse rush mat and birchen broom ;  
“ Where parents, children, feast on oaten bread,  
“ With cheeks as round as apples, and as red ;  
“ Where HEALTH with vigour nerves their backs and  
“ hams,  
“ Sweet souls, though ragged as young colts or rams ;  
“ Where calmly sleep the parents with their darlings,  
“ Though nibbled by the fleas as thick as starlings ;  
“ Lull’d to their rest, beneath the coarsest rugs,  
“ And dead to bitings of a thousand bugs.

“ CONTENT, mild maid ! delights in *simple* things,  
“ And envies not the state of Queens or Kings ;  
“ Can dine on sheep’s head, or a dish of broth,  
“ Without a table or a tablecloth ;  
“ Nor wishes, with the fashionable group,  
“ To visit HORTON’S shop for turtle soup ;  
“ Can use a bit of packthread for a jack,  
“ And sit upon a chair without a back :  
“ Nay, wanting knives, can with her fingers work,  
“ And use a wooden skewer for a fork.  
“ Sweet maid ! who thinks not shoes of leather shocking,  
“ Nor feels the horrors in a worsted stocking ;  
“ Her temper mild, no huckaback can shock,  
“ Though for her lovely limbs it forms a smock.

“ Pleas’d

- “ Pleas’d with the nat’ral curls her face that shade,  
“ No graves are robb’d for hair to form a braid :  
“ Her breast of native plumpness ne’er aspires  
“ To swelling *merrythoughts* of gauze and wires,  
“ To look like crops of ducks (with labour born)  
“ Stretch’d by a superfluity of corn.  
“ With Nature’s hips, she sighs not for *cork rumps*,  
“ And scorns the pride of pinching stays or jumps ;  
“ But, pleas’d from whalebone prisons to escape,  
“ She trusts to simple nature for a shape ;  
“ Without a warming-pan can go to bed,  
“ And wrap her petticoat about her head ;  
“ Nor sigh for cobwed caps of Mechlin lace,  
“ That shade of Quality the varnish’d face :  
“ Sweet nymph, like doves, she seeks her straw-built  
    “ nest,  
“ And in a pair of minutes is undrest ;  
“ Whilst all the *fashionable* female clans,  
“ Undressing, seem unloading caravans.  
“ No matter from what source Contentment springs ;  
“ ’Tis just the same in Cooks as ’tis in Kings ;  
“ And if our souls are set upon our hair,  
“ Let snip-snap barbers—nay, let *Kings*, beware,  
“ Nor tempt the dangerous rage of true John Bulls,  
“ And clap, like fools, the edge-tool to our skulls.  
    “ Tread

“ Tread on a *worm*, he shows his rage and pain,  
 “ By turning on the wounding heel again :  
 “ Nay, ev’n *inanimates* appear to feel ;  
 “ On the loose *stone*, if chance direct your heel,  
 “ Lo ! from its womb the sudden stream ascends,  
 “ To prove the foot was not among its friends ;  
 “ And calling in the aid of neighbour mud,  
 “ O’er the fair stocking spouts the fable flood.”

So spoke the Major, with resentment fir’d ;  
 Spoke like a man ; indeed, like man *inspir’d*.  
 Some Critic cries, with sharp, fastidious look,  
 “ Bard, bard, this is not language for a Cook.”—  
 “ O snarler ! but I’ll lay thee any wager,  
 “ It is not too sublime for a *Cook Major*.”

“ Behold ! to remedy our sad condition,”  
 The Major cry’d, I’ve cook’d up a Petition :  
 “ This carries weight with it, or I’m mistaken,  
 “ Shall shake the Monarch’s soul, and save our bacon.”  
 Then jumping on a barrel, thus aloud  
 He read sonorous to the gaping crowd.

Thus reads a parish-clerk in church a brief,  
 That begs for burnt-out wretches kind relief—

Relief,

Relief, alas ! that very rarely reaches  
 The poor petitioners, the ruin'd wretches ;  
 But (lost its way) unfortunately steers  
 To fat churchwardens and fat overseers ;  
 Improves each dish, augments the punch and ale,  
 And adds new spirit to the smutty tale.

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#### THE PETITION OF THE COOKS.

- “ YOUR Majesty’s firm friends and faithful Cooks,  
 “ Who in your Palace merry liv’d as grigs,  
 “ Have heard, with heavy hearts and down-cast looks,  
 “ That we must all be shav’d, and put on wigs :  
 “ *You*, SIRE, who with *such honour* wear your Crown,  
 “ Should never bring on *ours* disgraces down.
- “ Dread Sir ! we really deem our heads our own,  
 “ With ev’ry sprig of hair that on them springs :  
 “ In France, where men like spaniels lick the Throne,  
 “ And count it glory to be *cuff’d* by Kings,  
 “ *Their* locks belong unto the *Grand Monarque*,  
 “ Who swallows privileges like a shark.

“ Be

“ Be pleas’d to pardon what we now advance ;  
“ We dare your Sacred Majesty assure,  
“ That there’s a diff’rence between *us* and *France* ;  
“ And *long*, we hope, that *diff’rence* will endure.  
“ We know King LEWIS would, with pow’r so dread,  
“ Not only cut the *bair* off, but the *head*.

“ Oh ! tell us, Sir, in loyalty so true,  
“ What dire designing raggamuffins said,  
“ That we, your Cooks, are such a nasty crew,  
“ Great Sir ! as to have crawlers in our head ?  
“ My Liege, you can’t find one through all our house ;  
“ Not if you’d give a guinea for a louse.

“ What creature ’twas you found upon your plate  
“ We know not ; if a louse, it was not ours :  
“ To shave each Cook’s poor unoffending pate,  
“ Betrays too much of arbitrary pow’rs ;  
“ The act humanity and justice shocks :  
“ Let him who *owns* the crawler lose his locks.

“ But grant upon your plate this louse so dread,  
“ How can you say, Sir, it belongs to *us* ?  
“ Maggots are found in many a princely head ;  
“ And if a maggot, why then not a louse ?

“ Nay

“ Nay, grant the fact; with horror should you shrink?

“ It could not *eat* your Majesty, we think.

“ Hunger, my Liege, hath oft been felt by Kings,

“ As well as people of *inferior state*;

“ Quarrels with Cooks are therefore dangerous things:

“ We cannot answer for your stomach’s fate;

“ For, by your size, we frankly must declare,

“ You feed on more substantial stuff than *air*.

“ My Liege, an Universe hath been your foes;

“ The times have look’d most miserably black;

“ America hath *try’d* to pull your nose;

“ French, Dutch, and Spaniards, *try’d* to bang your

“ ’Twould be a serious matter, let us tell ye, [back:

“ Were *we* to buccaneer it on your *belly*.

“ You see the spirit of your Cooks, then, Sire,

“ Determin’d nobly to support their locks;

“ And should your guards be order’d out to fire,

“ Their guns may be oppos’d by spits and crocks:

“ Knives, forks, and spoons, may fly, with plates a

“ And all the thunder of the kitchen roar. [store,

“ NAT.



“ NAT. GARDNER, Yeoman of the Mouth, declares

“ He'll join the standard of your injur'd Cooks;

“ Each scullion, turnbroche, for redress prepares,

“ And puts on very formidable looks:

“ Your women too—*imprimis*, Mistrefs DYER,

“ Whose eggs are good as ever felt a fire:

“ Next Sweeper-general BICKLEY, Mistrefs MARY,

“ With that fam'd bell-ringer call'd Mistrefs LOMAN;

“ ANN SPENCER, guardian of the Necessary;

“ That is to say, the necessary woman:

“ All these, an't please you, Sir, so fierce, determine

“ To join us in the cause of hair and vermin.

“ There's Mistrefs STEWART, Mister RICHARD DAY,

“ Who find your Sacred Majesty in linen,

“ Are ready to support us in our fray—

“ You can't conceive the passion they have been in;

“ They swear so much your scheme of shaving hurts,

“ You shan't have pocket-handkerchiefs or shirts.

“ The grocers, CLARKE and TAYLOR, curse the scheme,

“ And say, whate'er we do, the world wo'n't blame us;

“ So COMBER says, who gives you milk and cream;

“ And thus your old friend Mister LEWIS RAMUS:

- “ We think your Sacred Majesty would mutter  
 “ At loss of fugar, milk, and cream, and butter.
- “ Suppose, an’t please you, Sir, that Mistrefs KNUTTON  
 “ And Mistrefs MAISHFIELD, fierce as tiger cats;  
 “ One Overseer of all the beef and mutton,  
 “ The other, Lady President of sprats—  
 “ Suppose, in opposition to your wish,  
 “ *This* locks away the flesh, and *that* the fish?
- “ Suppose JOHN CLARKE refuse supplies of mustard,  
 “ So necessary to your beef and bacon?  
 “ WILL ROBERTS, all the apple-pye and custard?  
 “ Your Majesty would growl, or we’re mistaken.  
 “ Suppose that WELLS, to plague your stomach studying,  
 “ From Sunday, *sacrilegious*, steals the pudding?
- “ Suppose that RAINSFORTH with our *corps* unites—  
 “ We mean the man who all the tallow handles;  
 “ Suppose he locks up all the mutton lights,  
 “ How could your Majesty contrive for candles?  
 “ You’d be (excuse the freedom of remark)  
 “ Like *some* Administrations, in the *dark*.

“ We

- “ We dare assure you that our grief is great;  
 “ And oft indeed our feelings it enrages,  
 “ To see your Sacred Majesty beset  
 “ By such a graceless gang of idle pages:  
 “ And, with submission to your judgment, Sire,  
 “ We think old Madam SCHWELLENBERG a liar.  
  
 “ Suppose, Great Sir; that; by your cruel *fiat*,  
 “ The barbers should attack our humble head,  
 “ And that we should not choose to breed a riot,  
 “ Because we might not wish to lose our bread;  
 “ Say, would the triumph o’er each harmless Cook  
 “ Make GEORGE THE THIRD like ALEXANDER look?  
  
 “ Dread Sir, reflect on JOHNNY WILKES’s fate,  
 “ Supported chiefly by a paltry rabble;  
 “ WILKES bade defiance to your frowns and state,  
 “ And got the better in that famous squabble;  
 “ Poor was the victory you wish’d to win,  
 “ Which sat the mouth of EUROPE on the grin.  
  
 “ O King, our wives are in the kitchen roaring;  
 “ All ready in rebellion now to rise;  
 “ They mock our humble method of imploring,  
 “ And bid us guard against a wig surprise:

“ *Yours* is the hair,” they cry, “th’ Almighty gave ye,  
“ And not a King in Christendom should shave ye.”

“ Lo! on th’ event the world impatient looks,  
“ And thinks the joke is carried much too far:  
“ Then pray, Sir, listen to your faithful Cooks,  
“ Nor in the Palace breed a civil war:  
“ Loud roars our band, and, obstinate as pigs,  
“ Cry, ‘ Locks and liberty, and damn the wigs!’”

T H E  
L O U S I A D.

A N  
HEROI-COMIC POEM.

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C A N T O III.

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*Magnum iter ascendo, sed dat mihi gloria vires—*

*Non juvat ex facili læta corona iugo.*

PROPERTIUS.

*Bold is th' ascent, but GLORY nerves my pow'rs;*

*I like to pick on precipices, flow'rs.*





## THE ARGUMENT.

A sublime, natural, elegant, and original description of NIGHT—Modesty of the stars—Slumbering situation of their M-j—s, with a compliment to their constancy—The charming PRINCESSES asleep—high compliments bestowed on them—A prophetic suggestion of a courtship between one of our PRINCESSES and some great German Duke—An account of Mister MORPHEUS, vulgarly called the God of Sleep—his civility to the people, in giving them pretty dreams, by way of compensation for shutting up their mouths, eyes, and ears, for a dozen or fourteen hours together—The solemn amusements of SILENCE—A Night-picture of London—The Palace, a night-scene—The goodness of certain COURT LORDS to the MAIDS of HONOUR—Kind embraces placed in a new light, and vindicated—More account of the Palace containing a thirsty fly, a hungry cat, a starved bulldog, and frost-nipped crickets—An account of MADAM FAME's journey to the Den of MADAM DISCORD—An account of MADAM DISCORD—An inventory of her cell—Account of her excursions—her pictures and music—her sudden flight to Buckingham-House—assumes the shape of MADAM SCHWELLEBERG—whispers his Majesty—The speech to Majesty—Majesty's fine answer in his sleep—DISCORD quits Majesty—takes the form of MADAM HAGGERDORN—and goes to the MAJOR's bed-side, and whispers rebellion to him—Her speech—The MAJOR sits upright in his bed—handles his pig-tail—The MAJOR's most pathetic curses—his sensible soliloquy on wigs—his attack on Kings in general, and praise of our most gracious King in particular—The MAJOR strikes a light—a rich comparison—visits a Master Cook—Vast difference between a battle fought in a field, and in a news-paper—The descent of the Cooks to the kitchen—A great and apt comparison—The Cooks look about for day-light with horror—The situation of their souls described—finely illustrated by a GREAT WOMAN's apprehensions for her fine diamond stomacher—Lord EGL—T—N

and an old Maid—A most tender and just apostrophe to the frail FAIR-ONES of the Town—a tear dropped on their unhappy condition—their part taken by the poet, and, in a great measure, vindicated—The Poet's thunder-bolt launched at a certain great Limb of the Law, by way of palliation—A short, yet most charming reflexion on the female heart, when in love—The Poet returns to the Cooks—continues to describe their dread of day-light, by more apt comparisons of hungry authors—General Conflagration—Sir WILLIAM CHAMBERS and the BISHOP of EXETER—Some allusion to his Majesty's journey to Exeter—Extracts from a manuscript poem of a Devonshire Humourist, one JOHN PLOUGHSHARE—The MAJOR vainly endeavours to banish his fears by whistling and humming a couple of tunes—The names of the unsuccessful tunes—The MAJOR's choice of them only known to the great AUTHOR of NATURE.

T H E

L O U I S I A N A D.

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CANTO THE THIRD.

NIGHT, like a widow in her weeds of woe,  
Had gravely walk'd for hours our world below :  
Hobgoblins, spectres in her train, and cats ;  
Owls round her hooting, mix'd with shrieking bats,  
Like wanton Cupids in th' Idalian grove,  
That flickering sport around the Queen of Love.  
Now like our Quality, who darkling rise,  
Each star had op'd its fashionable eyes ;  
Too proud to make appearance, too well bred,  
Till SOL, the *vulgar wretch*, had gone to bed.

His wisdom dead to sublunary things,  
In leaden slumber snor'd the *best* of \*\*\*\*\* ;  
In slumber lifeless, with seraphic mien,  
Close at his back, too, snor'd his *gentle* \*\*\*\*\* :  
Unlike the pair of modern days, that weds,  
And, in *one* fortnight, bawls for different beds !

Blest

Blest imp ! now MORPHEUS o'er each Princess stole,  
And clos'd those radiant eyes that vainly roll !  
Eyes ! Love's bright stars ! but doom'd in vain to shine ;  
For, ah ! what youth shall say " those orbs are mine ?"  
Then, what are eyes, alas ! the *brightest* eyes,  
Forbid to languish on a lover's sighs ?  
The pouting lip, the soft luxuriant breast,  
If coldly fated never to be press'd ?  
Ah, vainly *those* like dew-clad cherries glow ;  
And *this* as vainly vies with Alpine snow !  
The breath that gives of Araby the gales,  
The voice that sounds enchantment, what avails ?  
The Juno form, the purple bloom of May,  
Gifts of the Graces, all are thrown away !

But, possibly, some German Duke may move,  
And make a *tendre* of his heavy love !  
His wide dominions—miles, p'rhaps, nine or ten ;  
His Myrmidonian phalanx—fifty men !  
But lo ! his *heart*, the fount whence honour springs,  
Swell'd with the richest blood of ancient kings !  
He comes ! not for high birth, his own before !  
Great Duke ! he comes to woo our golden ore,  
And add (how truly happy Britain's fate !)  
Another leech to suck the sanguine State ;

To join (composing what a goodly row!)  
The Place-broker, old SCHW—— and Co,

NOW MORPHEUS (in compassion to mankind,  
Made, by his magic, deaf, and dumb, and blind)  
Amus'd with dreams man's ambulating foul,  
To recompense him for the time he stole;  
Bade the beau dance, his Delia melt away,  
Who box'd his ears so cruel through the day;  
Of ancient damsels eas'd the lovesick pains,  
Brought back lost charms, and fill'd their laps with swains;  
Gave placid cuckoldom a constant dame;  
To brainless authors, bread and cheese and fame;  
Made driv'ling Monarchs schemes of wisdom plan,  
And Nature's rankest coward kill his man;  
Gave to the chap-fall'n courtier wealth and power,  
Who felt no favour at the levee hour,  
Though tip-toe'd, hawk-like, watchful all the while,  
To seize the faintest glimpse of Royal smile;  
Bade happy Aldermen assume new airs,  
Be-chain'd with all the splendor of Lord May'rs;  
And bade them too (without a groat to pay)  
*Re-gobble* all the turtle of the day:  
Bade GL——R think his might could match a mouse,  
And CHAMBERS fancy he could build a house;

And



And LADY MOUNT, th' antipodes of Grace,  
Think that she does not *frighten* with her face.

Now SILENCE in the country stalk'd the dews,  
As if she wore a flannel pair of shoes,  
Lone list'ning, as the Poets well remark,  
To falling mill-streams, and the mastiff's bark ;  
To loves of wide-mouth'd cats, most mournful tales ;  
To hoot of owls amid the dusky vales,  
To hum of beetles, and the bull-frog's snore,  
The spectre's shriek, and ocean's drowzy roar.  
Lull'd was each street of London to repose,  
Save where it echo'd to a WATCHMAN's nose ;  
Or where a WATCHMAN, with ear-piercing rattle,  
Rous'd his brave brothers from each box to battle ;  
To fall upon the CYNTHIAS of the night,  
Sweet Nymphs ! whose sole profession is Delight !  
Thus the gaunt wolves the tender lambs pursue,  
And hawks, in blood of doves, their beaks imbrue !  
Thus on the flies of evening rush the bats,  
And mastiffs fally on the am'rous cats !

Still was the Palace, save were now and then  
The tell-tale feet of love-designing men,

Night-



Night-wand'ring Lords, soft patting on the floor,  
Of Maids of Honour fought the chamber door;  
Obliging door! that, op'ning to the tap,  
Admitted Lords to take a social nap,  
And chase most kindly from each timid maid  
The ghosts that frightful haunt the midnight shade:  
For very horrid 'tis, we all must own,  
For poor defenceless Nymphs to lie alone;  
Since nights are often doleful, dark, and drear,  
And raise in gentle breasts a world of fear.  
Nay, were not Lords ordain'd for Ladies' charms;  
To guard from perils dire, and dread alarms?  
Yes! and like lock'd-up gems those charms to keep,  
Amidst the spectred solitude of sleep.  
How wicked then to fly in NATURE's face,  
And deal damnation on a kind embrace!  
Pardon, ye grave Divines, this doctrine strange,  
Who think my morals may have caught the mangle.  
Still was the Palace, save where some poor fly,  
With thirst just ready to drop down and die,  
Buzz'd faint petitions to his Maker's ear,  
To show him one small drop of dead small beer;  
Save where the cat, for mice, so hungry, watching,  
Swore the lean animals were scarce worth catching;  
Save where the dog so gaunt, in grumbling tone,  
By dreams deluded, mouth'd a mutton bone;

Save where, with throats to sounds of horror strain'd;  
 Crickets of coughs and rheumatisms complain'd,  
 Lamenting fore, amid a Royal hold,  
 "How hard that crickets should be kill'd by cold!"

Now FAME to DISCORD's dreary mansion flew,  
 To tell the Beldame more than all she knew;  
 Who, at the Devil's table, for her work,  
 For ever welcome finds a knife and fork:  
 DISCORD, a sleepless hag, who never dies,  
 With snipe-like nose, and ferret-glowing eyes,  
 Lean, fallow cheeks, long chin, with beard supply'd;  
 Poor crackling joints, and wither'd parchment hide,  
 As if old drums, worn out with martial din,  
 Had clubb'd their yellow heads to form her skin;  
 DISCORD, who, pleas'd a universe to sway,  
 Is never half so bless'd as in a fray:  
 DISCORD, to deeds, indeed, most daring giv'n;  
 Who bade vile Satan raise a dust in Heav'n;  
 Stirr'd up the sweetest angels to rebel,  
 And sunk the fairest forms to darkest Hell;  
 Bade, by her din, the humblest spirits rise;  
 Bold to dethrone the Monarch of the Skies;  
 For which they very *properly* were sent,  
 Unhappy Legions! into banishment;

Doom'd

Doom'd, for such most abominable sinning,  
To broil on charcoal, with eternal grinning.

DISCORD, who whisper'd to the jealous Cain,  
“ Go crack thy brother's box that holds his brain ;”  
Which Cain perform'd, in godliness unstable,  
That foe to piety and brother Abel :  
DISCORD, who haunts poor G——'s maudlin DAME,  
And makes her Duke of wisdom cry out “ Shame !”  
Who, *after* dinner, for her honours screams,  
And grasps a British crown in drunken dreams ;  
Then roars as though (what richly she deserves)  
The D-ke had clapp's a broomstick to her nerves :  
DISCORD, who also often doth profane  
The goodly streets and courts of Drury-lane ;  
Where bawd meets bawd, blaspheming, swearing, drunk ;  
Pimp knocks down pimp, and punk abuses punk :  
DISCORD, delighting in the wordy war,  
The pillar of the Senate and the Bar :  
DISCORD, who makes a \*\* delight in ode,  
Slight \* Square of Hanover for Tott'nham Road ;  
Where, with the taste sublime of Goth and Vandal,  
He orders the worst works of heavy Handel ;

*Encores*

\* Gallini's Rooms are in this Square, in which is performed  
the celebrated Professional Concert.

\**Encores* himself, till all the audience gape,  
 And suffers not a quaver to escape :  
 DISCORD, all eye, all mouth, all ear, all nose,  
 For ever warring with a world's repose !

When FAME arriv'd, the shaving tale to tell,  
 Pleas'd was the red-ey'd Fury in her cell,  
 Where scorpions crawl'd, where screech'd that noisy fowl,  
 Known in Great-Britain by the name of OWL ;  
 Bats shriek'd, and grillatalpas join'd the sound,  
 Cats squall'd, pigs whin'd, and adders hiss'd around.

Close to the restless wave her mansion lay,  
 Receding from the beam of cheerful day :  
 Hence on black wing the HAG was wont to roam,  
 And join the witches 'mid the stormy gloom ;  
 Howl with delight amid the thunder's roar ;  
 Hang o'er the wrecks that crowd the billowy shore ;  
 See, 'midst each flash, the heads of seamen rise,  
 And drink with greedy ears their drowning cries.  
 Around her dwelling various portraits hung,  
 Of those whose noisy names in hist'ry rung.

Here

\* This was a most ludicrous circumstance that happened not long since; when his \*\*\*\*\* and the Orchestra were left to themselves and *God save the King*.

Here, with spread arms, whom Grace and Fury fill,  
Thund'ring damnation, star'd Stentorian HILL:  
There curs'd, SIR JOSEPH BANKS, in quest of fame,  
At finding fleas and lobsters not the same.  
Here a prime fav'rite, of a fainted band,  
Hell in his heart, and torches in his hand;  
LORD GEORGE, by mobs huzza'd, and, what is odd,  
Burning poor Papists for the love of God;  
Pleas'd as old NERO on each falling dome,  
Sublimely fiddling to the flames of Rome!  
There, in respect to Kings, not over nice,  
That Revolution-sinner—DOCTOR PRICE;  
Whose labours, in a most uncourtly stile,  
Win not, like *gentle* BURKE's, the Royal smile;  
Gain not from *good* DIVINES both praise and thanks,  
Call'd, by the wicked, " Gospel Mountebanks,  
" Mere Quack pretenders, from their lofty station  
" Puffing off idle *nostrums* of Salvation;  
" Who, where the milk and honey flows, resort,  
" Like rooks in corn fields, black'ning all the Court."  
Here, leading all her bears so savage forth,  
Wild rag'd the AMAZONIAN of the North,  
With RUIN leagu'd, t' attack the Turkish hive,  
And leave not half a Mussulman alive:



There storm'd a VIXEN, far and near renown'd  
 For *sweetness, meekness, piety profound*;  
 Her Sons abusing (in abuses old),  
 With all the fury of a German scold!  
 These, with some scores, were seen, of equal fame,  
 Thanks to a lonely taper's livid flame!  
 The form of MADAM SCHWELLENBERG she took,  
 Her broken English, garb, and sin-like look;  
 Then fought the Palace, and the Royal ear,  
 And whisper'd thus, " Mine God, Ser, nebber fear—  
 " Oh, please your Majesty, you ver ver right:  
 " Shave all de rascal, if but out of spite.  
 " Lord! Lord! how vill a mighty Monarch look,  
 " Not able, O mine God! for shave a cook!  
 " *Dat* like a king, I say, what can't do dat?  
 " Mine God! pray haf more spirit dan a cat.  
 " Ser, in mine court, de prince be great as king—  
 " He scorn to ax one word about a ting.  
 " Mine God! de cook mufs nebber dare make groan,  
 " Nor dare to tell a Prince der foul der own:  
 " 'Tis de dam Englis only, dat can say,  
 " ' Boh! fig for king! by God, I'll haf my way.'

" I haf see Court enough—a Prince and Dook,  
 " But nebber wish on fush as dis to look:

" I say



“ I say ver often to myself—Goode God !  
 “ I nebber vish a crown mine head for load !  
 “ I do not vish myself more greater efils :  
 “ A King of Englis be a King of defils.  
 “ To punishment de lousy rascal bring,  
 “ And show dem all vat ’tis for be a King.  
 “ America haf cover us vid shame ;  
 “ Jack Wilkes, too, be a dam, dam uglifh name ;  
 “ And fal de paltry Cook be conquerer too?—  
 “ No, God forbid ! as dat vill nebber do.  
 “ De hair mufs fall before your<sup>i</sup> royal eye,  
 “ ’Tis someting, fags ! to triumph, ’pon poor fly.”—  
 Pleas’d with her voice, the King of Nations smil’d,  
 For Pow’r with Monarchs is a fav’rite child :  
 “ What ! what ! not shave ’em, shave ’em, shave ’em,  
     shave ’em ?  
 “ Not all the world, not all the world shall save ’em.  
 “ I’ll sheer ’em, sheer ’em, as I sheer my sheep.”—  
 Thus spoke the mighty Monarch in his sleep :  
 Which proves that Kings in sleep a speech may make,  
 Equal to what they utter broad awake.

Charm’d with the mischief full on Fancy’s view,  
 Quick to the Major’s room the FURY flew :

Put off the form of SCHWELLENBERG, and took  
Of MADAM HAGGERDORN the milder look:

A woman, in whose soul no guile is seen,  
The Mistress of the Robes to our good Queen—  
A Queen, who really has not got her peer;  
A Queen, to this our kingdom wond'rous *dear*;  
Which shows; however folks are apt to sport,  
That all the Virtues may be found at court:

Now, in the MAJOR's ear the Beldame said,

" YAN DIXON—YAN, you must not, man, be 'fraid.

" I like mush your peteshon to de King,

" Though GEORGE will swear 'tis dam, dam saucy ting;

" And swear, dat as his soul is to be save,

" Dat ebbry von of you sal all be shave:

" YAN DIXON, rader your dear life lay down;

" Dan be de laugh (mine Gote!) of all de town.

" De ver, ver littel boy an girl you meet,

" VILL point and laugh and hoot you trow de street:

" De same (mine Gote!) vill chimney-sweep behave;

" And cry, ' Dere go de blockhead dat was shave: '

" ' Dere go von poor shave fellow! ' cry de Trull,

" ' Because he had de louse upon his scull.'

" I know he say, dat you sal louse your lock,

" Before to-morrow mornin twalfe o'clock.

" I tink

“ I tink dere may be battle—nebber mind,  
 “ I hope dat Godamighty will be kind.  
 “ What if de King make noise about de house,  
 “ For noting but dis dam confounded louse;  
 “ He be but von, you know; an den for you,  
 “ Mine Gote! YAN DIXON, you is fifty-two:  
 “ Tink, YAN, how GEORGE vas frighten by de mob,  
 “ When Lord GEORGE GORDON make dat burnin job.  
 “ Mine Gote! YAN, mind me, rader lose dy place,  
 “ Dan suffer such dam nasty dam disgrace.  
 “ I tell you true, indeed, ver true, dear YAN,  
 “ His Majesty be ver goot fort of man;  
 “ But ver ver like indeed as oder men,  
 “ Dat is, a leetel stubborn now an den.  
 “ Tink, YAN, of dat ver ugly ting, a wig,  
 “ For pot-boy and de pot-girl run der rig!  
 “ Boh! filthy ting, enough de deffil scare;  
 “ And made perhap of dismal dead man’s hair!  
 “ I fal not wonder if, dy soul for shock,  
 “ A ghost come feize upon der stolen lock:  
 “ No, fags! nor vonders if dey come an pull  
 “ De vig vid mush, mush fury from dy scull.  
 “ ’Pon som poor strumpet head perhap dat grow’d,  
 “ Dat die of dam disorder, nasty toad!”—

Thus saying, lo! the Fury made retreat,  
And left the Lord of Saucepans in a sweat.  
Just like King Richard in his tent, JOHN rear'd,  
And verily a man of woes appear'd.  
Now handling his small pig-tail, "Now you're here,"  
Exclaim'd the MAJOR, "but not long, I fear:  
" Perhaps some good may follow this same dream,  
" And resolution mar this shaving scheme.  
" Curs'd be the Louse that so much mischief bred,  
" And yields to barbers' boys the harmless head:  
" Curs'd be the razor-maker, curs'd the prig  
" Who thought upon that greasy thing—a wig.  
" Sure, 'twas some mangy beast, some scabby rogue,  
" Who brought a thing so filthy into vogue!  
" Had NATURE meant the scare-crow to be worn,  
" Infants with wigs had certainly been born.  
" But lo! with little hair, and that uncurl'd,  
" But not with *wigs*, they come into the world!  
" What shame, that sheep, that horses, cows, and bulls,  
" Should club their tails, to furnish Christian sculls!  
" But what a sacrilegious shame, the *dead*  
" Can't keep, poor souls, their locks upon their head!  
" What shame, the spectres, in the midnight air,  
" Should wander, screaming for their plunder'd hair!

Curs'd

" Curs'd be the shaving plan, I say again,  
 " Although the bantling of a Royal brain!"  
 Thus curs'd the MAJOR to NIGHT's list'ning ear,  
 Enough to turn a Christian pale to hear!  
 Thus, heedless of hereafter, for a pin  
 Will men and women run their souls in fin!  
 Now paus'd the MAJOR, with a thoughtful air;  
 And now soliloquy'd with solemn stare:  
 " Drunk with dominion, gorg'd with vicious thoughts,  
 " With Folly teeming, doz'd by Flatt'ry's draughts,  
 " Taught to admire their very maudlin dreams,  
 " And think their brains' dull mudpools, WISDOM's  
     streams,  
 " Too many a monarch lives; but, lo! not ours!  
 " A King, who WISDOM's very self devours;  
 " Snaps at arts, sciences, where'er they rise,  
 " With all the fire of boys at butterflies.  
 " *Such* cannot surely own a little heart;  
 " Therefore our locks and we *may* never part."  
 Now, from a stool, a tinder-box he took,  
 And fiercely with the stone the steel he struck;  
 And, after many unsuccessful shocks,  
 The sparks inflam'd the tinder in the box;  
 Which, by a match which JOHN did sagely handle,  
 Gave sudden lustre to a farthing candle.



Thus, if small things with great we may compare,  
We see hard pedagogues, with furious air,  
Strike with the fist, and often with a stick,  
Light through a scholar's scull, ten inches thick.

Now, full illuminated, DIXON stole,  
Where lay a Master-cook within his hole:  
From whence, to all th' inferior Cooks they went,  
Inclin'd to Opposition's big intent;  
But, not so fierce, alas! for opposition,  
As in the threat'ning, bullying Petition;  
For men (it is reported) dash and vapour  
Less on the field of battle, than on paper.  
Thus, in the hist'ry of each *dire* campaign,  
More carnage loads the news-paper than plain.  
And now the Cooks and Scullions left each nest;  
And now, behold, they one and all were drest.

Lo! fallen to the kitchen mov'd the throng,  
Gloom on each eye, and silence on each tongue:  
How much like crape-clad mourners round a bier!  
But, ah! impress'd with sorrow more sincere;  
For oft, at *tombs*, with joy the bosom burns—  
There, 'tis the *sable back alone* that mourns.

Now



Now making, with a few dry chips, a fire,  
They fatten fat, their grief commix'd with ire;  
Sad ruminating all around the flame,  
Like Harry and his band, of deathless name,  
Near Agincourt, expectant of the day  
Big with the horrors of a bloody fray;  
A fray that threaten'd his poor little band,  
To sweep it, just like spiders, to that land  
*Terra incognita* yclep'd, which stretches  
Afar—of which, imperfect are our sketches;  
Since all who have survey'd this distant bourn,  
So welcom'd, were not suffer'd to return.  
Thus did the Cooks expect the fatal morn,  
When, sheep-like, every head was to be shorn.

Now to the whitening east they cast their sight,  
And wish'd, but vainly, an eternal night:  
Not with less pleasure stares upon the day,  
The wretch condemn'd hard Nature's debt to pay;  
Condemn'd ere noon to act a deed abhorr'd;  
To stretch, for Justice' sake, the fatal cord:  
Not with less pleasure shrunk (unknown to shame),  
A meat, drink, snuff, and diamond-loving DAME,  
When told, "That if poor Hastings went to pot,  
" Away went pearls, and jewels, and what not,  
" Torn

" Torn from the stomacher so fine, yet foul,  
 " Which AV'RICE thirsted for, and RAPINE stole:"  
 Not with less pleasure, in the vale of life,  
 Poor EGL-N-T-N beheld a youthful wife,  
 (Forc'd, on a bed of ice, sweet flow'r, to bloom;  
 Ah! forc'd to shine, a sun-beam, on a tomb)  
 That blooming youthful wife, inclin'd to stray  
 With HAM-LTON, all in a billing way;  
 Just like two turtles, or a pair of lambs,  
 Or ewes so playful with the frisky rams:

Not with less glee an old and hopeless maid  
 Surveys the sun ascending from the shade;  
 A sun, that gives a younger sister's charms,  
 So hated, to a bridegroom's happy arms:  
 Not with less joy, that raging chaste old maid  
 Sees the frail Fair-ones in the Cyprian trade  
 Escape the whip and gaol, and hemp beside,  
 By means of *gentle* MISTER JUSTICE HYDE.  
 Sweet wrecks of beauty! though, with aspic eye,  
 And glance disdainful, PRUDERY pass them by,  
 With mincing step, and squinting cautious dread,  
 As though their looks alone contagion shed.  
*I view* each pallid WRETCH with grief sincere,  
 And call on PITY for her tend'rest tear;

See,

See, on their cheeks, the blush of VIRTUE burn;  
Hear from their souls the sigh of RUIN mourn;  
View, veil'd in HORROR's gloom, their swimming eyes,  
Beaming with hopelefs wishes to the skies,  
Like the pale MOON's dim solitary form,  
Wrapp'd in the darkness of the midnight storm.  
Too oft, by TREACH'RY's winning smile betray'd,  
Too fondly trusting, falls the simple maid!  
Too many a TH—L—E walks the world of woe,  
To foul of INNOCENCE the sacred snow!  
To love, yet nurse the thought of villain art,  
How hard a lesson for the *partial* heart!  
Too hard a lesson for the female soul,  
Where LOVE no partner owns, and scorns controul.

Not with less pleasure doth a Poet look  
On cruel criticism, which damns his book,  
Or recommends it to that peaceful shore  
Where books and bards are never heard of more,  
Than look'd each man, with lengthen'd boding beard,  
On that sad morn, which doom'd them to be shear'd:  
Not with less pleasure, likewise, let me say,  
A hungry author sees his dying play;  
Child of his dotage, who surveys its fall,  
Just as mankind shall view the tumbling Ball,

When

When sun, moon, stars, and all the distant spheres,  
 Burst in one general wreck about their ears.  
 Not with less pleasure did \* SIR WILLIAM's eye  
 See SOMERSET's bold wing desert its sky;  
 A fall, at which the Nation's purse exclaims,  
 That thund'ring crush'd the back of roaring THAMES;  
 Not with less pleasure did SIR WILLIAM's ear,  
 A *second* crash of this fam'd fabric hear;  
 When poor SIR JOSHUA, with his painting band,  
 Swore the dread day of judgment just at hand.  
 Not with less glee, tenacious of his dross,  
 Ross † started—Reader! not the Man of Ross—  
 When MAJESTY, to rest his royal head,  
 Ask'd of the Church's mitred Son a bed;

Poor

\* This gentleman still retains the place of Comptroller of the Board of Works, to the Kingdom's surprise; but demerit in Building, as well as in Painting, is a sufficient recommendation to a *certain species* of PATRONS, particularly if the Professors are despised by the people at large. It is the money of this Nation that is sought for, not the merit. The circumstance of being a foreigner too (for this same SIR WILLIAM CHAMBERS is a Swede), carries with it another strong claim to favouritism!

† The present BISHOP of EXETER, who, when his MAJESTY visited that ancient City lately, *most handsomely* excused himself the honour of entertaining his ROYAL MASTER, by billeting him upon DEAN BULLER. The following lines, extracted from a manuscript performance of one JOHN PLOUGHSHARE, called

The

Poor Man! who proving, like his Sovereign, poor,  
 Begg'd him to knock at good DEAN BULLER's door;  
 BULLER,

The ROYAL PROGRESS, we think, will elucidate this part of our  
 Epic, and not be unacceptable to our readers.

- ' In comm'd the King at lasste to town,
- ' With doust and zweat az nutmeg brown,
- ' The hosses all in smöke;
- ' Huzzaing, trumpeting, and ringing,
- ' Red colours vleeing, roaring, dringing,
- ' Zo mad zeem'd all the voke.
- ' Wiping his zweaty jaws and poll,
- ' All over douste we spied 'SQUIRE ROLLE,
- ' Close by the King's coach trattin;
- ' Now shoving in the coach his head,
- ' Meaning (we thoft) it might be zed,
- " 'SQUIRE ROLLE and GEORGE be chattin."
- ' Now went the ALDERMEN and MAY'R,
- ' Zome with cut wigs, and zome with hair,
- ' The Royal voke to ken;
- ' When MEÄSTER MAY'R, upon my word,
- ' Pok'd to the King a gert long sword,
- ' Which *he* pok'd back agen.
- ' Now thoofe that round his Worship stood,
- ' Declar'd it clumsily was dood;
- ' Yet SQUIRT, the people zay,
- ' Brandish'd a gert hofs glyster-pipe,
- ' To make un in his lesson ripe,
- ' That took up half a day.

' Now



BULLER, who took his wand'ring master in,  
 And stuff'd with corn and oil his scrip and skin;  
 For which (on gratitude so wont to dote)  
 The Monarch gave a TUMELER—worth a groat!

O glo-

' Now down droo Vore-street did they com,  
 ' Zum hallowin, and screeching zum:  
   ' Now trudg'd they to the DEAN'S;  
 ' Becaze the BISHOP zent mun word,  
 " A could not meat and drink avord,  
   " A had not got the means."

' A zed, that, " az vor he, poor man,  
 " A had not got a pot or pan,  
   " Nor spoon, nor knive, nor vork;  
 " That he was weak, and culd, and squeal,  
 " And zeldom made a hearty meal,  
   " And zeldom drade a cork."

' Indeed, a is a moderate man,  
 ' And zo be all the clargy clan,  
   ' That with un come to chatter;  
 ' Who, when they're ax'd to a glafs of wine,  
 ' To one the wother they tip the sign,  
   ' And beg my Lord's fine water.

' Then az vor rooms—why, there agen  
 " A could not lodge a cock, nor hen,  
   " They were zo small," a zed;  
 " And, az vor beds, they wudn't do,  
 " In number about one or two,  
   " Vor self and JOAN the maid.

" In



O glorious act! an act, how feldom seen!  
 O what a day of gladness for the Dean!  
 A gift so rare, so noble, so sublime,  
 Will stupify the sons of distant time.  
 This, let the BULLER Family record;  
 This brittle treasure let the BULLERS hoard;  
 Yet show, exulting, upon gala days,  
 To bid some favour'd GUEST admire and praise.  
 Now did the MAJOR hum a tune so sad!  
 Chromatic—in the robes of sorrow clad:

“ In voolish things, a wudn’t be cort;  
 “ ’Twas stoopid to treat vokes for nort:—  
 “ No; twazn’t heese desire.  
 “ Prefarment, too, waz to an eend;  
 “ The King woud never more vor’n zend,  
 “ To lift un one peg higher.

“ And yet vokes zay’s a man o’ sense,  
 “ Honest and good—but hoardth his pence;  
 “ Can’t peart with drink nor met:  
 “ An then why vore?” the peepel rail:—  
 “ To greaze a vat ould pig in the tail—  
 “ OULD WEYMOUTH o’ Long Leat.”

• Well, to the DEAN’s, bounce in they went,  
 • And all the day in munchin spent,  
 • And guzlin, too, no doubt;  
 • And, while the Gentry drink’d *within*,  
 • The Mob, with brandy, ale, and gin,  
 • Got rearing drunk *without*.

But,

But, lo! the ballad could not fear controul,  
 Nor exorcise the Barbers from his foul:  
 And now his lifted eyes the cieling fought;  
 And now he whistled—not for want of thought:  
 A mournful air the whistling MAJOR chose:  
 Still on his rolling eye the razors rose.  
 From grave to sprightly now he chang'd—a jig—  
 Still o'er his haunted fancy wav'd the wig;  
 Still saw his eye alarm'd, the \* Scratch abhorr'd,  
 Like wild Macbeth's, the visionary sword.—  
 'Thus, from what Kings, alas! may fancy fun,  
 His loving subjects may be glad to run:  
 Thus, when SAINT SWITHEN from his fountain pours,  
 (SAINT SWITHEN, tutelary Saint of show'rs)  
 Beaux skip, belles scamper, fly the cocks and hens,  
 With drooping plumage, to the shelt'ring pens;  
 While lo! the waddling ducks *Te Deum* utter,  
 Flap their glad wings, and gabble through the gutter.

Sing, MUSE! or, lo! our *Canto* not complete,  
 What air he humm'd, and whistled all so sweet.  
 HOMER, of ev'ry thing minutely speaks,  
 From Heaven's ambrosia, to a camp's beef-steaks:

Then

\* A small wig, or rather an apology for a wig, so called, and generally worn by our most amiable and august Monarch.

Then let us, MUSE, adopt a march sublime,  
 And try to rival HOMER with our rhyme;  
 Who, had a NIT, in JUNO's tresses bred,  
 Dropp'd on divine MINERVA's wiser head;  
 Or COOK-like FLEA, exploring some new track,  
 Hopp'd from the clouds to AGAMEMNON's back;  
 The BARD had sung the fall in verse divine,  
 And CRITICS heard the sound along the line.  
 JOVE call'd his JUNO only *saucy bitch*;  
 The POET thought it would his song enrich:  
 JOVE, too, just threaten'd, with some birchen rods,  
 To whip her publicly before the Gods;  
 The BARD (though but a flogging-bout at most)  
 Deem'd it indeed too sacred to be lost:  
 JOVE call'd his daughter only bitch and fool  
 (Poor PALLAS, treated like a girl at school),  
 Threaten'd to ham-string her six fav'rite nags,  
 And tear her bran-new phaëton to rags;  
 The BARD, who never wrote an idle word,  
 Bade his bold verse, the GOD's bold speech record:  
 And had the THUND'RER but broke wind, the song  
 Had, imitative, born the blast along.—  
 Then be it known to all the world around,  
 To folks above, and people under ground,

To fish and fowl, and every creeping thing—  
*Lillibullero*, and *God save the King*,  
Were actually the very airs he chose!  
But wherefore—GOD ALMIGHTY only knows!

THE  
LOUISIANA,

AN  
HEROI-COMIC POEM.

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CANTO IV.





## THE ARGUMENT.

MORNING and MAJESTY get out of bed together—A most solemn and pathetic address to the Muse, with respect to *Omens*—A serious complaint against the Omens for their non-appearance on so *important* an occasion—The wives and daughters of the Cooks seek the Palace, to encourage their husbands—A beautiful comparison of cocks and hens—The dismay of the Cooks—The natural history of eyes—MISTER RAMUS enters the kitchen—MISTER RAMUS is praised for dexterity in shaving MAJESTY—MISTER RAMUS's consequence with MAJESTY superior to that of great Ministers—MISTER RAMUS's *namby-pamby* name *Billy*, given by MAJESTY—The dread occasioned by MISTER RAMUS's appearance amongst the Cooks—MISTER SECKER, Clerk of the Kitchen, enters in a passion—MISTER SECKER threatens tremendously—A *wife* of one of the Cooks nobly answers MISTER SECKER, and vows opposition—MISTER SECKER replies with astonishment, vociferation, and threat—The HEROINE's rejoinder to MISTER RAMUS, with much sarcasm—MISTER SECKER groweth very wroth—Studieth revenge—PRUDENCE appeareth to him, and administereth great and wholesome advice—PRUDENCE becalmeth the Clerk of the Kitchen—A second HEROINE appeareth, speechifieth, and threateneth—flily alludeth to the immense wealth of *male* MAJESTY, and the heaps of diamonds belonging to *female* MAJESTY—praiseth her husband's cleanliness, and denieth a louse-existence in his head, and squinteth at MISTER SECKER as the probable owner of the animal—MISTER SECKER rageth a second time—One of the finest comparisons in the world, between MISTER SECKER in a passion, and a LEG OF MUTTON and TURNIPS in the pot—The POET pauseth, moralizeth, and trembleth at that Devil, lately introduced to the world, called EQUALITY, the enemy of MAJESTY—Some of the sweetest

lines in the world on the occasion—PRUDENCE re-entereth to becalm MISTER SECKER, by clapping her hand on his mouth—An inexpressible apt bottle-of-small-beer comparifon—The COOK-MAJOR rife in wrath, and is very fatirical on MISTER SECKER—The CLERK OF THE KITCHEN replies with intrepidity—A great deal of *good Company* rushes into the kitchen—MISTER SECKER commands filence, and announces the will of his Sovereign—The SOVEREIGN eloquently announceth alfo his own will—A *ſweet* and fublime comparifon, equal to any thing in HOMER.

THE  
L O U I S I A N A D.

---

CANTO THE FOURTH.

WITH beauteous LAMBERT's blush, and RUSSEL's  
smiles,

AURORA peep'd upon the first of Isles;  
And lo, to bleating flock, and whistling bird,  
Uprose the Sun, and uprose G. THE THIRD,  
Who left his Queen so charming, and her room,  
To talk of hounds and horses with the Groom.  
Say, MUSE, what! not *one* cloud with low'ring looks,  
To gloom compassion on the heads of Cooks?  
What! not *one* solitary omen sent;  
Not *one* small sign, to tell the great event?  
On CATO's danger, clouds of ev'ry shape  
Hung on the firmament their dismal crape;  
AURORA wept, poor girl, with sorrow big;  
And PHÆBUS rose without his golden wig!  
But now the skies their usual manners lost,  
The sun and moon, and all the starry host!

No raven at the window flapp'd his wings,  
 And croak'd portentous to the Cooks of Kings;  
 No horses neigh'd, no bullocks roar'd so stout;  
 No sheep, like sheep be-devill'd, ran about;  
 No lightnings flash'd, no thunder deign'd to growl;  
 No walls re-echo'd to the mournful owl;  
 No jackass bray'd affright; no ghost 'gan wail;  
 No comet threaten'd empires with his tail;  
 No witches, wildly screaming, rode the broom;  
 No pewter platters danc'd about the room.  
 Thus unregarded droop'd each menac'd head;  
 As though the omens all were really dead;  
 As unregarded (what a horrid slur!)  
 As though the Monarch meant to shave a cur!

Now to the kitchen of the Palace came  
 Full many a damsel sweet, and daring dame,  
 The wives and daughters of those Cooks forlorn  
 Whose luckless heads were threaten'd to be shorn:  
 Ire in each eye, and vengeance in each hand,  
 To cheer their husbands, pour'd the boastful Band!  
 Thus, when the ancient Britons rush'd to battle,  
 Their wives intrepid join'd the general rattle;  
 Encouraging their husbands in the fray,  
 For fear some pale-nos'd rogues might run away:

O glorious act!—repelling coward fear.—  
Thus cocks fight bravest when the hens are near;

Now on the band of Ladies star'd the Cooks;  
And seem'd to shew hair-ruin in their looks.  
Great is the eloquence of eyes indeed—  
Much hift'ry in those tell-tale orbs we read!  
What though no bigger than a button-hole,  
Yet what a wondrous window to the soul!  
The bosom's joy, and grief, and hope, and fear;  
In lively colours are depicted here!

Now to the crowded kitchen RAMUS springs;  
RAMUS, call'd BILLY by the best of Kings;  
Who much of razors and of soap-suds knows,  
Well skill'd to take Great CÆSAR by the nose:  
Much by his Sovereign lov'd, a trusty Page,  
Who often puts great Statesmen in a rage;  
Poor LORDS! compell'd against their will to *wait*,  
Though ass-like laden with affairs of State,  
Till Page and Monarch finish deep disputes  
On buckskin breeches, or a pair of boots!

*Billy*, a pretty name of love, so sweet,  
Familiar, easy, for affection meet!

Thus

Thus formal *Patrick* is transform'd to *Paddy*;  
 And *Father*, by the children christen'd *Daddy*:  
 And OLIVER, who could e'en *Kings* control,  
 By many a thousand is baptiz'd OLD NOLL.

Speak, READER, didst thou ever see a ghost?  
 If so—thou stoodest staring, like a post:  
 Thus did the Cooks on BILLY RAMUS stare,  
 Whose frightful presence porcupin'd each hair.  
 Now enter'd \*SECKER—and now thus he spoke:—  
 “ This Louse affair's a very pretty joke!  
 “ Arn't you asham'd of it, you dirty dogs?—  
 “ Zounds! have you all been sleeping with the hogs?  
 “ But mind—you'll be, to all your great delight,  
 “ Bald as so many coots before 'tis night.  
 “ No murmurs, gentlemen—'tis all in vain:  
 “ When Monarchs order, who shall dare complain?”  
 Now from the female Band, a HEROINE rav'd,  
 “ G-d curse me, if my husband *shall* be shav'd!  
 “ You shan't, you shan't the fellow's head disgrace;  
 “ I say the man shall sooner lose his place.  
 “ *Wigs*, like the very devil, I loath, I hate—  
 “ And curse me, if a *nightcap* hugs his pate.”—  
 “ How,

\* Late Clerk of the Kitchen.



- “ How, IMPUDENCE !” the wrathful SECKER cry’d,  
 With horror staring, and a mouth yard-wide—  
 “ Where, where’s my stick, my cane, my whip, my  
 switch ?  
 “ Who taught rebellion t’ye, you saucy b— ?”—  
 “ *Myself*,” with hands akembow, cry’d the Dame :  
 “ I tell ye, Mister SECKER, ’tis a shame ;  
 “ I tell ye that the Cooks will all be fools,  
 “ To suffer razors to come *near* their skulls.  
 “ *Bitch* too, forsooth ! the language of a hog !  
 “ If I’m a bitch, then *somebody’s* a dog.”

Now all th’ internal man of SECKER boil’d ;  
 From thought to thought of turbulence he toil’d :  
 Now, resolution-fraught, he wish’d to stick her,  
 Now in her face to spit, and now to kick her.  
 But PRUDENCE in that very moment came,  
 And sweetly whisper’d to the man of flame—  
 “ Fie, SECKER ! kick a *woman* ! SECKER, fie !  
 “ On matter more sublime, thy prowess try—  
 “ No glory springs from kicking wives of Cooks :  
 “ Strive to surpass great Kings in binding Books ;  
 “ Transcend great Kings in forcing stubborn kine  
 “ To breakfast on horse-chestnuts, sup, and dine ;

- “ In educating pigs, be thou as deep ;  
“ And learn, like Kings, to feel the rumps of sheep.  
“ Go, triumph at the market-towns with wool :  
“ Go, breed for lady-cows the bravest bull ;  
“ Tow’r o’er the scepter’d GREAT in fat of lambs,  
“ And rise a rival in the breed of rams.—  
“ These be thine acts—from hence fair glory flows,  
“ Whose beam, a bonfire round a Monarch glows.  
“ Surpass in charity towards the Poor ;  
“ Nor bully starving MERIT from the door.  
“ Behold, for patronage lean GENIUS pant !  
“ What though the wealthy Great a *taste* may want,  
“ Yet, would they cast their eyes on pining MERIT,  
“ Those eyes would quickly warm her frozen spirit.  
“ The *fool* may lift the MO’URNER from the tomb,  
“ And bid the buried seeds of GENIUS bloom.  
“ Yes, fools of Fortune, did those fools incline  
“ To look on humble WORTH, might bid her shine :  
“ Thus tallow candles in a chandelier,  
“ Make the keen beauties of the glass appear,  
“ Call into note a thousand trembling rays,  
“ And share the merit of the mingled blaze.  
“ The GREAT should bid like SUNS their treasures flow,  
“ Whose beams wide-spreading no distinction know ;  
“ But

“ But equal bid the crab and pine be ripe,  
 “ And light at once a fytem and a pipe.”

Thus PRUDENCE spoke, when SECKER to the DAME,  
 Confess'd his fault, and stopp'd the bursting flame.  
 Now storm'd a *second* Heroine from the band,  
 Call'd JOAN, and full at SECKER made a stand—  
 “ I say, TOM shan't be shav'd—he shan't—he shan't—  
 “ Leek porridge, stirabout, we'll sooner want;  
 “ We'll rather hunt the gutters for our meat;  
 “ Cry mackrel, or sing ballads through the street;  
 “ Foot stockings, mend old china, or black shoes,  
 “ Sooner than TOM, poor soul, his locks shall lose.  
 “ Humph! what a pretty hoity toity's here?  
 “ THOMAS, I say, shan't lose his locks, poor dear!  
 “ Shav'd too! cause people happen to be *poor*—  
 “ I never heard of such a trick before.  
 “ *Folks* think they may take freedoms with a Cook—  
 “ Go, ask your MASTER if he'd shave a *Duke*.  
 “ No—if he dar'd to do it, I'll be curst:  
 “ No, SECKER, he would eat the razor first.  
 “ Good lord! to think *poor* people's heads to plunder—  
 “ Why, lord! are people drunk, or mad, I wonder?  
 “ What! shall my poor dear husband lose his locks  
 “ Because *a* ha'n't ten millions in the stocks?  
 “ Because

- “ Because on me, forsooth, *a* can’t bestow  
“ A di’mond petticoat, to make a show?  
“ Marry come up, indeed—a pretty joke—  
“ Any thing’s good enough for humble folk :  
“ Shov’d here and there, forsooth ; call’d dog and b—,  
“ God blefs us well, because we are not rich.  
“ People will soon be beat about with sticks,  
“ Forsooth, because they han’t a coach and fix.  
“ *A* shan’t be shav’d, and I’m his lawful wife :  
“ The man was never lousy in his life.  
“ *As* what his *mother* says—his nearest kin—  
“ ‘ Tom never had a blotch upon his skin,  
“ ‘ But when *a* had the measles and small pox.’  
“ What *for*, then, shall the fellow lose his locks ?  
“ ‘ She never in her life-time saw (she says)  
“ ‘ A tidier, cleaner lad, in all her days—  
“ ‘ And all her neighbours said with huge surprise,  
“ ‘ A finer boy was never seen with *eyes* !’  
“ So, Mister SECKER, let’s have no more *touse* ;  
“ Hunt further for the owner of the louse.  
“ Sir, ’tis a burning *shame*, I’m bold to say,  
“ To take poor people’s character away.  
“ Who knows the varmine is n’t your own, odsfish !  
“ You’re fond of peeping into ev’ry dish.”

Again of SECKER boil'd th' internal man;  
Thought urging thought, again to rage began:  
Huge thoughts of diff'rent sizes swell'd his soul;  
Now mounting high, now sinking low they roll;  
Bustling here, there, up, down, and round about;  
So wild the mob, so terrible the rout!  
How like a LEG OF MUTTON in the pot,  
With turnips thick furrounded all so hot!  
Amid the gulph of broth, sublime, profound,  
Tumultuous, jostling, how they rush around!  
Now *up* the turneps mount with skins of snow,  
While restless lab'ring MUTTON dives below—  
Now lofty soaring, climbs the leg of sheep,  
While TURNIP downward plunges 'mid the deep!  
Strange such resemblances in things should *lie*!  
But what escapes the *Poet's* piercing eye?  
Just like the *Sun*—for what escapes his *ray*,  
Who darts on deepest shade the golden day?

Muse, let us pause a moment—here we see  
A woman, certainly of low degree,  
Reviling *folk* of elevated station;  
Thus waging war with mild SUBORDINATION.  
Should sweet SUBORDINATION chance to die,  
Adieu to Kings and Courtier-men so high;

Then



Then will that IMP EQUALITY prevail,  
 Who knows no difference between head and tail;  
 Then MAJESTY, the lofty nose who lifts,  
 With tears shall wash and iron her own shifts;  
 To darn her stockings, from her height descend,  
 Which now are giv'n to \*MACKENTHUN to mend—  
 Turn her fair fingers into vulgar paws,  
 And wash her dirty laces and her gauze.  
 Then dimm'd are coronets that awe inspire,  
 And sceptres stuff'd, like faggots, in the fire.  
 Ne'er let me view the hour, my soul that shocks,  
 When female Majesty shall wash her smocks;  
 Such humbled grandeur let me never see:  
 Soapfuds and Sov'reignty but ill agree:  
 Malkin and Majesty, but ill accord:  
 Rubbers and Royalty, are kin abhorr'd!  
 Strange union! 'tis the Vulture and the Bat;  
 A gulph and mudpool—elephant and rat;  
 A great Archbishop, and an Undertaker;  
 The Muse of Epic, and a riddle-maker;  
 A roaring King in tragedy sublime;  
 And he who plays poor Pug in Pantomime;  
 The Lord who in the Senate wonder draws,  
 Firm in the fair support of Freedom's cause;

And

\* A lady, attendant on the Princesses.



And that same Lord, behind the scenes; a snail,  
 Who, crawling, of an actress\* holds the tail;  
 MARCHESI on the stage with steel and plume,  
 And that MARCHESI in a lady's room;  
 Sir † JOSEPH, Jove-like, with his hammer'd arm,  
 Who thund'ring breaks of sleep the opiate charm;  
 And *that* SIR JOSEPH, with a simple look,  
 Collecting simples near the simple brook.

Again came PRUDENCE, quaker-looking *form*,  
 Sweet-humour'd Goddess, to suppress the storm,  
 Who clapp'd her hands (indeed an act uncouth)  
 Full on the gaping hole of SECKER's mouth;  
 Compressing thus a thousand iron words,  
 Sharp ev'ry fowl of them as points of swords:  
 But soon her hand forsook his lips and chin;  
 Who own'd the Goddess, and but gave a grin.  
 Thus from a fretful bottle of small beer,  
 If, mad, the cork should leap with wild career;  
 Lo, to the bottle's mouth the butler flies,  
 And with dexterity his hand applies!

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In

\* Miss Farren.

† Sir JOSEPH BANKS. A part of his royal insignia is a hammer to knock down a dispute, and keep the Royal Society awake.

In vain the liquor buſtles 'mid the dome ;  
John quells all fury, and ſubdues the foam !  
Now roſe the MAJOR—" Miſter SECKER—Sir,  
" You make in this affair a pretty ſtir !  
" 'Twere doubtleſs a fine preſent in a *box*,  
" To offer to our ſovereign Lord, the locks :  
" Some *vaſt* reward would follow, to be ſure ;  
" A pretty little, ſweet, ſnug, *ſinecure*.  
" Yes—MASTER SECKER well can play his cards ;  
" Sublime achievements claim ſublime rewards.  
" I humbly do preſume, Sir, that his *Grace*  
" Has promis'd ye a warm Excife-man's place :  
" *Some folks are Jacks-in-office*, fond of power !"   
Thus ſpoke the Cook, like vinegar ſo ſour.  
" No matter, Maſter Major, what I get ;  
" All that I know, is this, *your* heads ſhall ſweat :  
" I'll ſee the buſineſs done, depend upon't—  
" I'll order matters, d—n me if I don't :  
" Yes, Maſter DIXON, you ſhall know who's who—  
" Which is the better gemman, I or you."  
Thus answers SECKER to the man of woes,  
And points his ſatire with a cock'd-up noſe.  
Scarce had he utter'd, when a noiſe was heard ;  
And now behold a motley band appear'd !

With

With Babel founds at once the kitchen rings,  
Of Groom, Page, Barber, and the *best* of Kings!  
And lo, the *best* of Queens must see the fun;  
And lo, the Princesses so beauteous run;  
And Madam SCHWELLENBERG came hobbling too;  
Poor lady, losing in the race a shoe!  
But in revenge-pursuit, the loss how slight!  
The world would lose a *leg*, to please a *spite*.

And now for *Peace* did SECKER bawl aloud;  
And lo, PEACE came at once among the crowd.  
In courts of justice thus, to hush the hum,  
“ Silence!” the cryer calls, and all is mum—  
“ Cooks, Scullions, all, of high and low degree,  
“ Attend, and learn our Monarch’s will from *me*.  
“ Our Sov’reign Lord the King, whose word is fate,  
“ Wills in his wisdom to see shav’d each pate:  
“ Then, Gentlemen, pray take your chairs at once;  
“ And let each barber fall upon his sconce.”—  
Thus thunder’d SECKER with a MARS-like face,  
And struck dire terror through the roasting race.  
Thus roar’d ACHILLES ’mid the martial fray,  
When ev’ry frightened Trojan ran away.

Calm was the crowd, when *thus* the King of Isles  
Firm for the shave, but yet with kingly smiles—  
“ You must be shav’d—you shall, you must indeed :  
“ No, no, I sha’nt let slip a single head—  
“ A very filthy, nasty, dirty trick—  
“ The thought on’t turns my stomach—makes me sick.  
“ Louse—louse—a nasty thing, a louse I hate :—  
“ No, no, I’ll have no more upon my plate.  
“ One is sufficient—yes, yes—quite a store—  
“ I’ll have no more—no more, I’ll have no more,”

Thus spoke the King, like ev’ry king who gives  
To trifles, lustre that for ever lives.  
Thus stinking vapours from the oozy pool,  
Of cats and kittens, dogs and puppies full,  
Bright SOL sublimes, and gives them golden wings,  
The cloud on which *some* say, the *Cberub* sings.

A

POETICAL AND CONGRATULATORY

E P I S T L E

TO

JAMES BOSWELL, *Esq.*

ON HIS

JOURNAL OF A TOUR TO THE HEBRIDES,

WITH THE CELEBRATED

DOCTOR JOHNSON.

---

Τράεσσιν ἐσέλειο Κυδος ὀρέξαι.

HOMER.





## POETICAL EPISTLE, &amp;c.

---

O BOSWELL, Bozzy, Bruce, \* whate'er thy name,  
 Thou mighty shark for anecdote and fame;  
 Thou jackall, leading lion Johnson forth  
 To eat M'Pherfon † 'midst his native North;  
 To frighten grave professors with his roar,  
 And shake the Hebrides from shore to shore—  
 All hail! At length, ambitious Thane, thy rage  
 To give one spark to FAME's bespangled page  
 Is amply gratified—a thousand eyes  
 Survey thy books with rapture and surprise!  
 Loud, of thy Tour, a thousand tongues have spoken,  
 And wonder'd that thy bones were never broken!

Triumphant, thou thro' TIME's vast gulph shalt sail,  
 The pilot of our literary whale;

X 4

Close

\* Vide Note, page 16.

† The translator (but in Dr. Johnson's opinion the author) of the Poems attributed to OSSIAN.

Close to the classic RAMBLER shalt thou cling,  
 Close as a supple courtier to a king;  
 Fate shall not shake thee off with all its pow'r,  
 Stuck like a bat to some old ivy'd tow'r.  
 Nay, though thy Johnson ne'er had blest'd thine eyes,  
*Paoli's* deeds had rais'd thee to the skies!  
 Yes! his broad wing had rais'd thee (no bad hack)  
 A tom-tit twitt'ring on an eagle's back.

THOU, curious scrapmonger, shalt live in song  
 When death hath still'd the rattle of thy tongue;  
 Even future babes to kiss thy name shall learn,  
 And Bozzy join with Wood, and Tommy Hearn,  
 Who drove the spiders from much prose and rhyme,  
 And snatch'd old stories from the jaws of TIME.  
 Sweet is thy page, \*I ween, that doth recite  
 How thou and Johnson, arm in arm, one night,  
 March'd through fair Edinburgh's pactolian show'rs,  
 Which CLOACINA bountifully pours;  
 Those gracious show'rs that frought with fragrance flow,  
 And gild, like gingerbread, the world below.  
 How sweetly grumbled too was Sam's remark,  
 "I smell you, Master Bozzy, in the dark!"

Alas!

\* Vide page 14.

Alas! historians are confounded dull;  
 A dim Bœotia reigns in every skull;  
 Mere beasts of burden, broken-winded, slow,  
 Heavy as cart-horses, along they go;  
 Whilst thou, a will-o'-whisp, up, down, here, there,  
 Wild dartest coruscations ev'ry where.

What tasteless mouth can gape, what eye can close,  
 What head can nod o'er thy enlivening prose?  
 To others' works, the works of *thy* inditing  
 Are downright di'monds to the eyes of whiting.  
 Think not I flatter thee, my flippant friend;  
 For well I know that flatt'ry would offend:  
 Yet honest praise, I'm sure, thou would'st not shun,  
 Born with a stomach to digest a tun!  
 Who can refuse a simile, that reads thy page,  
 Where surly Sam, inflam'd with Tory rage,  
 Nassau bescondrels, and with anger big,  
 Swears Whigs are rogues, and ev'ry rogue a Whig?  
 Who will not, too, thy pen's *minutiæ* bless,  
 That gives posterity the RAMBLER'S\* dress?  
 Methinks I view his full, plain suit of brown,  
 The large grey bushy wig that grac'd his crown,

Black

\* Vide page 9.

Black worsted stockings, little silver buckles,  
 And shirt that had no ruffles for his knuckles.  
 I mark the brown great-coat of cloth he wore,  
 That two huge Patagonian pockets bore,  
 Which Patagonians (wond'rous to unfold !)  
 Would fairly both his Dictionaries hold.  
 I see the RAMBLER \* on a large bay mare,  
 Just like a Centaur ev'ry danger dare,  
 On a full gallop dash the yielding wind,  
 The colt and Bozzy scamper ring close behind.

Of Lady Lochbuy † with what glee we read,  
 Who offer'd Sam, for breakfast, cold sheep's head;  
 Who, press'd and worry'd by this dame so civil,  
 Wish'd the sheep's head and woman's at the devil.

I see you sailing both in Buchan's ‡ pot—  
 Now storming an old woman § and her cot;  
 Who, terrified at each tremendous shape,  
 Deem'd you two Demons ready for a rape:  
 I see all marv'ling at M'Leod's together  
 On Sam's remarks || on whey and tanning leather:

At

\* Page 376.

† Page 429.

‡ Page 104.

§ Page 143.

|| Page 299.

At Corrichatachin's,\* the Lord knows how,  
 I see thee, Bozzy, drunk as David's fow,  
 And begging, with rais'd eyes and lengthen'd chin,  
 Heav'n not to damn thee for the deadly sin:  
 I see too, the stern moralist regale,  
 And pen a Latin ode to Mistress Thrale.†  
 I see, without a night-cap on his head,  
 Rare sight! bald Sam in the Pretender's ‡ bed:  
 I hear (what's wonderful!) unsought by studying,  
 His classic dissertation upon pudding:§  
 Of Provost Jopp,|| I mark the marv'ling face,  
 Who gave the Rambler's freedom with a grace:  
 I see too, tray'ling from the ISLE of EGG,¶  
 The humble servant\*\* of a horse's leg;  
 And SNIP, the taylor, from the ISLE of MUCK,††  
 Who stitch'd in SKY with tolerable luck:  
 I see the horn that drunkards must adore;  
 The horn, the mighty horn of Rorie More;‡‡  
 And bloody shields that guarded hearts in quarrels,  
 Now guard from rats the milk and butter barrels.  
 Methinks the Caledonian dame I see  
 Familiar sitting on the RAMBLER's knee,  
Charming,

\* Page 317.

† Page 177.

‡ Page 216.

§ Page 440.

|| Page 39.

¶ Page 275.

\*\* A blacksmith.

†† Page 275.

‡‡ Page 254.

Charming, with kisses sweet, the chuckling sage;  
Melting with sweetest smiles the frost of age;  
Like SOL, who darts at times a cheerful ray  
O'er the wan visage of a winter's day.

“ Do it again, my dear,” (I hear Sam cry)  
“ See who first tires, my charmer, you or I.”

I see thee stuffing, with a hand uncouth,  
An old dry'd whiting in thy Johnson's mouth;  
And lo! I see, with all his might and main,  
Thy Johnson spit the whiting out again.

Rare anecdotes! 'tis anecdotes like these  
That bring thee glory, and the million please!  
On these shall future times delighted stare,  
Thou charming haberdasher of small ware!  
Stewart and Robertson, from thee, shall learn  
The simple charms of Hist'ry to discern:  
To thee, fair Hist'ry's palm, shall Livy yield,  
And Tacitus, to Bozzy, leave the field!

Joe Miller's self, whose page such fun provokes,  
Shall quit his shroud, to grin at Bozzy's jokes!  
How are we all with rapture touch'd, to see  
Where, when, and at what hour, you swallow'd tea!  
How, once, to grace this Asiatic treat,  
Came haddocks, which the RAMBLER could not eat.

Pleas'd,



Pleas'd, on thy book thy Sov'reign's eye-balls roll,  
 Who loves a gossip's story from his soul!  
 Blest with the mem'ry of the Persian king,\*  
 Who, ev'ry body knows, and ev'ry thing;  
 Who's dead, who's married, what poor girl beguil'd  
 Hath lost a paramour, and found a child;  
 Which gard'ner hath most cabbages and peas,  
 And which old woman hath most hives of bees;  
 Which farmer boasts the most prolific fows,  
 Cocks, hens, geese, turkeys, goats, sheep, bulls, and cows;  
 Which barber best the ladies' locks can curl;  
 Which house in Windsor sells the finest purl;  
 Which chimney-sweep best beats, in gold array,  
 His brush, and shovel, on the first of May;  
 Whose dancing dogs, in rigadoons excel;  
 And whose the puppet-shew, that bears the bell;  
 Which clever smith, the prettiest man-trap† makes,  
 To save from thieves the royal ducks and drakes,  
 The Guinea hens and peacocks, with their eggs,  
 And catch his loving subjects by the legs.  
 Oh! since the Prince of gossips reads thy book,  
 To what high honours may not Bozzy look?

The

\* Cyrus.

† His M——y hath planted a number of those trusty guardians around his park at Windsor, for the benefit of the public.

The sun-shine of his smile may soon be thine—  
*Perchaunce*, in converse thou may'st hear him shine :  
*Perchaunce*, to stamp thy merit through the nation,  
 He begs of Johnson's Life, thy dedication ;  
 Asks questions\* of thee, and, O lucky elf,  
 Most kindly answers ev'ry one himself.  
 Blest with the classic learning† of a college,  
 Our K—g is not a miser in his knowledge :  
 Nought in the storehouse of his brains turns musty ;  
 No razor-wit, for want of use, grows rusty :  
 Whate'er his head suggests, whate'er he knows,  
 Free as election beer from tubs, it flows !  
 Yet, ah ! superior far !—it boasts the merit  
 Of never fuddling people with the spirit !

“ Say,

\* Just after Dr. Johnson had been honoured with an interview with a certain great personage, in the Queen's library at Buckingham House, he was interrogated by a friend concerning his reception, and his opinion of the r-y-l intellect.—“ His M—y seems to be possessed of some good nature and much curiosity (replied the Doctor) : as for his *us*, it is not contemptible. His M—y indeed was *multifarious* in his *questions* ; but, thank God, he answered them all *himself*.”

† This is a very extraordinary circumstance : the late P—s D—r retained three parts of the money ordered for the education of her children. The effect of this *miserable* conduct was so conspicuous in her daughter M—A, that the letters received from her during her residence in Denmark, were absolutely unintelligible.

Say, Bozzy, when, to blefs our anxious fight,  
 When fhall thy volume \* burft the gates of light?  
 Oh, cloth'd in calf, ambitious brat, be born—  
 Our kitchens, parlours, libraries, adorn!  
 My fancy's keen anticipating eye,  
 A thoufand charming anecdotes can fpy:  
 I read, I read of G—ge the learn'd † difplay  
 On Lowth's and Warburton's immortal fray:  
 Of G—ge, whose brain, if right the mark I hit,  
 Forms one huge Cyclopædia of wit;  
 That holds the wifdom of a thoufand ages,  
 And frightens all his workmen and his pages!  
 O Bozzy, ftill, thy tell-tale plan purfue:  
 The world is wond'rous fond of fomething new;  
 And, let but SCANDAL's breath embalm the page,  
 It lives a welcome gueft from age to age.  
 Not only fay who *breathes* an arrant knave,  
 But who hath sneak'd a rascal to his grave:

Make

\* The Life of Dr. Johnson.

† His M——y's commentary on the quarrel, in which the Bishop and the Doctor pelted one the other with dirt fo gracefully, will be a treasure to the lovers of literature! Mr. B. hath as good as promifed it to the public, and, we hope, means to keep his word.

Make o'er his turf (in Virtue's cause) a rout,  
 And, like a d-mn'd good Christian, pull him out.  
 Without a fear, on families harangue;  
 Say who shall lose their ears, and who shall hang;  
 Publish the demi-reps, and punks—nay more,  
 Declare what virtuous wife *will be* a wh-rè.  
 Thy brilliant brain, conjecture can supply,  
 To charm through ev'ry leaf the eager eye.  
 The blue-stocking \* society describe,  
 And give thy comment on each joke, and jibe:  
 Tell what the women are, their wit, their quality,  
 And dip them in thy streams of immortality!

Let Lord M'Donald threat thy breech to kick,†  
 And o'er thy shrinking shoulders shake his stick:  
 Treat with contempt the menace of this Lord;  
 'Tis Hist'ry's province, Bozzy, to *record*,  
 Though Wilkes abuse thy brain, that airy mill,  
 And swear poor Johnson *murder'd* by thy quill;

What's

\* A club chiefly composed of *most* learned ladies, profound critics, and *self-delegated* ARBITERS of taste, to which Mr. B. was admitted.

† A letter of severe remonstrance was sent to Mr. B. who, in consequence, omitted, in the second edition of his Journal, what is so generally pleasing to the public, viz. the scandalous passages relative to this nobleman.

What's that to thee? Why let the victim bleed—  
 Thy end is answer'd, if the nation *read*.  
 The fiddling Knight,\* and tuneful Mistress Thrale,  
 Who frequent hobb'd or nobb'd with Sam, in ale,  
 Snatch'd up the pen (as thirst of fame inspires!)  
 To write his jokes and stories by their fires;  
 Then why not *thou*, each joke and tale enrol,  
 Who like a watchful cat, before a hole,  
 Full twenty years (inflam'd with letter'd pride)  
 Didst mousing sit before Sam's mouth so wide,  
 To catch as many scraps as thou wert able—  
 A very Laz'rus at the rich man's table?  
 What though against thee porters † bounce the door,  
 And bid thee hunt for secrets there no more;  
 With pen and ink so ready at thy coat,  
 Exciseman-like, each syllable to note,  
 That giv'n to printer's devils, (a precious load!)  
 On wings of print comes flying all abroad?

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Y

Watch

\* Sir John Hawkins, who (as well as Mrs. Thrale, now Madam Piozzi) threatens us with the life of the late lexicographer.

† This is literally true—"Nobody is at home."—Our great people want the taste to relish Mr. Boswell's vehicles to immortality. Though in *London*, poor Bozzy is in a desert.



Watch then the venal valets—smack the maids,  
 And try with gold to make them rogues and jades :  
 Yet should their honesty thy bribes resent ;  
 Fly to thy fertile genius, and invent :  
 Like old Voltaire, who plac'd his greatest glory  
 In cooking up an entertaining story ;  
 Who laugh'd at TRUTH, whene'er her simple tongue  
 Would snatch amusement from a tale or song.

Oh ! whilst, amid the anecdotic mine,  
 Thou labour'st hard to bid thy HERO shine,  
 Run to Bolt Court,\* exert thy Curl-like† foul,  
 And fish for golden leaves from hole to hole :  
 Find when he ate and drank, and cough'd and sneez'd—  
 Let all his motions in thy book be squeez'd :  
 On tales, however strange, impose thy claw ;  
 Yes, let thy amber lick up ev'ry straw :  
 Sam's nods, and winks, and laughs, will form a treat ;  
 For all that breathes of Johnson must be *great* !

Blest be thy labours, most advent'rous Bozzi,  
 Bold rival of Sir John, and Dame Piozzi ;

Heav'ns !

\* In Fleet-street, where the Doctor lived and died.

† Curl, the bookseller, frequently bribed people to hunt the temples of Cloacina for the letters of Pope and Swift.



Heav'ns ! with what laurels shall thy head be crown'd !  
A grove, a forest, shall thy ears surround !  
Yes ! whilst the RAMBLER shall a comet blaze,  
And gild a world of darkness with his rays ;  
*Thee* too, that world, with wonderment, shall hail,  
A lively, bouncing *cracker* at his tail !

## P O S T S C R I P T.

---

AS Mr. BOSWELL's Journal hath afforded such universal pleasure by the relation of minute incidents, and the great Moralist's opinion of men and things, during his northern tour; it will be adding greatly to the anecdotal treasury, as well as making Mr. B. happy, to communicate part of a Dialogue that took place between Dr. Johnson, and the Author of this Congratulatory Epistle, a few months before the Doctor paid the great debt of nature. The Doctor was very cheerful that day; had on a black coat and waistcoat, a black plush pair of breeches, and black worsted stockings, a handsome grey wig, a shirt, a muslin neckcloth, a black pair of buttons in his shirt sleeves, a pair of shoes ornamented with the very identical little buckles that accompanied the philosopher to the Hebrides; his nails were very neatly pared, and his beard fresh shaved with a razor fabricated by the ingenious Mr. Savigny.

*P. P.* "Pray, Doctor, what is your opinion of  
"Mr. Boswell's literary powers?"

*Johnson.*

*Johnson.* “ Sir, my opinion is, that whenever Bozzy expires, he will create no *vacuum* in the region of literature—he seems strongly affected by the *cacoethes scribendi*; wishes to be thought a *rara avis*, and in truth so he is—your knowledge in ornithology, Sir, will easily discover, to what species of bird I allude.” Here the Doctor shook his head, and laughed.

*P. P.* “ What think you, Sir, of his account of Corsica?—of his character of Paoli?”

*Johnson.* “ Sir, he hath made a mountain of a wart. But Paoli has virtues. The account is a farrago of disgusting egotism and pompous inanity.”

*P. P.* “ I have heard it whispered, Doctor, that, should you die before him, Mr. B. means to write your life.”

*Johnson.* “ Sir, he cannot mean me so irreparable an injury.—Which of us shall die first, is only known to the Great Disposer of events; but were I sure that James Boswell would write *my* life, I do not know whether I would not anticipate the measure, by taking

*his.*" (Here he made three or four strides across the room, and returned to his chair with violent emotion.)

*P. P.* "I am afraid that he means to do you the favour."

*Johnson.* "He dares not—he would make a scarecrow of me. I give him liberty to fire his blunderbuss in *his own* face, but not murder *me*. Sir, I heed not *his αὐτός εἶπα*—BOSWELL write my life! why the fellow possesses not abilities for writing the life of an *ephemeron*."

BOZZY AND PIOZZI:  
OR, THE  
BRITISH BIOGRAPHERS.  
A  
TOWN ECLOGUE.

---

————— Arcades ambo,  
Et cantare pares, et respondere, parati !

VIRGIL.

## THE ARGUMENT.

ON the death of DOCTOR JOHNSON, a number of people, ambitious of being distinguished from the *mute* part of their species, set about relating and printing stories and *bons-mots* of that celebrated moralist. Amongst the most *zealous*, though not the most *enlightened*, appeared Mr. BOSWELL and MADAME PIOZZI, the HERO and HEROINE of our ECLOGUE. They are supposed to have in contemplation the *Life* of JOHNSON; and to prove their biographical abilities, appeal to SIR JOHN HAWKINS for his decision on their respective merits, by quotations from their printed anecdotes of the DOCTOR. SIR JOHN hears them with *uncommon* patience, and determines very *properly* on the pretensions of the contending parties.



# B O Z Z Y    A N D    P I O Z Z I ;

A

## T O W N    E C L O G U E .

---

W H E N J O H N S O N fought (as Shakespear says)  
that bourn,

From whence, alas ! no travellers return ;  
In humbler English, when the Doctor died,  
A P O L L O whimper'd, and the M U S E S cried ;  
P A R N A S S U S mop'd for days, in business slack,  
And, like a hearse, the hill was hung with black ;  
M I N E R V A, sighing for her fav'rite son,  
Pronounc'd, with lengthen'd face, the world undone ;  
Her owl, too, hooted in so loud a style,  
That people might have heard the B I R D a mile ;  
J O V E wip'd his eyes so red, and told his wife,  
He ne'er made J O H N S O N 's equal in his life ;  
And that 'twould be a long, long time, if ever,  
His art could form a fellow half so clever :  
V E N U S, of all the little Loves the dam,  
With all the G R A C E S, fobb'd for B R O T H E R Sam :

Such

Such were the heav'nly howlings for his death,  
 As if DAME NATURE had resign'd her breath.  
 Nor less sonorous was the grief, I ween,  
 Amidst the natives of our *earthly* scene:  
 From beggars, to the GREAT who hold the helm,  
 One *Johnso-mania* rag'd through all the realm!

“ *Who* (cry'd the world) can match his prose or rhyme?  
 “ O'er wits of modern days he tow'rs sublime!  
 “ An oak, wide spreading o'er the shrubs below,  
 “ That round his roots, with puny foliage, blow;  
 “ A pyramid, amidst some barren waste,  
 “ That frowns o'er huts, the sport of ev'ry blast;  
 “ A mighty ATLAS, whose aspiring head  
 “ O'er distant regions casts an awful shade.  
 “ By kings and beggars, lo! his tales are told,  
 “ And ev'ry sentence glows a grain of gold!  
 “ Blest! who his philosophic phiz can take,  
 “ *Catch* ev'n his weakneffes—his noddle's shake,  
 “ The lengthen'd lip of scorn, the forehead's fowl,  
 “ The low'ring eye's contempt, and bear-like growl.  
 “ In vain, the CRITICS aim their toothless rage!  
 “ Mere sprats, that venture war with whales to wage;  
 “ Unmov'd he stands, and feels their force no more  
 “ Than some huge rock amidst the wat'ry roar,  
 “ That

“ That calmly bears the tumults of the deep,  
 “ And howling tempests, that as well may sleep.”

Strong, 'midst the RAMBLER's cronies, was the rage  
 To fill with SAM's *bons-mots* and tales the page:  
 Mere flies, that buzz'd around his setting ray,  
 And bore a splendor, on their wings, away:  
 Thus round his orb the pigmy planets run,  
 And catch their little lustre from the SUN.

At length, rush'd forth two CANDIDATES for fame;  
 A Scotchman one, and one a London dame;  
*That*, by th' emphatic JOHNSON, christen'd Bozzy;  
*This*, by the Bishop's license, DAME Piozzi;  
 Whose widow'd name, by toppers lov'd, was THRALE,  
 Bright in the annals of election ale;  
 A name, by marriage, that gave up the ghost!  
 In poor PEDOCCHIO\*—no!—Piozzi, lost!  
 Each seiz'd with ardour wild, the gray goose quill;  
 Each set to work the intellectual mill;  
 That pecks of bran, so coarse, began to pour,  
 To one poor solitary grain of flour.

Forth

\* The author was nearly committing a blunder—fortunate indeed was his recollection; as *Pedocchio* signifies, in the Italian language, that most contemptible of animals, a LOUSE.

Forth rush'd to light, their books—but *who* should say,  
 WHICH bore the palm of anecdote away?  
*This*, to decide, the RIVAL WITS agreed  
 Before SIR JOHN their tales and jokes to read,  
 And let the KNIGHT's opinion, in the strife,  
 Declare the prop'rest pen to write SAM's Life:  
 SIR JOHN, renown'd for musical \* palavers;  
 The Prince, the King, the Emperor of *Quavers*!  
 Sharp in solfeggi, as the sharpest needle;  
 Great in the noble art of tweedle-tweedle;  
 Of MUSIC's College form'd to be a FELLOW,  
 Fit for MUS. D. or MAESTRO DI CAPELLA:  
 Whose volume, though it here and there offends,  
 Boasts *German* merit—makes by *bulk* amends.  
 High plac'd the venerable QUARTO sits,  
 Superior frowning o'er octavo wits  
 And duodecimos, ignoble scum!  
 Poor prostitutes to ev'ry vulgar thumb!  
 Whilst undefil'd by literary rage,  
 He bears a *spotless* leaf from age to age.

Like school-boys, lo! before a two-arm'd chair  
 That held the KNIGHT wise judging, stood the PAIR:  
Or

\* Vide his History of Music.

Or like two poneys on the sporting round,  
 Prepar'd to gallop when the drum should found,  
 The COUPLE rang'd—for vict'ry, both as keen,  
 As for a tott'ring bishopric, a DEAN,  
 Or patriot BURKE, for giving glorious bastings  
 To that intolerable fellow HASTINGS.  
 Thus with their songs contended VIRGIL's swains,  
 And made the valleys vocal with their strains,  
 Before some gray-beard SAGE, whose judgment ripe,  
 Gave goats for prizes to the prettiest pipe.

“ Alternately in anecdotes go on ;  
 “ But first, begin *you*, MADAM,” cry'd SIR JOHN :  
 'The thankful DAME low curtsied to the CHAIR,  
 And thus, for vict'ry panting, read the FAIR :

## MADAME PIOZZI.\*

SAM JOHNSON was of MICHAEL JOHNSON born ;  
 Whose shop of books did LITCHFIELD town adorn :  
 Wrong-headed, stubborn as a halter'd RAM ;  
 In short, the model of our HERO SAM :  
 Inclined to madness too—for when his shop  
 Fell down, for want of cash to buy a prop,

For

\* Vide Piozzi's Anecdotes, page 3.



For fear the thieves might steal the vanish'd store,  
He duly went each night, and lock'd the door!

## BOZZY.\*

Whilst JOHNSON was in Edinburgh, my WIFE,  
To please his palate, studied for her life:  
With ev'ry rarity she fill'd her house,  
And gave the DOCTOR, for his dinner, grouse.

## MADAME PIOZZI.†

Dear DOCTOR JOHNSON was in size an ox,  
And from his UNCLE ANDREW learn'd to box;  
A MAN to wrestlers and to bruifers dear,  
Who kept the ring in SMITHFIELD a whole year.  
The Doctor had an Uncle too, ador'd  
By jumping gentry, call'd CORNELIUS FORD;  
Who jump'd in boots, which JUMPERS never choose,  
Far as a famous JUMPER jump'd in shoes.

## BOZZY.‡

At supper, rose a dialogue on witches,  
When CROSBIE said, there could not be such b-tch-s;  
And

\* Bozzy's Tour, page 38.

† Piozzi's Anecdotes, page 5.

‡ Page 39.



And that 'twas blasphemy to think such hags  
 Could stir up storms, and on their broomstick nags  
 Gallop along the air with wond'rous pace,  
 And boldly fly in GOD ALMIGHTY's face:  
 But JOHNSON answer'd him, "There *might be* witches;  
 " *Nought* prov'd the non-existence of the b-tch-s."

## MADAME PIOZZI.\*

When THRALE, as nimble as a boy at school,  
 Leap'd, though fatigu'd with hunting, o'er a stool;  
 The DOCTOR, proud the same grand feat to do,  
 His pow'rs, exerted, and jump'd over too;  
 And though he might a broken back bewail,  
 He scorn'd to be eclips'd by Mister THRALE.

## BOZZY.†

At ULINISH, our friend, to pass the time,  
 Regal'd us with his knowledges sublime;  
 Show'd that all sorts of learning fill'd his nob,  
 And that in butch'ry he could bear a bob.  
 He sagely told us of the diff'rent feat  
 Employ'd to kill the animals we eat:  
 "An ox," says he, "in country and in town,  
 "Is by the butchers constantly *knock'd down*;

As

- “ As for that leffer animal, a calf,  
 “ The knock is really not so strong *by half*;  
 “ The beast is only *stunn’d*; but, as for goats,  
 “ And sheep, and lambs, the butchers *cut their throats*.  
 “ Those fellows only want to keep them quiet,  
 “ Not choosin’ that the brutes should breed a riot.”

## MADAME PIOZZI.\*

When JOHNSON was a child, and swallow’d pap,  
 ’Twas in his mother’s old maid CATH’RINE’s lap;  
 There, whilst he sat, he took in wond’rous learning;  
 For much his bowels were for knowledge yearning;  
 There heard the story which we BRITONS brag on,  
 The story of ST. GEORGE and *eke* the DRAGON.

## BOZZY.†

When FOOTE his leg, by some misfortune, broke,  
 Says *I* to JOHNSON, all by way of joke,  
 “ SAM, Sir, in PARAGRAPH, will soon be clever,  
 “ And take off PETER better now than ever.”  
 On which, says JOHNSON, without hesitation,  
 “ GEORGE ‡ will rejoice at Foot’s *depeditation*.”

On

\* Page 15.

† Page 141.

‡ George Faulkner, the printer at Dublin, taken off by Foote, under the character of PETER PARAGRAPH.

On which, says I, *a penetrating elf!*

“ Doctor, I’m sure you coin’d that word yourself.”

On which he laugh’d, and said, I had divin’d it,

For, *bonâ fide*, he had really coin’d it.

“ And yet, of all the words I’ve coin’d, (says he)

“ My Dictionary, Sir, contains but three.”

#### MADAME PIOZZI.

The DOCTOR said, “ In literary matters,

“ A Frenchman goes not *deep*—he only *smatters* :”

Then ask’d, what could be hop’d for from the dogs ;

Fellows that liv’d eternally on frogs ?

#### BOZZY.\*

In grave procession to St. Leonard’s College,

Well stuff’d with every sort of useful knowledge,

We stately walk’d, as soon as supper ended :

The LANDLORD and the WAITER both attended :

The LANDLORD, skill’d a piece of grease to handle,

Before us march’d, and held a tallow candle ;

A lantern (some fam’d Scotsman its creator)

With equal grace was carried by the WAITER.

Next morning, from our beds we took a leap,

And found ourselves much better for our sleep.

## MADAME PIOZZI.\*

In Lincolnshire, a lady shew'd our friend  
 A grotto, that she wish'd him to commend;  
 Quoth she, "How *cool* in summer this abode!"—  
 "Yes, Madam, (answer'd Johnson) for a *toad*."

## BOZZY.†

Between old Scalpa's rugged isle and Rasay's,  
 The wind was vastly boist'rous in our faces:  
 'Twas glorious, JOHNSON's figure to set sight on—  
 High in the boat, he look'd a noble TRITON!  
 But, lo! to damp our pleasure Fate concurs,  
 For Joe, the blockhead, lost his master's spurs:  
 This for the RAMBLER's temper was a rubber,  
 Who wonder'd Joseph could be such a lubber.

## MADAME PIOZZI.‡

I ask'd him if he knock'd TOM OSBORN § down;  
 As such a tale was current through the town—  
 Says I, "Do tell me, DOCTOR, what befell."—  
 "Why, dearest lady, there is nought to *tell*:  
 "I ponder'd on the *prop'iest* mode to *treat* him—

"The

\* Page 203.

† Page 185.

‡ Page 232.

§ Bookseller.

" The dog was impudent, and so I beat him !  
 " Tom, like a fool, proclaim'd his fancied wrongs ;  
 " *Others*, that I belabour'd, held their tongues."

Did any one, that he was *happy*, cry—  
 JOHNSON would tell him plumply, 'twas a lie.  
 A LADY\* told him she was really so ;  
 On which he sternly answer'd, " MADAM, no !  
 " Sickly you are, and ugly—foolish, poor ;  
 " And therefore can't be happy, I am sure.  
 " 'Twould make a fellow hang himself, whose ear  
 " Were, from such creatures, forc'd such stuff to hear."

## B O Z Z Y.†

Lo ! when we landed on the Isle of MULL,  
 The megrims got into the DOCTOR's scull :  
 With such bad humours he began to fill,  
 I thought he would not go to ICOLMKILL :  
 But lo ! those megrims (wonderful to utter !)  
 Were banish'd all by tea and bread and butter !

## M A D A M E P I O Z Z I.

Quoth I to JOHNSON—Doctor, tell me true,  
 Who was the *best* man that you ever knew ?

Z 2

He

He answer'd me at once, GEORGE PSALMANAZAR;  
 Keen in the English language as a razor.  
 Such was the strange, the strangest of replies,  
 That rais'd the whites of both my wond'ring eyes;  
 As this same GEORGE, in imposition strong,  
 Beat the first liars that e'er wagg'd a tongue.

## B O Z Z Y. \*

I wonder'd yesterday, that one JOHN HAY,  
 Who serv'd as *Ciceroné* on the way,  
 Should fly a man of war—a spot so blest—  
 A fool! nine months, too, after he was prest.  
 Quoth JOHNSON, “No man, Sir, would be a failor,  
 “With sense to scrape acquaintance with a jailor.

## M A D A M E P I O Z Z I. †

I said, I lik'd not *goose*, and mention'd *why*:—  
 One smells it roasting on the spit, quoth I.  
 “*You*, Madam,” cry'd the DOCTOR, with a frown,  
 “Are always gorging—stuffing something *down*:  
 “MADAM, 'tis very nat'ral to suppose,  
 “If in the pantry you will poke your nose,  
 “Your maw with ev'ry fort of victuals swelling,  
 “That you *must* want the blifs of *dinner smelling*.”

B O Z Z Y.



## B O Z Z Y.

As at ARGYLE's grand house my hat I took,  
 To seek my alehouse, thus began the Duke:  
 " Pray, Mister Boswell, won't you have some tea?"  
 To this I made my bow, and did agree—  
 Then to the drawing-room we both retreated,  
 Where LADY BETTY HAMILTON was seated  
 Close by the DUCHESS, who, in deep discourse,  
 Took no more notice of me than a horse.  
 Next day, *myself* and Doctor JOHNSON took  
 Our hats, to go and wait upon the Duke.  
 Next to himself the DUKE did JOHNSON place;  
 But I, thank God, sat *second* to his GRACE.  
 The place was due most surely to my merits—  
 And faith, I was in very pretty spirits:  
 I plainly saw (my penetration such is)  
 I was not yet in favour with the DUCHESS.  
 Thought I, I am not disconcerted yet;  
 Before we part, I'll give her GRACE a *sweat*—  
 Then looks of intrepidity I put on,  
 And ask'd her, if she'd have a plate of mutton.  
 This was a glorious deed, must be confess'd!  
 I knew I was the *Duke's*, and not *her* guest!  
 Knowing—as I'm a man of tip-top breeding,  
 That *great folks* drink no healths whilst they are feeding,

I took my glafs, and looking at her GRACE,  
 I ftar'd her like a *devil* in the face;  
 And in *refpectful* terms, as was my duty,  
 Said I, "My LADY DUCHESS, I falute ye:"  
 Moft audible, indeed, was my falute,  
 For which fome folks will fay I was a brute;  
 But, faith, it dafh'd her, as I knew it would;  
 But then I knew that I was flefh and blood.

## MADAME PIOZZI.\*

Once at our houfe, amidft our ATTIC feafts,  
 We liken'd our acquaintances to *beafts*:  
 As for example—fome to calves and hogs,  
 And fome to bears, and monkeys, cats and dogs;  
 We faid, (which charm'd the DOCTOR much, no doubt)  
 His mind was like, of ELEPHANTS, the *fnout*,  
 That could pick pins up, yet poffefs'd the vigour  
 For trimming well the jacket of a TIGER,

## BOZZY.†

Auguft the fifteenth, Sunday, Mifter Scott  
 Did breakfast with us—when upon the fpot;  
 To *him*, and unto DOCTOR JOHNSON, lo!  
 Sir WILLIAM FORBES, fo clever, did I fhew;

A man

A man that doth not after roguery hanker;  
 A charming Christian, though by trade a *banker*;  
 Made too of good companionable stuff;  
 And this, I think, is faying full enough:  
 And yet it is but jústice to record,  
 That when he had the measles—'pon my word,  
 The people seem'd in such a dreadful fright,  
 His house was all furrounded day and night,  
 As if they apprehended some great evil,  
 A general conflagration, or the devil.  
 And when he better'd—oh! 'twas grand to see 'em  
 Like mad folks dance, and hear 'em sing *Te Deum*.

## MADAME PIOZZI.\*

Quoth JOHNSON, "Who d'ye think my *life* will  
 write!"—

"GOLDSMITH," said I.—Quoth he, "The dog's vile  
 "spite,

"Besides the fellow's monstrous love of *lying*,

"Would doubtless make the book not worth the  
 "buying."

## BOZZY.†

That worthy gentleman, good Mr. Scott,  
 Said, 'twas our SOCRATES's luckless lot

Z 4

To

To have the WAITER, a sad nasty blade,  
 To make, poor gentleman, his lemonade;  
 Which WAITER, much against the DOCTOR's wish,  
 Put with his *paws* the sugar in the dish:  
 The DOCTOR, vex'd at such a filthy fellow,  
 Began, with great propriety, to bellow;  
 Then up he took the dish, and nobly flung  
 The liquor out of window on the dung;  
 And DOCTOR SCOTT declar'd, that, by his frown,  
 He thought he would have knock'd the fellow down.

## MADAME PIOZZI.\*

Dear DOCTOR JOHNSON left off drinks fermented;  
 With quarts of chocolate and cream contented;  
 Yet often down his throat's prodigious gutter,  
 Poor man! he pour'd a flood of melted butter!

## BOZZY.

With glee, the DOCTOR did my girl behold;  
 Her name VERONICA, just four months old.  
 This name VERONICA, a name though quaint,  
 Belong'd originally to a Saint;

But

But to my old Great Grandam it was giv'n—  
 As fine a woman as e'er went to Heav'n ;  
 And what must add to her importance much,  
 This lady's genealogy was *Dutch*.  
 The man who did espouse this dame divine,  
 Was ALEXANDER, Earl of Kincardine ;  
 Who pour'd along my body, like a sluice,  
 The noble, noble, noble blood of BRUCE !  
 And who that own'd this blood could well refuse  
 To make the world acquainted with the *news* ?  
 But to return unto my charming child—  
 About our Doctor JOHNSON she was *wild* ;  
 And when he left off speaking, she would flutter,  
 Squall for him to begin again, and sputter !  
 And to be *near* him a strong wish express'd,  
 Which proves he was not such a horrid beast.  
 Her fondness for the Doctor pleas'd me greatly ;  
 On which I loud exclaim'd in language stately,  
 Nay, if I recollect aright, I *swore*,  
 I'd to her fortune add *five hundred more* !

## MADAME PIOZZI.\*

One day, as we were all in talking lost,  
 My mother's fav'rite spaniel stole the toast ;

On

On which, immediately, I scream'd, "Fie on her—  
 "Fie, BELLE," said I, "you us'd to be on honour."—  
 "Yes," JOHNSON cry'd; "but, Madam, pray be told,  
 "The reason for the vice is—BELLE grows *old*."  
 But JOHNSON never could the dog abide,  
 Because my mother wash'd and comb'd his hide.  
 The truth on't is—BELLE was not too well bred,  
 Who always would *insist* on being fed;  
 And very often too, the saucy SLUT  
 Insisted upon having the *first cut*.

## B O Z Z Y.

Last night much care for JOHNSON's cold was us'd,  
 Who, hitherto, without his nightcap *snooz'd*;  
 That nought might treat so *wonderful* a man ill,  
 Sweet Miss M'LEOD did make a cap of flannel;  
 And after putting it about his head,  
 She gave him brandy as he went to bed.

## M A D A M E P I O Z Z I.\*

One night we parted at the DOCTOR's door,  
 When thus I said, as I had said before,  
 "Don't forget Dicky, DOCTOR—mind poor Dick."  
 On which he turn'd round on his heel so quick,  
 "Madam,"



“ Madam,” quoth he, “ and when I’ve serv’d *that* elf,  
 “ I gues I then may go and *bang* myself.”

## BOZZY.\*

At night, well soak’d with rain, and wond’rous weary,  
 We got as wet as shags to INVERARY;  
 We supp’d most *royally*—were vastly frisky,  
 When JOHNSON order’d up a gill of whisky:  
 Taking the glass, says I, “ Here’s Mistress Thrale.”—  
 “ Drink her in *whisky* not,” said he, “ but *ale*.”

## MADAME PIOZZI.†

The DOCTOR had a cat, and christen’d Hodge,  
 That at his house in Fleet-Street us’d to lodge.  
 This Hodge grew old, and sick, and us’d to wish  
 That all his dinners might be form’d of *fish*:  
 To please poor Hodge, the DOCTOR, all so kind,  
 Went out, and bought him *oysters to his mind*;  
 This every day he did—nor ask’d black FRANK ‡,  
 Who deem’d himself of much too high a rank,  
 With *vulgar fish-fags* to be forc’d to chat,  
 And purchase oysters for a *mangy cat*.

## SIR JOHN.

For God’s sake stay each anecdotic scrap;  
 Let me draw breath, and take a trifling nap;

With

\* Page 483.

† Page 102.

‡ Dr. Johnson’s servant.

With one half-hour's restoring slumber blest,  
And Heav'n's assistance, I may *bear* the *rest*.

*Aside*]—What have I done, inform me, gracious Lord!  
That thus my ears with nonsense should be bor'd?  
Oh! if I do not in the trial die,  
The Devil and all his brimstone I defy.  
No punishment in other worlds I fear;  
My crimes will all be expiated *here*.  
Ah! ten times happier was my lot of yore,  
When, rais'd to *consequence* that all adore,  
I sat, each session, king-like, in the chair,  
Aw'd ev'ry rank, and made the million stare:  
Lord paramount o'er ev'ry Justice riding;  
In causes, with a Turkish sway, deciding!  
Yes, like a noble Bashaw, of *three tails*,  
I spread a *fear* and *trembling* through the jails?  
Blest, have I brow-beaten each thief and strumpet,  
And *blasted* on them, like the last day's trumpet.  
I know no paltry weakness of the soul—  
No sniv'ling pity dares my deeds control:  
Asham'd, the *weakness* of my King I hear;  
Who, childish, drops on ev'ry *death*\* a tear.

Return

\* Such is the report concerning his *most tender-hearted* MAJESTY, when he suffers the law to take its course on criminals. How unlike the Great FREDERIC of Prussia, who *delights* in a *hanging*!

Return\*, return again, thou glorious hour,  
 That to my grasp once gav'st my idol, pow'r;  
 When at my feet the humble knaves would fall;  
 The *thund'ring Jupiter* of HICKS'S HALL.

The KNIGHT thus finishing his speech so *fair*,  
 Sleep pull'd him gently backwards in his chair;  
 Op'd wide the mouth that oft on jail-birds *swore*,  
 Then rais'd his nasal ORGAN to a roar,  
 That actually surpass'd, in *tone* and *grace*,  
 The grumbled ditties of his fav'rite *base*.†

\* Sir John wishes in vain—His hour of insolence returns no more!

† The violoncello, on which the Knight is a performer.

## E C L O G U E.

## P A R T II.

NOW from his sleep the KNIGHT, affrighted, sprung,  
 Whilst on his ear the words of JOHNSON rung;  
 For, lo! in dreams, the surly RAMBLER rose,  
 And wildly staring, seem'd a man of woes.

“ Wake, HAWKINS,” (growl'd the Doctor, with a  
 frown)

“ And knock *that* fellow and *that* woman down :  
 “ Bid them with JOHNSON's life proceed no further ;  
 “ Enough already they have dealt in murder :  
 “ Say, to their tales that little truth belongs ;  
 “ If fame they mean me, bid them hold their tongues.

“ In vain at glory gudgeon BOSWELL snaps—  
 “ His mind, a paper kite—compos'd of scraps ;  
 “ Just o'er the tops of chimneys form'd to fly ;  
 “ Not with a wing sublime to mount the *sky*.  
 “ Say to the dog, his head's a downright *drum*,  
 “ Unequal to the Hist'ry of TOM THUMB :

Nay—

“ Nay—tell, of anecdote, that thirsty leech,

“ He is not equal to a Tyburn Speech.\*

“ For that PIOZZI’s wife, SIR JOHN, exhort her,

“ To *draw* her immortality from *porter*;

“ Give up her anecdotal inditing,

“ And study housewifery instead of writing:

“ Bid her a poor biography suspend;

“ Nor crucify, through vanity, a friend.

“ I know no business women have with learning;

“ I scorn, I hate the mole ey’d *half-discerning*;

“ Their wit but serves a husband’s heart to rack,

“ And make eternal horsewhips for his back.

“ Tell PETER PINDAR, should you chance to meet  
him,

“ I like his genius—should be glad to greet him:

“ Yet let him know, *crown’d heads* are sacred things,

“ And let him rev’rence more the *best of kings*;†

“ Still

\* Composed for the unfortunate *brave* of Newgate, by different historians.

† This is a strange and almost incredible speech from JOHNSON’S mouth, as, not many years ago, when the *age* of a *certain GREAT PERSONAGE* became the subject of debate, the Doctor broke in upon the conversation with the following question:—  
“ Of what importance to the present company is his *age*?—Of  
what

“ Still on his pegasus continue jogging,

“ And give that BOSWELL’s back another flogging.”

*Such* was the dream that wak’d the sleeping Knight,  
And op’d again his eyes upon the light—  
Who, mindless of old JOHNSON and his frown,  
And stern commands to knock the couple down,  
Resolv’d to keep the peace—and, in a tone  
Not much unlike a mastiff o’er a bone,  
He grumbled, that, enabled by the nap,  
He now could meet more biographic scrap;  
Then nodding with a magistral air,  
To farther anecdote he call’d the FAIR.

#### MADAME PIOZZI.\*

Dear Doctor JOHNSON lov’d a leg of pork,  
And hearty on it would his grinders work :

He

“ what importance would it have been to the world if he had  
“ never *existed*?” If we may judge likewise from the following  
speech, he deemed the *present possessor* of a certain THRONE as  
much an *usurper* as KING WILLIAM, whom, according to  
Mr. BOSWELL’s account, he *bescoundrels*. The story is this:—An  
acquaintance of JOHNSON’s, Miss REYNOLDS, asked him if he  
could not *sing*. He replied, “ I know but *one* song; and *that* is,  
“ The KING shall enjoy his *own* again.”



He lik'd to eat it so much over done,  
 That *one* might shake the flesh from off the bone.  
 A veal pye too, with sugar cramm'd and plums,  
 Was wond'rous grateful to the Doctor's gums.  
 Though us'd from morn to night on fruit to stuff,  
 He vow'd his belly never had enough.

## BOZZY.\*

One Thursday morn did Doctor JOHNSON wake,  
 And call out "Lanky, Lanky," by mistake—  
 But recollecting—"Bozzy, Bozzy," cry'd—  
 For in *contractions* JOHNSON took a pride!

## MADAME PIOZZI.†

Whene'er our friend would read in bed by night,  
 Poor Mister THRALE and I were in a fright;  
 For, blinking on his book too near the flame,  
 Lo! to the fore-top of his wig it came;  
 Burnt all the hairs away, both great and small,  
 Down to the very net-work, nam'd the caul.

## BOZZY.‡

At Corrachatachin's, in hoggism sunk,  
 I got with punch, alas! confounded drunk:

VOL. I.

A a

Much

Much was I vex'd that I could not be quiet,  
 But, like a stupid blockhead, breed a riot—  
 I scarcely knew how 'twas I reel'd to bed.  
 Next morn I wak'd with dreadful pains of head,  
 And terrors too, that of my peace did rob me;  
 For much I fear'd the Moralist would mob me.  
 But as I lay along, a heavy log,  
 The Doctor, ent'ring, call'd me drunken dog.  
 Then up rose I with apostolic air,  
 And read in Dame M'KINNON's book of pray'r,  
 In hopes for such a sin to be forgiv'n,  
 And make, if possible, my peace with heav'n.  
 'Twas strange that, in that volume of divinity,  
 I op'd the Twentieth Sunday after Trinity,  
 And read these words—' Pray be not drunk with wine,  
 ' Since drunkenness doth make a man a swine.'  
 " Alas!" says I, " the sinner that I am!"  
 And having made my speech, I took a dram.

#### MADAME PIOZZI.\*

One day, with spirits low, and sorrow fill'd,  
 I told him that I had a cousin kill'd:

" My

" My dear," quoth he, " for heav'n's sake hold your  
 " canting;  
 " Were all your cousins kill'd, they'd not be wanting:  
 " Though Death on each of them should set his mark,  
 " Though ev'ry one were spitted like a lark,  
 " Roasted, and giv'n that dog there for a meal,  
 " The loss of them the world would never feel:  
 " Trust me, dear Madam, all your dear relations  
 " Are nits—are nothings in the eye of nations."

Again,\* says I, one day, " I do believe,  
 " A good acquaintance that I have will grieve  
 " To hear her friend hath lost a large estate."—  
 " Yes," answer'd he, " lament *as much* her fate,  
 " As did your *horse* (I freely will allow)  
 " To hear of the *miscarriage* of your *cow*."

## B O Z Z Y.\*

At Enoch, at M'Queen's, we went to bed;  
 A colour'd handkerchief wrapp'd JOHNSON's head:  
 He said, " God bless us *both*—good night;" and then,  
 I, like a parish clerk, pronounc'd Amen!  
 My good companion soon by sleep was seiz'd;  
 But I, by blice and fleas, was sadly teaz'd;

A a 2

Methought

Methought a spider, with terrific claws,  
 Was striding from the wainscot to my jaws;  
 But slumber soon did every sense entrap,  
 And so I sunk into the sweetest nap.

## MADAME PIOZZI.\*

Trav'ling in Wales, at dinner-time we got on  
 Where, at Leweny, lives Sir ROBERT COTTON.  
 At table, our great Moralist to please,  
 Says I, "Dear Doctor, arn't those charming peas?"  
 Quoth he, to contradict, and run his rig,  
 "Madam, they possibly might please a *pig*."

## BOZZY.†

Of thatching, well the Doctor knew the art;  
 And with his threshing wisdom made us start:  
 Describ'd the greatest secrets of the Mint,  
 And made folks fancy that he had been in't.  
 Of hops and malt 'tis wond'rous what he knew;  
 And well as any brewer he could brew.

## MADAME PIOZZI.‡

In ghosts the Doctor strongly did believe,  
 And pinn'd his faith on many a liar's sleeve.

He

He said to Doctor LAWRENCE, " Sure I am,  
 " I heard my poor dear mother call out ' SAM.'  
 " I'm sure," said he, " that I can trust my ears;  
 " And yet, my mother had been dead for years."

## B O Z Z Y.\*

When young, ('twas rather silly I allow)  
 Much was I pleas'd to imitate a cow.  
 One time, at Drury Lane, with Doctor BLAIR,  
 My imitations made the playhouse stare!  
 So very charming was I in my roar,  
 That both the galleries clapp'd, and cried "*Encore.*"  
 Blest by the general plaudit and the laugh,  
 I try'd to be a jackass and a calf;  
 But who, alas! in all things can be great?  
 In short, I met a *terrible* defeat;  
 So vile I bray'd and bellow'd, I was hiss'd;  
 Yet all who knew me, wonder'd that I miss'd.  
 BLAIR whisper'd me, " You've lost your credit now;  
 " Stick, BOSWELL, for the future, to the *Cow.*"

## M A D A M E P I O Z Z I.†

Th' affair of *Blacks* when JOHNSON would discuss,  
 He always thought they had not souls like *us*;

A a 3

And

And yet, whene'er his family would fight,  
He always said black FRANK \* was in the right.

## B O Z Z Y.†

I must confess that I enjoy'd a pleasure  
In bearing to the North so great a treasure:  
Thinks I, I'm like a bulldog or a hound,  
Who, when a lump of liver he hath found,  
Runs to some corner, to avoid a riot,  
To gobble down his piece of meat in quiet:  
I thought this good as all JOE MILLAR's jokes;  
And so I *up*, and told it to the folks.

## M A D A M E P I O Z Z I.‡

Some of our friends wish'd JOHNSON would compose  
The lives of authors who had shone in prose:  
As for his *pow'r*, no mortal man could doubt it—  
Sir RICHARD MUSGRAVE, he was warm about it;  
Got up, and sooth'd, intreated, begg'd and pray'd,  
Poor man!—as if he had implor'd for *bread*.  
“ Sir RICHARD,” cry'd the Doctor, with a frown,  
“ Since you're *got up*, I pray you, Sir, *sit down*.”

B O Z Z Y.

\* The Doctor's man-servant.

† Page 259.

‡ Page 295.



## B O Z Z Y.

Of Doctor JOHNSON having giv'n a sketch,  
 Permit me, Reader, of *myself* to preach :  
 The world will certainly receive with glee  
 The slightest bit of history of *me*.  
 Think of a *gentleman* of ancient blood !  
 Prouder of title than of being *good* ;  
 A *gentleman* just thirty-three years old ;  
 Married four years, and as a tiger bold ;  
 Whose bowels yearn'd Great Britain's foes to tame,  
 And from the cannon's mouth to swallow flame ;  
 To get his limbs by broad swords carv'd in wars,  
 Like some old bedstead, and to boast his scars ;  
 And, proud immortal actions to achieve,  
 See his hide bor'd by bullets like a sieve.  
 But lo ! his father, a *well-judging* Judge,  
 Forbade his *son* from Edinburgh to budge ;  
 Resolv'd the French should not his b—side claw ;  
 So bound his *son* apprentice to the law.  
*This gentleman* had been in foreign parts,  
 And, like ULYSSES, learnt a world of arts :  
 Much wisdom his vast travels having brought him,  
 He was not *half* the fool the people *thought* him :

Of prudence, *this same gentleman* was *such*,  
 He rather had *too little* than *too much*.  
 Bright was *this gentleman's* imagination,  
 Well calculated for the highest station :  
 Indeed so lively, give the Dev'l his due,  
 He ten times more would utter than was *true* ;  
 Which forc'd him frequently, against his will,  
 Poor man ! to swallow many a bitter pill :  
 One bitter pill among the rest he took,  
 Which was, to cut some scandal from his book.  
 By Doctor JOHNSON he is well portray'd :  
 Quoth SAM, " Of Bozzy it may well be said,  
 " That, through the most inhospitable scene,  
 " One never can be troubled with the spleen,  
 " Nor ev'n the greatest difficulties chafe at,  
 " Whilst such an animal is near to laugh at."

MADAME PIOZZI.\*

For *me*, in Latin, Doctor JOHNSON wrote  
 Two lines upon Sir JOSEPH BANKS's goat ;  
 A goat ! that round the world so *curious* went ;  
 A goat ! that now eats grass that grows in Kent !

BOZZY.

## BOZZY.\*

To Lord MONBODDO a few lines I wrote,  
And by the servant, Joseph, sent this note:

“ Thus far, my Lord, from Edinburgh, my home,  
“ With Mister SAMUEL JOHNSON, I am come;  
“ This night, by us, must certainly be seen  
“ The very handsome town of ABERDEEN.  
“ For *thoughts* of JOHNSON, you’ll be not apply’d to;  
“ I know your Lordship likes him *less* than *I do*.  
“ So near we are—to part, I can’t tell how,  
“ Without so much as making him a *bow*:  
“ Besides, the RAMBLER says, to see MONBODD,  
“ He’d go at least two miles out of his road;  
“ Which shows that *he admires* (whoever *rails*)  
“ The pen which proves that men are born with *tails*.  
“ Hoping that as to health your Lordship does well,  
“ I am your servant at command,  
“ JAMES BOSWELL.”

## MADAME PIOZZI.†

On Mister THRALE’s old *hunter* JOHNSON rode,  
Who with prodigious pride the beast bestrode;  
And

\* Page 207.

† Ibid.

And as on BRIGHTON DOWNS he *dash'd* away,  
 Much was he pleas'd to hear a sportsman say,  
 That at a chase he was as *tight a hand*  
 As e'er a sporting lubber in the land.

## B O Z Z Y.\*

One morning, JOHNSON, on the Isle of MULL,  
 Was of his politics excessive full:  
 Quoth he, "That PULTENEY was a rogue 'tis plain;  
 " Besides, the fellow was a *Whig in grain*."  
 Then to his principles he gave a banging,  
 And swore no *Whig* was ever worth a *hanging*.  
 " 'Tis wonderful," says he, "and makes one stare,  
 " To think the Livery chose JOHN WILKES Lord May'r;  
 " A dog, of whom the world could nurse no hopes;  
 " Prompt to debauch their girls, and rob their shops."

## M A D A M E P I O Z Z I.

Sir, I believe that anecdote a lie;  
 But grant that JOHNSON said it—*by the bye*,  
 As WILKES unhappily your *friendship* shar'd,  
 The dirty anecdote might well be *spar'd*.

BOZZY.

## BOZZY.

Madam, I stick to truth as much as *you*,  
 And damme if the story be not *true*.  
 What you have said of JOHNSON and the *larks*,  
 As much the RAMBLER for a *savage* marks.  
 'Twas scandalous, ev'n CANDOUR must allow,  
 To give the hist'ry of the *horse* and *cow*.  
 What but an enemy to JOHNSON's fame,  
 Dar'd his vile prank at LITCHFIELD playhouse name—  
 Where, without ceremony, he thought fit  
 To fling the man and chair into the pit?  
 Who would have register'd a speech so odd  
 On the dead STAY-MAKER \* and Doctor DODD?

## MADAME PIOZZI.

SAM JOHNSON's threshing knowledge and his thatch-  
 May be your own inimitable hatching: [ing,  
 Pray of his wisdom can't you tell *more* news?  
 Could not he make a shirt, and cobble shoes,  
 Knit stockings, or, ingenious, take up stitches;  
 Draw teeth, dress wigs, or make a pair of breeches?  
 You prate too of his knowledge of the MINT,  
 As if the RAMBLER really had been in't.

Who

\* Piozzi's Anecdotes, page 51, first edition.

Who knows, but you will tell us, (truth forsaking)  
 That each bad shilling is of JOHNSON'S *making*;  
*His*, each vile sixpence that the world hath cheated;  
 And *his*, the art that ev'ry guinea sweated?  
 About his brewing knowledge you will prate too,  
 Who scarcely knew a hop from a potatoe:  
 And though of beer he joy'd in hearty swigs,  
 I'd pit against his taste my husband's *pigs*.

BOZZY.

How could your folly tell, so void of truth,  
 That miserable story of the youth,  
 Who, in your book, of Doctor JOHNSON begs  
 Most seriously to know if cats laid eggs!

MADAME PIOZZI.

*Who* told of Mistress Montague the lie—  
 So palpable a falsehood?—Bozzy, fie!

BOZZY.

*Who*, madd'ning with an anecdotic itch,  
 Declar'd that JOHNSON call'd his mother *b-tch*?

MADAME PIOZZI.

*Who*, from M'Donald's rage to save his snout,  
 Cut twenty lines of defamation out?

BOZZY.



## B O Z Z Y.

*Who* would have said a word about SAM's wig,  
 Or told the story of the peas and pig?  
 Who would have told a tale so very flat,  
 Of FRANK the Black, and HODGE the mangy cat?

## M A D A M E P I O Z Z I.

Good me! you're grown at once confounded *tender*;  
 Of Doctor JOHNSON's fame a *fierce* defender:  
 I'm sure you've mention'd many a pretty story  
 Not much redounding to the Doctor's glory.  
*Now* for a *saint* upon us you would palm him—  
 First *murder* the poor man, and then *embalm him*!

## B O Z Z Y.

Why truly, Madam, JOHNSON cannot *boast*—  
 By your acquaintance, he hath *rather lost*.  
 His character so shockingly you handle,  
 You've sunk your *comet* to a *farthing candle*.  
 Your vanities contriv'd the fagè to hitch in,  
 And brib'd him with your cellar and your kitchen:  
 But luckless JOHNSON play'd a losing game;  
 Though *beef* and *beer* he won, he lost his *fame*.

MADAME

## MADAME PIOZZI.

*One quarter* of your book had JOHNSON read,  
 Fift-criticism had rattled round your head.  
 Yet let my satire not *too far* pursue—  
 Your book *has merit*, give the Dev'l his due.  
 Where *Grocers* and where *Pastry-cooks* reside,  
 Thy book, with triumph, may indulge its pride;  
 Preach to the patty-pans sententious stuff,  
 And hug that idol of the nose, call'd snuff;  
 With all its stories cloves and ginger please,  
 And pour its wonders to a pound of cheese!

## BOZZY.

Madam, your irony is wond'rous fine!  
 Sense in each thought, and wit in ev'ry line;  
 Yet, Madam, when the leaves of my poor book  
 Visit the Grocer, or the Pastry-cook,  
*Yours*, to enjoy of Fame the *just* reward,  
 May aid the trunk-maker of Paul's Church-Yard;  
 In the same alehouses together us'd,  
 By the same fingers they may be amus'd;  
 The greasy snuffers *yours*, perchance, may wipe,  
 Whilst *mine*, high honour'd, lights a toper's pipe.

The

The praise of COURTENAY\* my book's fame secures—  
Now, who the devil, Madam, praises *yours*?

MADAME PIOZZI.

Thousands, you blockhead—no one now can doubt  
For not a soul in London is without it. [it;  
The folks were ready CADELL to devour,  
Who sold the first edition in an hour.  
So!—COURTENAY's praises save you!—ah! that  
'Squire  
Deals, let me tell you, more in smoke than fire.

BOZZY.

Zounds! he has prais'd me in the *sweetest* line—

MADAME PIOZZI.

Aye! aye! the verse and subject *equal* shine.  
Few are the mouths that COURTENAY's wit rehearse—  
Mere cork in politics, and lead in verse.

BOZZY.

\* The lively *rattle* of the House of Commons—indeed its Momus; who seems to have been selected by his constituents more for the purposes of *laughing* at the misfortunes of his country, than *healing the wounds*. He is the author of a poem lately published, that endeavours, *totis viribus*, to prove that Doctor JOHNSON was a *brute* as well as a *moralist*!

## B O Z Z Y.

Well, Ma'am! since all that JOHNSON said or wrote,  
 You hold so sacred, how have you forgot  
 To grant the wonder-hunting world a reading  
 Of SAM's Epistle, just before your *wedding*;  
 Beginning thus, (in strains not form'd to flatter)

"MADAM,

" *If that most ignominious matter*

" *Be not concluded*"—

Farther shall I say?

No—we shall have it from *yourself* some day,  
 To justify your passion for the *Youth*,  
 With all the charms of eloquence and truth.

## MADAME PIOZZI.

What was my marriage, Sir, to *you* or *him*?  
*He* tell me what to do!—a pretty whim!  
*He*, to *propriety*, (the beast) *resort*!  
 As well might *elephants* *preside* at *court*.  
 Lord! let the world to *damn* my match *agree*;  
 Good God! JAMES BOSWELL, what's *that world* to *me*?  
 The folks who paid respects to Mistress THRALE,  
 Fed on her pork, poor souls! and swill'd her ale,

May

May *sicken* at PIOZZI, nine in ten—  
 Turn up the nose of scorn—good God! what then?  
 For *me*, the Dev'l may fetch their souls so *great*;  
*They* keep their homes; and *I*, thank God, my meat.  
 When they, poor owls! shall beat their cage, a jail,  
 I, unconfined, shall spread my peacock tail;  
 Free as the birds of air, enjoy my ease,  
 Choose my own food, and see what climes I please.  
 I suffer only—if I'm in the wrong:  
 So, now, you prating puppy, hold your tongue.

## SIR JOHN.

For shame! for shame! for Heav'n's sake *both* be quiet—  
 Not BILLINGSGATE exhibits such a riot.  
 Behold, for SCANDAL, you have made a feast,  
 And turn'd your idol, JOHNSON, to a beast:  
 'Tis plain that tales of ghosts are arrant lies,  
 Or instantaneously would JOHNSON rise;  
 Make you both eat your paragraphs so evil,  
 And for your treatment of him, play the devil.  
 Just like two Mohawks on the man you fall;  
 No murd'rer is worse serv'd at SURGEONS HALL.  
 Instead of adding *splendour* to his name,  
 Your books are downright *gibbets* to his fame.  
 Of those, your anecdotes—may I be curst,  
 If I can tell you *which* of them is worst.

You never with posterity can thrive—  
'Tis by the RAMBLER's death alone you *live*;  
Like wrens (that in some volume I have read)  
Hatch'd by strange fortune in a horse's head.  
Poor Sam was rather fainting in his glory,  
But now his fame lies foully dead before ye:  
Thus to some dying man, (a frequent case)  
Two doctors come, and give the *coup de grace*.  
Zounds, Madam! mind the duties of a wife,  
And dream no more of Doctor JOHNSON's Life;  
A happy knowledge in a pye or pudding  
Will more delight your friends than all your studying;  
One cut from ven'son to the heart can speak  
Stronger than ten quotations from the Greek;  
One fat Sir Loin possesses more sublime  
Than all the airy castles built by rhyme.  
One nipperkin of *stingo* with a toast  
Beats all the streams the Muses Fount can boast;  
Blest, in one pint of porter, lo! my belly can  
Find raptures, not in all the floods of Helicon.  
Enough those anecdotes your pow'rs have shown;  
SAM's Life, dear Ma'am, will only *damn your own*.

For thee, JAMES BOSWELL, may the hand of Fate  
Arrest thy goose-quill, and confine thy prate!

Thine



Thine egotifins the world disgusted hears—  
 Then load with vanities no more our ears,  
 Like some lone puppy, yelping all night long,  
 That tires the very echoes with his tongue.  
 Yet, should it lie beyond the pow'rs of Fate  
 To stop thy pen, and still thy darling prate ;  
 To live in solitude, oh ! be thy luck,  
 A chattering magpie on the Isle of Muck.

Thus spoke the Judge ; then leaping from the chair,  
 He left, in consternation lost, the Fair :  
 Black FRANK \* he fought on anecdote to cram,  
 And vomit *first* † a life of furly SAM.  
 Shock'd at the little manners of the Knight,  
 The rivals marv'ling mark'd his sudden flight ;  
 Then to their pens and paper rush'd the twain  
 To kill the mangled RAMBLER o'er again.

\* Doctor JOHNSON's Negro servant.

† The KNIGHT's volume is reported to be in great forwardness, and likely to *distance* his formidable competitors.

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N. B. The quotations from Mr. Boswell are made from the second edition of his Journal ; those from Mrs. Piozzi, from the first edition of her Anecdotes.



O D E U P O N O D E;

OR,

A PEEP AT ST. JAMES'S;

OR,

NEW-YEAR'S DAY;

OR,

W H A T Y O U W I L L.

---

*Quo me cunque rapit tempestas, deferor hospes.*

HORACE.

Just as the maggot bites, I take my way—  
To Painters now my court respectful pay;  
Now (ever welcome!) on the Muse's wings,  
Drop in at Windsor, on the Best of Kings;  
Now at St. James's, about Handel prate,  
Hear Odes, see Lords and 'Squires, and smile at State.



## ADVERTISEMENT.

---

READER,

I THINK it necessary to inform thee, if thou hast not read Mr. Warton's Ode, that I mean not to say that he hath, TOTIDEM VERBIS, sung what I have asserted of him; I therefore beg that my Ode may be considered as an amplification of the ingenious Laureat's idea.





# P R O Ë M I U M.

---

KNOW, Reader, that the LAUREAT's post sublime  
Is destin'd to record, in handsome rhyme,

The deeds of British Monarchs, twice a year :  
If *great*—how happy is the tuneful tongue !  
If *pitiful*—(as Shakespeare says) the song  
“ Must suckle fools, and chronicle small beer.”

But Bards must take the *up-hill* with the *down* ;

Kings cannot always oracles be hatching :  
Maggots are oft the tenants of a crown—  
Therefore, like those in cheese, not worth the catching.

O gentle Reader ! if, by God's good grace,

Or (what's more fought) good interest at Court,  
Thou gett'st, of Lyric Trumpeter, the place,  
And hundreds are, like gudgeons, gaping for't ;  
Hear ! (at a palace if thou mean'st to thrive)  
And of a steady coachman learn to drive.

Whene'er

Whene'er employ'd to celebrate a King,  
 Let FANCY lend thy Muse her loftiest wing—  
     Stun with thy minstrelsy th' affrighted sphere;  
 Bid thy voice thunder like a hundred batteries;  
 For common sounds, conveying common flatteries,  
     Are zephyrs whisp'ring to the Royal ear.

Know—glutton-like, on praise each Monarch crams;  
     Hot spices suit alone their pamper'd nature;  
 Alas! the stomach, parch'd by burning drams,  
     With mad-dog terror starts at simple water.

Fierce is each royal *mania* for applause;  
 And, as a horse-pond wide, are Monarch maws—  
     Form'd therefore on a pretty ample scale:  
 To found the *decent* panegyric note,  
 To pour the *modest* flatt'ries down their throat,  
     Were offering shrimps for dinner to a whale.

And mind, whene'er thou strik'st the lyre to Kings,  
 To touch to Abigails of Courts, the strings;  
     Give the Queen's Toad-eater a handsome sop,  
 And swear she always has more grace  
 Than ev'n to sell the *meanest* place—  
     Swear too, the woman keeps no Title-shop;

Sells not, like Jews in Paul's Church-yard their ware,  
 Who on each passenger for custom stare,  
 And, in the happy tones of traffic, cry,  
 " *Sher! vat you buy, Sher?—Madam! vat you buy?*"

Thus, Reader, ends the Prologue to my Ode!

The true-bred Courtiers wonder whilst I preach—  
 And, with grave vizards, and stretch'd eyes to God,  
 Pronounce my Sermon a most impious speech:  
 With all my spirit—let them damn my lays—  
 A Courtier's curses are exalted praise.

---

I HEAR a startled Moralist exclaim,

" Fie, PETER, PETER! fie for shame!

" Such counsel disagrees with my digestion."

Well! well! then, my old SOCRATES, to please thee,  
 For much I'm willing of thy qualms to ease thee,  
 I'll nobly take the other side the question.

*Par Exemple:*

FAIR Praise is sterling gold—all should desire it—  
 Flatt'ry, base coin—a cheat upon the nation;  
 And yet, our vanity doth much admire it,  
 And really gives it all its circulation.

FLATT'RY'S

FLATT'RY's a sly insinuating screw;  
 The World—a bottle of Tokay so fine—  
 The engine always can its cork subdue,  
 And make an easy conquest of the wine.

FLATT'RY's an ivy wriggling round an oak;  
 This oak is often honest blunt JOHN BULL—  
 Which ivy would its great supporter choak,  
 Whilst JOHN (so thick the walls of his dark scull)  
 Deems it a pretty ornament, and struts—  
 Till Master IVY creeps into JOHN's guts,  
 And gives poor thoughtless JOHN a set of gripes:  
 Then, like an organ, opening all his pipes,  
 JOHN roars; and, when to a consumption drain'd,  
 Finds out the knave his folly entertain'd.

PRAISE is a modest, unassuming maid,  
 As simply as a Quaker beauty drest:  
 No ostentation hers—no vain parade;  
 Sweet nymph! and of few words possess;  
 Yet, heard with rev'rence when she silence breaks,  
 And dignifies the man of whom she speaks.

FLATT'RY's a pert French Milliner—a jade  
 Cover'd with *rouge*, and flauntingly array'd—

Makes faucy love to ev'ry man she meets,  
And offers ev'n her favours in the streets.

And yet, instead of heeding public hisses,

Divines so grave—Philosophers can bear her;

What's stranger still, with childish rapture hear her;

Nay, court the smiling harlot's *very kisses*.

O D E.

---

RICH as Dutch cargoes from the fragrant East,  
Or custard pudding at a city feast,

Tom's incense greets his Sovereign's hungry nose:  
For, bating Birth-day torrents from Parnassus,  
And New-year's spring-tide of divine molasses,  
Fame in a scanty rill to Windsor flows!

Poets (quoth tuneful Tom) in ancient times,  
Delighted all the country with their rhymes;

Sung Knights and barbed steeds with valour big:  
Knights who encounter'd witches—murder'd wizards,  
Flogg'd Pagans, till they grumbled in their gizzards;  
Rogues! with no more religion than a pig:

Knights who illumin'd poor dark souls,  
Through pretty little well-form'd eyelet holes,  
By pious pikes and godly lances made—  
Tools! that work'd wonders in the holy trade;

With



With battle-axes fit to knock down bulls,  
 And therefore qualified (I wot) full well,  
 With force the sacred Oracles to tell  
 Unto the thickest unbelieving sculls:

Knights, who, so famous at the game of Tourney,  
 Took boldly to the Holy Land a journey,  
 To plant, with swords, in hearts, the Gospel seeds;  
 Just as we hole, for cucumbers, hot-beds,  
 Or pierce the bosom of the fallen earth,  
 To give to radishes or onions birth:

Knights, who, when tumbled on the hostile field,  
 And to an enemy oblig'd to yield,  
 Could neither leg, nor arm, nor neck, nor nob stir:  
 Poor devils! who, like alligators hack'd,  
 At length by hammers, hatchets, sledges, crack'd,  
 Were dragg'd from coats of armour—like a lobster.

Great (says the Laureat) were the Poet's puffings  
 On idle daring red-cross raggamuffins,

Who, for their childishness, deserv'd a birch:  
 Quoth Tom, a worthier subject now, thank God!  
 Inspires the lofty Dealer in the Ode,

Than blockheads battling for old Mother Church.

Times (quoth our courtly Bard) are alter'd quite;  
 The Poet scorns what charm'd of yore the sight;  
     Goths, Vandals, castles, horses, mares:  
 The polish'd Poet of the present day  
 Doth in his tasty shop display,  
     Ah! vastly prettier-colour'd wares.

The Poet moulds his harp to manners mild,  
 Quoth Tom—to Monarchs, who, with rapture wild,  
 Hear their own praise with mouths of gaping wonder,  
 And catch each crotchet of the Birth-day thunder:  
 Crotchets that scorn the praise of *common* folly—  
 Though not most *musical*—most *melancholy*;  
 Ah! crotchets doom'd to charm our ears no more,  
 Although by Mister PARSONS set in *score*;  
 Drear and eternal silence doom'd to keep,  
 Where the dark waters of oblivion sleep:  
 To speak in humbler English—doom'd to rest,  
 With Court addresses, in a musty chest.

Yet all the Lady *Amateurs* declar'd,  
 They were the *charming'st* things they ever heard:  
 As for example—all the angel GIDEONS—  
     That is, my Lady, and her daughters fair,  
     With coal-black eyebrows, and sweet Hebrew air—  
 The lovely produce of the two religions:

Thus,

Thus, in their virtues, fox-hounds best succeed,  
 When sportsmen very wisely cross the breed :  
 And thus with nobler lustre shines the fowl  
 Begot between a game-hen and an owl.

Sir Sampson too declar'd, with voice divine,  
*" Dat shince he haf turn Chreestian, and eat hog,*  
*" He nebber did hear moosic half sho fine ;*  
*" No ! nebber shince he lefs de Skinnygogue."*

His Grace of Queensb'rry too, with eyes though dim,  
 And one deaf ear, was there in wonder drown'd !  
 Lift'ning, in attitude of Corp'ral Trim,  
 He rais'd his thin grey curl to catch the sound :

Then swore the airs would never meet their matches,  
 But in his own immortal glees and catches.\*  
 Yet were those crotchets all condemn'd to rest  
 In the dark bosom of a musty chest !

Crotchets that form'd into so sweet an air,  
 As charm'd my Lady Mayorefs and Lord Mayor ;  
 Who thought (and really they were true believers)  
 The music equall'd marrow-bones and cleavers.

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C c

Strains !

\* Though not a PURCELL, his Grace is allowed, by many of his musical guests, to be a very pretty catch-maker.

Strains ! that the Reverend Bishops had no qualms  
 In saying, that they equall'd David's Psalms ;  
 But not surpass'd in melody the bell  
 That mournful foundeth an Archbishop's knell ;  
 Strains ! that Sir Joseph Mawbey deem'd divine,  
 Sweet as the quavers of his fattest swine.

E'en bluff Lord Brudenell's self\* admir'd the strain,  
 In all the tuneful agonies of pain ;  
 Who, winking, beat with duck-like nods the time,  
 And call'd the music and the words sublime.

Yes, this most lofty Lord admir'd the Ode ;  
 A Lord who, too, delights in Opera-dancing ;  
 Thus sagely both those useful arts advancing,  
 Most nobly spreading Britain's fame abroad.

So much by dancing is his Lordship won,  
 Behind the Op'ra scenes he constant goes,  
 To kiss the little finger of COULON,†  
 To mark her knees, and many-twinkling toes.

Too,

\* A prodigious *Amateur* :—without his Lordship there can be no rehearsal.

† A first dancer at the Opera.

Too, all the other Lords, with whispers swarming,  
 Cry'd *bravo! bravo!* charming! *bravo!* charming!  
 And Majesty itself, to music bred,  
 Pronounc'd it "Very, very good, indeed!"  
 Indulging, p'rhaps, the *very* nat'ral dream,  
 That all its charms were owing to the *theme*.

Not but some small degree of harmless pleasure  
 Might in the brace of R-y-l bosoms rise,  
 To think they heard it without waste of treasure;  
 As sixpences are lovely in their eyes.

For, not long since, I heard a forward dame  
 Thus, in a tone of impudence, exclaim—  
 " Good God! how Kings and Queens a song adore!  
 " With what delight they order an *encore!*  
 " When that same song, *encor'd*, for *nothing* flows!  
 " This MADAM MARA to her sorrow knows.  
 " To Windsor, oft, and *eke* to Kew,  
 " The R-y-l mandate MARA drew.  
 " No cheering drop the Dame was ask'd to sip;  
 " No bread was offer'd to her quiv'ring lip;  
 " Though faint, she was not suffer'd to sit down:  
 " Such was the *goodness*—*grandeur* of the Cr—n!



" Now tell me, will it ever be believ'd,  
 " How much for song and chaise-hire she receiv'd?  
 " How much pray, think ye?"—Fifty guineas—  
     " No."

Most surely forty.—" No, no."—Thirty.—" Poh!

" Pray, guess in reason—come, again."—

Alas! you jeer us—Twenty at the least;

No man could ever be so great a b—st

As not to give her twenty for her pain.—

" To keep you, then, no longer in suspense,

    " For MARA's chaise-hire and unrivall'd note,

" Out of their *wonderful* benevolence,

    " Their bounteous M—ies gave—not a groat."

" Aye!" cry'd a second stand'rer, with a sneer,

" I know a story like it—You shall hear.—

" Poor Mistress SIDDONS, *she* was order'd out

" To wait too upon MAJESTY, to *spout*—

" To read old Shakespeare's *As you like it* to 'em;

" And how to mind their stops, and commas, shew 'em;

" She read—was told 'twas very, very fine,

" Excepting *here* and *there* a line—

    " To which the Royal wisdom did object—

" And which, in all the pride of emendation,

" And partly to improve her reputation,

    " His M—j—y thought proper to correct;

    " Ther



“ Then turning to the Partner of his Bed,  
 “ On tiptoe mounted by self-approbation,  
 “ A very modest elevation,  
 “ He cry’d, ‘Mind, CHARLY, *that’s* the way to read.’

“ The Actress reading, spouting—out of breath,  
 “ *Stood* all the time—was nearly tir’d to death;  
 “ Whilst their great M-j—ies, in Royal style,  
 “ At perfect ease were *sitting* all the while.  
 “ Nor offer’d to her was one drop of beer,  
 “ Nor wine, nor chocolate, her heart to cheer:  
 “ Ready to drop to earth, she must have sunk,  
 “ But for a child, that at the hardship shrunk—  
 “ A little PRINCE, who mark’d her situation,  
 “ Thus, pitying, pour’d a tender exclamation:

‘ La! Mistress SIDDONS is quite faint indeed,  
 ‘ How pale! I’m sure she cannot longer read:  
 ‘ She somewhat wants, her spirits to repair,  
 ‘ And would, I’m sure, be happy in a *chair*.’

“ What follow’d?—Why, the R-y-l pair arose  
 “ Surly enough, one fairly may suppose!  
 “ And to a room adjoining made retreat,  
 “ To let her, for one minute, *steal* a seat.

" At length the Actress ceas'd to read and spout  
 " Where generosity's a crying sin:  
 " Her curt'ly dropp'd—was nodded to—came out—  
 " So rich!"—How rich?—"as rich as she *went in*."  
 Such are the stories twain!—Why, grant the fact,  
 Are PRINCES, pray, like *common folks* to act?

Should MARA call it *cruelty*, and blame  
 Such R-y-l conduct, I'd cry, Fie upon her!  
 To Mistress SIDDONS freely say the same—  
 Sufficient for *such people* is the *honour*!

E'en I, the BARD, expect no gifts from KINGS,  
 Although I've said of them such *handsome* things;  
 Nay, not their eye's attention, whose bright ray  
 Would, like the SUN, illumine my poor lay,  
 And, like the SUN, so kind to procreation,  
 Increase within my brain the maggot nation.  
 So much for idle tales.—Now, MUSE, thy strain  
 Digressive, turn to Drawing-Rooms again.

There too was PITT, who scrap'd and bow'd to ground,  
 And whisper'd Majesty, 'twas vastly fine;  
 Then wish'd such harmony could once be found  
 Where *he*, each day, was treated like a swine

By

By that arch-fiend CHARLES Fox, and his vile party;  
 Villains! in nought but black rebellion hearty;  
 Fellows! who had the impudence to place  
 The *sacred sceptre* underneath the *mace*,  
 And twisted ropes, with malice disappointed,  
 To hamper or to hang the LORD'S ANOINTED.

To whom a certain SAGE so earnest cry'd,

“ Don't mind—don't mind—the rogues their aim  
 have miss'd—

“ Don't fear your place, whilst I am well supply'd—

“ But mind, mind poverty of Civil List.

“ Swear that no K—g's so poor upon the globe;

“ Compare me—yes, compare me to poor Job.

“ What, what, PITT—hæ? We must have t'other

“ grant—

“ What, what? You know, PITT, that my old dead

“ AUNT \*

“ Left not a sixpence, PITT, these eyes to bless,

“ But from the parish sav'd that fool at *Hesse*.

C c 4

“ But

\* The late PRINCESS AMELIA sent nearly four hundred thousand pounds out of the kingdom; yet what is that sum to ten or twelve millions, which may one day travel from the nation? This is a serious affair, and which ought to be looked to.

“ But mind me—hæ, to plague her heart when dying,

“ I was a constant hunter—Nimrod still ;

“ And when in state as dead’s a mack’rel lying,

“ I car’d not, for I knew the Woman’s *Will*.

“ And three days after she was dead,

“ Which some folks thought prodigiously profane,

“ I took it—yes—I took it in my head,

“ To order *Sir John Brute* at Drury-Lane :

“ Had she respected *me*, I do aver,

“ I should have stay’d at home, and thought of *her*.

“ And mind—keep GEORGE as poor as a church  
mouse ;

“ Vote not a halfpenny for Carleton House :

“ This may appear like wonderful barbarity—

“ But mind, PITT, mind—he gains in popularity.

“ I see him o’er his Father try to rise,

“ And mount an eagle to the skies ;

“ But poverty will check his daring flight—

“ Besides, should GEORGE receive a grant,

“ He gets the golden orbs I want—

“ Then Civil-Lift deficiencies, good night !

“ And

“ And hæ! that wicked son-in-law of BROWN,\*  
 “ Lofing all fort of rev’rence for a Crown,  
 “ Hath sent me in a bill fo dread—  
 “ What’s very ftrange too, PITT, I’ll tell ye more—  
 “ The rafcal came into my houfe, and fwore  
 “ ’Twas a juft bill, and that he *muft* be paid;  
 “ Yes, that he would, he fwore—(how faucy! PITT)—  
 “ Or fend a lawyer to me with a *writ*.

“ Down sent I RAMUS to him o’er and o’er,  
 “ To fay that BROWN had had enough—  
 “ And bid him to the Palace come no more  
 “ To pester Majefty with bills and ftuff.

“ What, PITT, pray don’t you think I’m right—  
 “ quite right?”

On which the Premier, with a fault’ring bow,  
 Star’d in the face by TRUTH—looking I don’t know how,  
 Hem’d out a faint affent—Heav’ns, how polite!  
 How pretty ’twas in PITT, what great good fenfe,  
 Not to give Majefty the leaft offence!

Whereas,

\* Mr. Holland, the architect, who married a daughter of the late *Capability* Brown, and who hath feveral times *impertinently* troubled the Palace with a bill of two thoufand pounds, due for work done by his father-in-law in the Royal gardens.

Whereas, the CHANCELLOR, had *he* been there,  
 Whose tutor, one would think, had been a bear,  
 Thinking a Briton to no forms confin'd,  
 But born with privilege to speak his mind,  
 Had answer'd with a thund'ring tongue,  
 " I think your Majesty d-mn-tion wrong:—  
 " I know no *moral* or *prescriptive* right  
 " In Kings to \*\*\* a subject of a mite:  
 " Give him his just demand—it is but fit—  
 " Such littlenesses look extremely odd—  
 " Before *me* should the matter come, by G-d  
 " Your Majesty will cursedly be *bit*:—  
 " Kings by a sense of honour should be sway'd—  
 " Holland *must, will,* by G-d he *shall,* be paid."

LORD ROCHFORD, too, the gentle youth! was there,  
 Whose sweet *falsetto* voice is often sported  
 In glees and catches; so that all who hear,  
 Believe a pretty *semi-vir* imported.

Anxious to please the royal pair  
 Lord SALISBURY prais'd the words and air;  
 My Lord—who boasts a pretty tuneful palate,

Who



Who kindly teaches cobblers how to sing,  
 Instructs his butler, baker, on the string,  
 And with Apollo's laurel crowns his valet.\*

" A cobbler, baker, chang'd to a musician,  
 " Butlers, and lick-trenchers !" my reader roars ;  
 " The sacred art is in a sweet condition—  
 " A pretty way of rubbing out old scores !

" God bless his generosity and purse :  
 " Soon probably his grandmother, or nurse,  
 " May to the happy band unite their notes—  
 " Perchance, the list respectable to grace,  
 " His Lordship's fav'rite *horse* may shew his face,  
 " And earn, as chorus singer, all his oats."

There too, that close attendant on the KING,  
 Sir CHARLES,† the active, elegant, and supple,  
 Join'd with the happy *Beings* of the ring,  
 And bow'd and scrap'd before the sceptred couple ;  
 Pour'd

\* His Lordship made some *bad* appointments to his Majesty's band—ignorant, unmusical rogues, who receive the salary, and thrum by proxy : however he hath behaved better *lately*, and made atonement, by giving SHIELD, DANCE, BLAKE, PARKE, and HACKWOOD, to the band.

† Sir Charles Thompson.

Pour'd high *encomium* on the birth-day din,  
And won the *meed* of many a royal grin.

Sir CHARLES ! the most polite, devoted man,  
Form'd perfectly upon the Courtier plan,  
Watches each motion of the royal lips,  
And round His Majesty so lively skips :

Keen as a hawk, observes his Sovereign's eye,  
Explores its wants, and dwells upon its stare,  
As if he really was to live or die

According to th' appearance of the glare :  
Hops, dances, of true courtliness the type,  
Just like a pea on a tobacco-pipe.

Oft will his sacred M——y look down,  
With aspect conscious of a glorious Crown ;  
Look down with surly grandeur on the Knight,  
As if such servile homage was his *right* ;  
And, by a *stare*, inform the fearful thing,  
The difference 'twixt a subject and a King.

Thus when a little fearful puppy meets  
A noble Newfoundland dog in the streets,

He creeps, and whines, and licks the lofty brute;  
 Curls round him, falls upon his back, and then  
 Springs up and gambo's—frisks it back agen,  
 And crawls in dread submission to his foot;  
 Looks up, and hugs his neck, and seems t'intreat him,  
 With ev'ry mark of terror, not to eat him.

The Newfoundland dog, conscious of his might,  
 Cocks high his tail and ears, his state to show;  
 Then lifts his leg (a little unpolite)  
 And almost drowns the supplicant below;

Then seems, in full-blown majesty, to say,  
 “ Great is my power—but, lo! I'll not abuse it;  
 “ I'm CÆSAR! paltry creature, go thy way;  
 “ But mind, I can *devour* thee, if I chuse it.”

Sir CHARLES at theatres oft shows his mien,  
 Skips from his Majesty behind the scene,  
 To make a famous actress blest, by saying,  
 How pleas'd the Monarch is—how oft he clapp'd,  
 How oft the Queen her fan so gracious tapp'd,  
 In approbation of her charming playing!

Then

Then will the Knight, with motions all so quick,  
 Rush back again, o'erjoy'd, through thin and thick,  
 And to their *Sacred* Majesties repair,  
 Loaded with curtsies, speeches, thanks, fine things!  
 Proud as some old dame's nag with queens and kings  
 Of gingerbread, to grace a country fair.

Then will Sir CHARLES race back, with bold career,  
 With something *new*, the Royal mouths shall utter,  
 Sweet to the Actress's astonish'd ear,  
 As sugar-plumbs to brats—or bread and butter;

Then back to Majesty Sir CHARLES will fly  
 With the great Actress's *sublime* reply;  
 As for example—"Dear Sir CHARLES, dear friend,  
 " Pray thank their Majesties' extreme good nature,  
 " Who in their goodnesses can condescend  
 " To honour thus their poor devoted creature:  
 " Whose patronage gives glory to a name;  
 " Whose smiles *alone* confer immortal fame.—  
 " I beg, Sir CHARLES, you'll say the *blindest* things—  
 " Commend me to the best of *Queens* and *Kings*."

Back with the messages Sir CHARLES will run,  
 And with them charm of Majesty the Sun,

And

And bid him, like his brother in the skies,  
 Dart smiling radiance from his mouth and eyes !  
 Thrice happy Knight ! all parties form'd to please !  
 Blest porter of such messages as these !

Thus midst the battle's rage, like lightning, scours  
 An Aide-de-camp, his General's orders carrying ;  
 Bravely he gallops through the bullet show'rs,  
 But scarce a single minute tarrying ;  
 Then to the General back with answer comes,  
 'Midst the deep thunder of great guns and drums ;

Now forth again with more command he sallies,  
 Then back, then forth again behold him hurry ;  
 To *this* which runs away, to *that* which rallies,  
 All bustle, uproar wild, and hurry scurry !

Yet was there *one* who much the day decry'd—

Old Lady MARY DUNCAN (says report).

“ What, no dear, dear *Castrato* here !” she sigh'd ;

“ Why then, p-x take the roarings and the Court ;

“ Then Lord have mercy on my tortur'd ears,

“ And shield me from the shouts of such He Bears.

“ Are



- " Are such the pretty notes to please?  
 " Then may I never more hear sounds like these!  
 " In days of yore they might have had their merit,  
 " Amongst the rams-horns to have borne a bob,  
 " That did at Jericho the wond'rous job—  
 " Knock'd down the wall with so much spirit.  
  
 " The sounds may answer to play tricks  
 " Amongst a pack of drunken asses;  
 " To break, as if it were with sticks,  
 " The bones of bottles and poor glasses.  
  
 " Where, where is Pacchierotti's *heart-felt strain*?  
 " Where Rubinelli's *softenuto* note?  
 " That tickled oft my fighting soul to pain?  
 " That bade my senses in Elysium float?  
 " Avaunt! you vile black-bearded rogues—avaunt!  
 " 'Tis smooother chins, and sweeter tones, *I want*."

My Lord of EXETER was also there,  
 Who, marv'ling, cock'd his time-discerning ear  
 To strains that did such honour to a Throne:  
 There UXBRIDGE taught the audience how to *think*,  
 With much significant and knowing wink,  
 And speeches clad in Wisdom's critic tone;

Who



Who look'd musicians *through* with half-shut eyes;  
Most solemn, most *chromatically* wise!

SANDWICH, the glory of each jovial meeting,  
*This* fiddler now—now *that*, so kindly greeting,  
Appear'd, and shrewdly pour'd his *babs* and *bums*;  
Great in tattoo, my Lord, and cross-hand roll;  
Great in the dead-march stroke sublime of Saul,  
He beats Old Aisbridge\* on the kettle-drums.

What pity, to our *military* host  
That such a charming drummer should be lost!  
And feel through life his glories overcast  
At that dull Board †, where, never could he learn,  
Of ships, the difference between *stem* and *stern*,  
Hen-coops and boats, the rudder and the mast.

Say—'midst the tuneful tribe was EDMUND BURKE?  
No! MUN was cutting out for HASTINGS, work;  
Writing to Cousin WILL ‡ and Co. to league 'em  
Against that rogue, who like a ruffian rose,  
And tweak'd a bulse of jewels from the nose  
Of Dames in India, christen'd *Munny Begum*.

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D d

EDMUND!

\* A kettle-drummer of great celebrity.

† The Admiralty.

‡ In India.

EDMUND ! who formerly look'd fierce as Grimbald  
 On that most horrid imp, Sir Thomas Rumbold ;  
     Vow'd, like a sheep, to slay that Eastern thief ;  
 Till *strange good fortune* open'd EDMUND's eyes :  
 Oh ! then he heard of Innocence the cries,  
     And, like Jew converts, damn'd his old belief.  
 Yet, let *some* praise for MUN's conversion pass  
 To that great wonder-worker, Saint Dundas.

EDMUND ! who battled hard for POWELL's life,  
     And swore no man, in virtue, e'er went further :  
 To prove which oath, this POWELL took a knife,  
     And made the world believe it, by *self-murder*.

Reader, suppose I give thee a finall Ode,  
 Made when vile TIPPOO SAIB in triumph rode,  
 And play'd the devil on our Indian Borders,  
 In person, or by vile Satanic orders :

When Edmund Burke, so famous for fine speeches,  
     From *trope* to *trope*, a downright rabbit, skipping,  
 Meant, school-boy like, to take down HASTINGS'  
     *breeches*,  
 And give the noble GOVERNOR a whipping ?



Though Privy-Councils,\* jealous of her note,  
Prescrib'd, of late, a halter for her throat.

Let Folly spring—my eagle, falcon, kite,  
Hawk—fatire—what you will—shall mark her flight;  
Through huts or palaces ('tis just the same),  
With equal rage, pursue the panting game;  
And lay (by princes, or by peasants, bred)  
Low at the OWNER's feet, the CUCKOO, dead.

---

## ODE TO EDMUND.

MUCH edified am I by EDMUND BURKE!  
Well pleas'd I see his mill-like mouth at work,  
Grinding away for poor Old England's good:  
He gives of elocution such a feast!  
He tells of such dread doings in the East!  
And sighs, as t'were, for his own flesh and blood.

*Shroff, Chout, Lack, Omra, Dustuck, Nabob, Bunder,  
Crore, Choultry, Begum,* leave his lips in thunder.

With

\* This is a piece of secret history.

With matchless *pathos*, Mun describes the gag  
 Employ'd by that damn'd son of HYDER NAIG,  
 Nam'd TIPPoo—Gags! that British mouths detest!  
 Occasion'd partly by that man so sad,  
 That HASTINGS!—oh! deserving all that's bad—  
 That villain, murd'rer, tyrant, dog, wild beast!

Poor EDMUND sees poor Britain's setting sun;  
 Poor EDMUND *groans*—and Britain is *undone*!

Reader! thou hast, I do presume,  
 (God knows though) been in a snug room,  
 By coals or wood made comfortably warm;  
 And often fancy'd that a storm *without* .  
 Hath made a diabolic rout—  
 Sunk ships—tore trees up—done a world of harm.

Yes! thou hast lifted up thy tearful eyes,  
 Fancying thou heardest of mariners the cries;  
 And sigh'd, “How wretched now must thousands be!  
 “ Oh! how I pity the poor souls at sea!”  
 When, lo! this dreadful tempest, and his roar,  
 A *zephyr*—in the key-hole of the door!

Now, may not EDMUND's howlings be a sigh  
 Pressing through EDMUND's lungs for loaves and  
 fishes,  
 On which he long hath look'd with *longing* eye,  
 To fill poor EDMUND's not o'er-burden'd dishes?

Give MUN a sop—forgot will be complaint;  
 BRITAIN be safe, and HASTINGS prove a *Saint*.

---

NOW for the Drawing-room—O Muse, so madding,  
 Delighted in digression to be gadding.

Hampden and Fortescue (brave names!) attended—  
 The *last* in Catches wonderfully mended.  
 The lovely Lady Clarges too was there,  
 To all the graces as to music born;  
 Whose notes so sweetly melting soothe the ear!  
 Soft as the robin's to the blush of morn!

There too the rare *Viol-di-Gamba* Pratt,  
 Whose fingers fair the strings so nicely pat,  
 And bow that brings out sounds unknown at Babel—  
 Though not so sweet as those of Mister Abel.

Dear



Dear Maid ! the daughter of that Prince of Pratts,  
 Who music *cons* as well as law ; and swears  
 The girl shall *scrub* no foul's but Handel's airs,  
 To whom he thinks our great composers, cats :

*Id est*, Sacchini, Haydn, Bach, and Gluck,  
 And twenty more, who never had the luck  
 To please the nicer ears of *some crown'd* FOLK ;  
 Ears that, like other people's though they grow,  
 Poor creatures ! really want the sense to know  
 Psalm tunes so mournful from the old Black Joke.

That musty music-hunter too—*Mus. D.*  
 Much-travel'd Burney, came to hear and see ;  
 HE, in his tour, who found such great protectors—  
 Kings, Queens, Dukes, Margraves, Margravines,  
 Electors,  
 Who ask'd the Doctor many a gracious question,  
 And treated him with marv'lous hospitality ;  
 Guessing he had as clever a digestion  
 For meat and drink, as music of rare quality.

Not with much glee the Doctor heard the Ode,  
 But turn'd his disappointed eyes to GOD ;

And wish'd it his own setting, with a sigh;  
 For, ere to Sal'sbury's house the Doctor came,  
 To get, as ODE-SETTER, enroll'd his name,  
 Behold! behold the *wedding was gone by*.

Ah! how unlucky that the prize was lost!  
 Parsons, who, daring, dash'd through thick and thin—  
*Eclipse* the second!—got like lightning *in*,  
 When Burney just had reach'd the *distant post*.

Yet, gentle Muse, let candour *this* allow,  
 That, though his heart was mortified enow,  
 The Doctor did his rival's art admire,  
 And own'd his *maiden* crotchets full of fire;  
 Crotchets! though sweet, alas! condemn'd to lie,  
 Like Royal virtues, hid from mortal eye!

Crotchets that songful Mister Parsons ties  
 To Tom's big phrase, to make sublimer cries;  
 Thrice happy union to entrance the soul!  
 How like the notes of cats, a vocal pair,  
 By boys (to catch their wild and mingled air)  
 Ty'd tail to tail, and thrown across a pole!

But

But where was great Sir Watkyn all this time?

Why heard he not the air and lofty rhyme?

The sleek Welsh Deity, who music knows;  
The ALEXANDER of the Tot'n'am\* troops,  
Who, tutor'd by his stampings, nods, grunts, whoops,  
Do wond'rous execution with their bows?

Sir Watkyn, deep in dismal dudgeon gone,  
Far in his Cambrian villa † sat alone;  
To Mistress Walsingham ‡ he scrubb'd his base,  
Whilst anger swell'd the volume of his face,  
Flaming, like funs of London in a fog;  
Of Mistress Walsingham he sung with ire;  
His eyes as red as ferret's eyes, with fire;  
His mighty soul for vengeance all agog.

ACHILLES thus, affronted to the beard,  
His sledge-like fist o'er Agamemnon rear'd,

And

\* Sir Watkyn is a Member of the Ancient Music Concert in Tottenham-Street, and much attended to, both for his art and science.

† Wynnestay.

‡ The quarrel between the Knight and the Lady was a wonderful one—*Tantæne animis cælestibus iræ?*

And down his throat would fain his words have ramm'd;  
 Who, after oaths (a pretty decent volley,)  
 And rating the long Monarch for his folly,  
 Inform'd the King of Men he might be d-mn'd;  
 Then to his tent majestic strode, to flum,  
 And scrape his anger out on tweedle-dum.

Yet Mistress Walsingham the Ode attended;  
 From 'Squire Apollo lineally descended—  
 A dame who dances, paints, and plays, and sings;  
 The Saint Cecilia—Queen of wind and strings!  
 Though scarcely bigger than a cat—a dame,  
 'Midst the *Bas Bleus*, a giant as to *fame*.

When fiddle, hautboy, clarinet, bassoon,  
 On Sunday (deem'd by *us* good Christians, *odd*)  
 Unite their clang, and pour their merry tune  
 In jiggish gratitude to God;  
 Lo! if a witlefs Member should desire,  
 Instead of Handel, strains *perchance* of Haydn,  
 A fierce SEMIRAMIS the flames with fire—  
 This Amazonian, crotchet-loving maiden!  
 She looks at him with such a pair of eyes!  
 Reader, by way of *simile*-digression,  
 Which to my subject happily applies—  
 Didst ever see *Grimalkin* in a passion,

Lifting her back, and ears, and tail, and hair;  
 Giving her two expressive gogglers,  
 (Not in the sweet and tender style of oglers)  
 A fierce, broad, wild, fix'd, furious, threat'ning stare?

If so—thou may'st some faint idea have  
 Of this great Lady at her tuneful club—  
 Who very often hath been heard to rave,  
 And with much eloquence the Members snub.

Some people by their souls will swear,  
 That if Musicians miss but half a bar,  
 Just like an Irishman she starts to *bother*;  
 And, in the violence of quaver madness,  
 Where nought should reign but harmony and gladness,  
 She knocks one tuneful head against another;  
 Then screams in such chromatic tones  
 Upon Apollo's poor affrighted sons,  
 Whose trembling tongues, when hers begins to sound,  
 Are, in the dire vociferation, drown'd!

Thus when old Oxford's bell, baptiz'd *Great Tom*,  
 Shakes all the city with his iron tongue,

The

The little tinklers might as well be dumb  
As ask attention to their puny song,  
So much the Lilliputians are o'ercome  
By the deep thunder of the *Mighty Tom*.

Handel, as fam'd for manners as a pig,  
Enrag'd, upon a time pull'd off his wig,  
And flung it plump in poor Cuzzoni's face,  
Because the little Syren mis'd a *grace* :  
Musicians, therefore, should beware ;  
Or in the face of some unlucky chap,  
Although she cannot fling a load of hair,  
She probably may dart her cap.

Oft when a youth to some sweet blushing maid  
Hath sily whisper'd amatory things,  
And, more by passion than by music sway'd,  
Broke on the tuneful dialogue of strings ;  
Rous'd like a tigress from a fav'rite feast,  
Up hath the valiant Gentlewoman sprung,  
With lightning look, and thund'ring tongue,  
Ready with out-stretch'd neck to eat the beast  
That boldly dar'd—so blasphemously rash—  
Mix with the air divine his love-sick trash,

Reader,



Reader, attend her—she will so enrich ye  
 With music knowledges of every kind,  
 From that poor nothing-monger, old Quilici,  
 To Handel's lofty and capacious mind;  
 Run wild divisions on the various merit  
 Of *this* and *that* composer's spirit—  
 On GLUCK's sublimities be all so chatty;  
 Talk of the *serio-comic* of Piccini,  
 Compare the elegance of sweet Sacchini,  
 And iron melodies of old Scarlatti!

But not one word on British worth, I ween;  
 Their very mention gives the Dame the spleen:  
 'Twere e'en disgrace to tell their mawkish names:  
 Mere cart-horses—poor uninventive fools,  
 Who neither music make, nor know its rules;  
 Whose works should only come to light in *flames*.

To depths of music doth this Dame pretend,  
 Nought can her science well transcend,—  
 If you the Lady's own opinion ask;  
 And when she talks of musical enditers,  
 She shows a *vast* acquaintance with all writers,  
 - And takes them critically all to task.

Dear Gentlewoman ! who, so great, so chaste,  
 So *foreign* in her *tweedle-dummiſh* taſte,  
 Faints at the name of that enchanting fellow,  
 The melting *Amoroſo*, Paiſiello !

With notes on Tarchi, Sarti, will o'erwhelm ye ;  
 Giordani, ſweeter than the Hybla honey ;  
 Anfoffi, Cimerofa, Bach, Bertoni,

Rauzzini, Abel, Pleyel, Guglielmi !  
 Can tell you, that th' Italian ſchool is airy,  
 Expreſſive, elegant, light as a fairy ;  
 The German, heavy, deep, ſcholaſtic ;

The French, moſt miſerably whining, moaning,  
 Oft like poor devils in the colic groaning,  
 Noify and ſcreaming, hideous, Hudibraſtic.

The female viſitors around her gaze,  
 With wond'ring eyes, and mouths of wide amaze,  
 To hear her pompouſly demand the key  
 Of ev'ry piece muſicians play ;

Aſtoniſh'd ſee this Petticoat-Apollo,

With ſtamping foot, and beck'ning hands  
 And head, time-nodding, iſſue high commands,  
 Beating the Tot'n'am-road Director \* hollow.

Yes—

\* Joah Bate, Eſquire.

Yes—they behold, amaz'd, this tuneful whale,  
And catch each crotchet of her rich discourse,  
Utter'd with classic elegance and force,

On *Diatonic* and *Chromatic* scale :  
Then stare to see the Lady wisely pore  
On scientific zig-zag score.

Reader, at this great Lady's Sunday meeting,  
'Midst tuning instruments, each other greeting,  
Screaming as if they had not met for years,  
So joyous, and so great their clatter!—say,  
Didst ever see this Lady striking *A*

Upon her harpsichord, with bending ears?  
With open mouth, and stare profound,  
Attention nail'd, and head awry,  
Watching each atom of the tuneful cry,  
Till *Alamire* unison goes round?

Didst ever see her hands outstretch'd like wings,  
Towards the Band, though led by CRAMER,  
Wide swimming for *pianos* on the strings—

Now sudden rais'd, like Mister Christie's hammer,  
To bid the *forte*\* roar in sudden thunder,  
And fill the gaping multitude with wonder?

Thou

\* Motions established by the *Cognoscenti* for showing the light and shade of music.

Thou never didst?—then, friend, without a hum,  
I envy thee a happiness to come!

“ He moulds his harp,” quoth Tom, “ to manners  
mild;”

To Kings, for babe-like manners *simple* styl’d,  
And grac’d with virtues that would fill a tun;  
To *him* the Poët humbly makes a leg,  
Who, goose-like, brooding o’er the favrite egg  
Of Genius, gives the Phœnix to the fun.

To *him*, who for such eggs is always watching;  
And never more delighted than when hatching;  
Which makes the number offer’d to the fun,  
So vast!—why, verily as thick as peas,  
That people may collect, with equal ease,  
A *thousand* noble instances, as *one*.

What numbers, WISDOM to his care hath giv’n!  
All hatch’d—some living—others gone to Heav’n:  
Thus in the pinnick’s\* nest the cuckoo lays,  
Then, easy as a Frenchman, takes her flight:  
Due homage to the eggs the pinnick pays,  
And brings the little lubbers into light.

The

\* A bird so called in some countries, that attends the wife bird, and feeds him.

The modern poet sings, quoth TOM again,  
 Of M—chs, who, with economic fury,  
 Force all the tuneful world to Tot'n'am-lane,  
 And lock up all the doors of harmless Drury.\*

Say, why this curse on Drury's harmless door,  
 That thus, in anger, M——y should lock it?  
 Muse, are the Tot'n'am-street subscribers poor?  
 Will Drury keep some pence from Tot'n'am's pocket?  
 Doth threat'ning bankruptcy extend a gloom  
 O'er the proud walls of Tot'n'am's regal room?

Perchance 'tis Mara's song that gives offence!

*Hinc illæ lacrymæ!*—I fear:

The song that once could charm the R—l sense,  
 Delights, alas! no more the Royal ear.  
 Gods! can a guinea darken ev'ry note,  
 And make the nightingale's a raven's throat?

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E e

But

\* The Oratorios were to have been performed at Drury-lane, this year, under the conduct of Mr. LINLEY and Dr. ARNOLD.—The MARA was to have exhibited her *vocalities*. This would have been a death-stroke to the pigmy performance in Tottenham-court Road. How should the pigmy be saved? By killing the *giant*: and lo! his death-warrant hath been signed.—By what power of the constitution? None!—Can the *Grand Monarque* do more? *Quicquid delirant Reges, plebuntur Achivi*.

But let me give his M——y a hint,  
 Fresh from my brain's prolific mint :  
 Suppose we *amateurs* should, in a fury,  
 Just take it in our John-Bull heads to say  
 (And lo ! 'tis very probable we *may*)  
 " We *will* have Oratorios at Drury ?"

How must he look ? Blank—wonderfully blank ;  
 And think such speech an insult on his rank :  
 What could he do ?—oppose with ire so hot ?  
 I think his M——y had better *not* ! \*

Pity a King should with his subjects squabble  
 About an Oratorio or a Play :  
 It puts him on a footing with the rabble ;  
 And that is most *unkingly*, let me say.

Suppose he comes off conqueror !—alas !  
 For such a victory he ought to *sigh*.  
 But, Lord ! suppose it so should come to pass,  
 That Majesty comes off with a black eye ?

Whether

\* Indeed his M——y hath prudently taken the hint.—  
 DRURY, in spite of the Royal frown, hath had her Oratorios  
 performed, to the no small mortification of poor deserted TOR-  
 TENHAM.



Whether he lose or win the day,  
The world will christen it a *paltry fray*.

Kings should be never in the *wrong*\*—

. They never *are*, some wiseacres declare.

Poh! such a speech may do for birth-day song;  
But makes *us* philosophic people *stare*!

I know a certain owner of a C——n,

Not quite a hundred miles from Windsor town,  
Who harbour'd of his neighbour horrid notions—

E e 2

A widow

\* Yet let us give an instance of wrong proceedings.—A certain K—— and Q——, instead of having concerts at their palace, in the style of other Princes, such as the King of France, the Emperor, the Empress of Russia, &c. have entered into a private subscription for a concert in a pitiful street. They pay their *six* guineas a-piece; and, what is more extraordinary, get in their children, as we are told, *gratis*! What is still more extraordinary, they have entered into a bond for *borrowing* two thousand pounds for putting the house into a decent repair; fit for the reception of the K—— of the first empire upon earth. Of whom has this money been borrowed?—Marvelling reader! of the poor musicians' fund! which money might have been placed out to a much superior advantage. Let me add, that the subscribers order a formal rehearsal previous to every concert; so that, in fact, they get a double concert for their money;—undoubtedly to the vast satisfaction of the fingers of the happy CRAMER, BORCHI, SHIELD, CERVETTO, &c. who, in this instance, earn their money not very unlike the patient and laborious animal called a *drayhorse*.

A widow gentlewoman, who, he said,  
 Popp'd from her window ev'ry day her head  
 Impertinent, to watch his Royal motions.

“ What? what?” quoth M——y, “ I'll teach her  
 “ To take my motions by surprise: [eyes  
 “ One cannot breakfast, dine, drink tea, nor sup,  
 “ But, whip! the woman's head at once is out,  
 “ To see and hear what we are all about:  
 “ I'll cure her of that trick—and block her up.”

Mad as his military GRACE\*  
 For fortifying ev'ry place,  
 From dockyards to a necessary house,  
 The M——ch dreamt of nothing but the wall,  
 The faucy spy in petticoats to maul,  
 And make her eagle pride crawl like his louse.

Now workmen came, with formidable stones,  
 To block up the poor widow JONES,  
 Who mark'd this dread blockade, and, with a frown,  
 And to the cause of freedom true,  
 One of the old hen's chicks so blue,  
 Fast as the K—— built *up*, the dame pull'd *down*.

'Twas

\* Duke of Richmond.

'Twas up—'twas down—'twas up again—'twas down—  
 Much did the country with the battle ring,  
 Between the valiant Widow and the K——,  
 That admiration rais'd in Windsor town :  
 The mighty battl'ing Broughtons, and the Slacks,  
 Ne'er knew more money betted on their backs.

Sing, heav'nly Muse, how ended this affray :  
 Just as it happens, faith, nine times in ten,  
 When dames so spirited engage with men ;  
 That is—th' heroic Widow won the day :

The K—— could not the woman maul ;  
 But found himself most shamefully defeated ;  
 Then, very wifely, he retreated,  
 And, very prudently, gave up the wall.

Now sing, O Muse, the warlike ammunition  
 Us'd by the Dame in her besieg'd condition,  
 That on the host of vile invaders flew ;  
 Say, did no God nor Goddess cry out, Shame !  
 And nobly hasten to relieve the Dame  
 From such a resolute and hostile crew ?

Yes—Neptune, like her guardian angel, kind,  
 Join'd the poor Widow Jones, and ran up stairs;  
 Then fiercely caught up certain earthen wares,  
 And, pleas'd his fav'rite element to find,  
 Bid, on their heads, the briny torrents flow,  
 And wash'd, like shags, the combatants below.

The goddess Cloacina too, so hearty,  
 Rush'd to the Widow's house, and join'd the party:  
 But say, what ammunition fill'd her hand,  
     Fame for the Widow to acquire,  
     To bid the enemy retire,  
 And give to public scorn the daring band?

What that *strong* ammunition was, the Bard  
 Heard as a secret—therefore must not tell;  
 Nor would he for a thousand pounds reward,  
     To beaux reveal it, or the sweetest belle.  
 Yet Nature possibly hath made a snout,  
 Blest with sagacity to *smell* it out.

Reader, don't stand so, staring like a calf;  
 Thy gaping attitude provokes my laugh;  
 Thou think'st that Monarchs never can act ill:  
     at thy head shav'd, poor fool! or think so still.

Whether

Whether thou deem'st my story false or true,

I value not a rush.

Wilt have another?—"No."—Nay, prithee do.--

"I won't."—Thou shalt, by Heavens! so prithee  
hush!

But ere I give the tale, my tuneful bride,

My Lady Muse, shall talk of Kings and Pride.

Some Kings on thrones are children on the lap;

Children, that all of us see ev'ry day;

Brats that kick, squall, and quarrel with their pap,

Tearing, and swearing they will have their way:

And what, too, their great reputation rifles,

Kings quarrel, just like children, about *trifles*.

Moreover—'tis a terrible affair

For kingly worship to be kick'd by fellows

Who probably feed half their time on air,

Mending old kettles or old bellows.

My Lady PRIDE's a very lofty BEING,

Much pleas'd with people's scraping, bowing, knee-

Fruitful in egotisms, and full of brags;

[ing,

Her Ladyship in nought can brook denial;  
 And, as for insult, 'tis a killing trial,  
 And more especially from men of rags.

For PRIDE, such is her stateliness, alas!  
 Rather than feel the kickings of an *ass*,  
 Would calmly put up with a leg of *horse*;  
 Though pelting her with fifty times the force;  
 Nay, though her brains came out upon the ground,  
 Were brains within her head-piece to be found.

---

## A KING AND A BRICKMAKER.\*

### A T A L E.

A KING, near Pimlico, with nose and state,  
 Did very much a neighbouring brick-kiln hate,  
 Because the kiln did vomit nasty smoke;  
 Which smoke—I can't say very nicely bred—  
 Did very often take it in its head  
 To blacken the Great House, and try the K—to choak,  
 His

\* A Mr. Scott.



His sacred Majesty would, sputt'ring, say,

Upon a windy day,

“ I'll make the rascal and his brick-kiln hop—

“ P-x take the smoke—the sulphur!—zounds!—

“ It forces down my throat by pounds;

“ My belly is a downright blacksmith's shop.”

One day, he was so pester'd by a cloud—

He could not bear it, and thus bawl'd aloud:

“ Go,” roar'd his M——y unto a Page,

Work'd, like a lion, to a dev'lish rage,

“ Go, tell the rascal who the brick-kiln owns,

“ That if he dares to burn another brick,

“ Black all my house like hell, and make me sick,

I'll tear his kiln to rags, and break his bones.”

Off Billy Ramus set, his errand told:

On which the Brickmaker, a little bold,

Exclaim'd, “ *He* break my bones, good Master Page,

“ *He* say my kiln shan't burn another brick,

“ Because it blacks his house, and makes him sick!

“ Billy, go, give my love to Master's rage,

“ And say, more bricks I am resolv'd to burn;

“ And if the smoke his Worship's stomach turn,

“ Tell

“ Tell him to stop his mouth and snout :

“ Nay more, good Page ; his M—— y shall find

“ I’ll always take th’ advantage of the wind,

“ And, dam’me, try to smoke him *out*.”

This was a shameful message to a K—

From a poor ragged rogue that dealt in mud ;

Yet, though so impudent a thing,

The fellow’s rhet’rick could not be withstood.

Stiff as against poor Hastings, Edmund Burke,

This Brickmaker went tooth and nail to work,

And form’d a true Vesuvius on the eye :

The smoke in pitchy volumes roll’d along,

Rush’d through the Royal dome with sulphur strong,

And, thick ascending, darken’d all the sky.

To give the smoke a nastier stink,

Indignant Reader, what dost think ?

The fellow scrap’d the filthiest stuff together,

Old wigs, old hats, old woollen caps, old rugs,

Replete with many a colony of bugs,

Old shoes, old boots, and all the tribe of leather.

Thus

Thus did the cloud of stink and darkness shade  
 The building for the Lord's Anointed made,  
 And blacken it like palls that grace a burying:  
 Thus was this man of mud and straw employ'd,  
 And at the thought so wicked, overjoy'd,  
 Of smoking God's Vicegerent like a herring;

Of serving him as we do parts of swine,  
 With turkey that to please our taste combine:  
 But lo! this daring baneful rogue of brick  
 Fell, for his Sov'reign fortunately, sick,  
 And, ere the wretch could glut his spleen and pride,  
 By turning Monarchs into bacon—died.

---

THE modern bard (quoth Tom) sublimely sings  
 Of sharp and prudent economic Kings,  
 Who rams, and ewes, and lambs, and bullocks feed,  
 And pigs of every sort of breed:

Of

Of Kings who pride themselves on fruitful sows ;  
 Who sell skim milk, and keep a guard so stout  
 To drive the geese, the thievish rascals, out,  
 That ev'ry morning us'd to suck the cows :\*

Of Kings who cabbages † and carrots plant  
 For such as wholesome vegetables want ;  
 Who feed, too, poultry for the people's sake,  
 Then send it through the villages in carts,  
 To cheer (how wond'rous kind !) the hungry hearts  
 Of such as *only* pay for what they take.

The poet now, quoth Tom's rare lucubration,  
 Singeth commercial treaties—commutation—  
 Taxes on paint, pomatum, milk of roses,  
 Olympian dew, gloves, sticking-plaster, hats,  
 Quack med'cines for sick Christians, and sound rats,  
 And all that charm our eyes, or mouths, or noses.

The modern bard, says Tom, sublimely sings  
 Of virtuous, gracious, good, uxorious Kings,

Who

\* Is it possible for this story to be true? We would rather give it as *apocryphal*.

† Mr. Wharton says in his Ode, "*Who plant the Civic Bay*;" but he assuredly meant cabbages and carrots:—the fact proves it.

Who love their wives so constant from their heart;  
 Who down at Windfor daily go a shopping,  
 Their heads, right royal, into houses popping,  
 And doing wonders in the haggling art.

And why, in God's name, should not Queens and Kings  
 Purchase a comb, or corkscrew, lace for cloaks,  
 Edging for caps, or tape for apron-strings,  
 Or pins, or bobbin, cheap as other folks?

Reader! to make thine eyes with wonder stare,  
 I tell thee, *farthings* claim the Royal care!  
 Farthings are helpless children of a guinea:  
 If not well watch'd, they travel to their cost;  
 For lo! each copper-visag'd little ninney  
 Is very apt to stray, and to be lost.  
 Extravagance I never dar'd defend;  
 The greatest Kings should save a candle end:  
 Since 'tis an axiom sure, the more folks *save*,  
 The more, indisputably, they must *have*.  
 Crown'd heads, of *saving* should appear examples;  
 And Britain really boasts two *pretty* samples!

The modern poet sings, quoth Tom again,  
 Of sweet excisemen, an obliging train;

Who, like our guardian angels, watch our houses,  
And add another civil obligation  
That addeth greatly to our reputation—  
Hug, in our absences, our loving spouses.

Reader! when tir'd, I'm fond of taking breath:  
Now, as thou dost admire the true subline,  
And, consequently, my immortal rhyme,  
'Tis clear thou never canst desire my death.

*Swans*, in their songs, must musically die;  
If that's the case then, Reader, so might *I*.  
Let me, then, join thy wishes—stay my rapture,  
And nurse my lungs, to sing a second chapter.



## IN CONTINUATION.

“GRANT me an honest fame, or grant me none,”  
 Says Pope, (I don’t know where) a little liar;  
 Who, if he prais’d a man, ’twas in a tone  
 That made his praise like bunches of sweetbriar,  
 Which, while a pleasing fragrance it bestows,  
 Pops out a pretty prickle on your nose.

Were *some folks* to exclaim, who fill a throne,  
 “Grant me an honest fame, or grant me none;”  
 Such Princes were upon the forlorn hope:  
 Soon, very soon, to reputation dead,  
 Their idle Laureats, faith, might shut up shop,  
 And bid their lofty genius go to bed.

Muse, this is all well said; but, not t’ offend ye,  
 I beg you will not cultivate digression—  
 Plead not the poet’s *quidlibet audendi*;  
 For surely there are limits to th’ expression:  
 Then cease to wanton thus in episode,  
 And tell the world of Mister WARTON’S Ode.

The modern poet, Laureat THOMAS, says,  
 To Botany's grand island tunes his lays,  
 Fix'd for the swains and damsels of St. Giles,  
 Whose knowledge in the *bocus-pocus* art  
 Bids them from Britain somewhat sudden start,  
 To teach to southern climes their ministerial wiles :

Improve the wisdom of the commonweal,  
 And teach the simple natives how to steal :  
 The picklock sciences, so dark, explain ;  
 And to ingenious murder turn each brain.

Quoth TOM again—the modern poet sings  
 Of sweet, good-natur'd, inoffensive Kings ;  
 Who, by a miracle, escap'd with life—  
 Escap'd a damsel's most tremendous knife ;  
 A knife that had been taught, by toil and art,  
 To pierce the bowels of a pye or tart.

Thus, having giv'n a full display  
 Of what our Laureat says, or meant to say ;  
 I'll beg of THOMAS to instruct my ears,  
 Why, in his verses, he should call  
 The knights who grac'd the high-arch'd Hall,  
 A set of bears ? \*

Why

\* *Vide* the word *Savage*, in the Laureat's Ode for the new year.

Why the bold steel-clad knights of elder days  
 Are not entitled to a little praise,  
 Who for God's cause did palace, house, and *but fell*;  
 As well as Monarchs of the present date,  
 Whose dear religion, of which poets prate,  
 Might lodge, without much squeezing, in a nutshell?

"What King hath small religion?" thou relieft.  
 "If G..... the Th... thou meanest—bard, thou liest."  
 Hold, THOMAS—not so furious: I know things  
 That add not to the piety of .....  
 I've seen a K. at chapel, I declare,  
 Yawn, gape, laugh, in the middle of a pray'r—

When inward his sad optics ought to roll,  
 To view the dark condition of his soul;  
 Catch up an opera-glass, with curious eye,  
 Forgetting God, some stranger's phiz to spy,  
 As though desirous to observe, if Heav'n  
 Had Christian features to the visage giv'n;  
 Then turn (for kind communication, keen)  
 And tell some new-found wonders to the Queen.

Thus have these eyes beheld a cock so stately,  
 (Indeed these lyric eyes beheld one lately)

Lab'ring upon a dunghill with each knuckle ;  
 When, after many a peck, and scratch, and scrub,  
 This hunter did unkennel a poor grub,

On which the fellow did so strut and chuckle !  
 He peck'd and squinted—peck'd and kenn'd agen,  
 Hallooing lustily to *Madam Hen* ;  
 To whom, with airs of triumph, he look'd round,  
 And told what noble treasure he had found.

“ Ah ! Peter, Peter,” Laureat THOMAS cries,  
 “ Thou hast no fear of Kings before thy eyes ;  
 “ Great—little—all with thee are equal jokes,  
 “ And mighty Monarchs merely *common* folks.  
 “ Ah ! wicked, wicked, wicked Peter, know—”  
*Know what ?* “ That monarchs are not merely *show* ;  
 “ *Souls* they possess, and on a glorious scale.”  
 To this I answer, THOMAS, with a *tale*.

A Duke of Burgundy (I know not *which*)  
 Thus, on a certain time, address'd a poet :—  
 “ I'm much afraid of that same scribbling itch.  
 “ You've wit—but pray be cautious how you show it ;  
 “ Say nothing in your rhymes about a King :  
 “ If praise, 'tis lies—if blame, a dangerous thing.”  
That

That is, the Duke believ'd the King, uncivil,  
Might kick the saucy poet to the devil.

T. W.

PETER, there's odds 'twixt staring and stark mad—

P. P.

Who dares deny it?—So there is, egad!

T. W.

Thou think'st *no Prince* of common sense possesst—

P. P.

THOMAS, thou art mistaken, I protest,  
On Stanislaus the Muse could pour her strain,  
Who, dying, sunk a Sun upon Lorraine:  
Too like the parted Sun, with glory crown'd—  
He fill'd with blushes deep th' horizon round.  
Fred'rick the Great, who died the other day,  
Had for himself, indeed, a deal to say:

We must not touch upon that King's *belief*—  
Because I fear he seldom said his pray'rs;

Nor dare we say the Hero was no thief,  
Because he plunder'd ev'ry body's wares.

I'm told the Emperor is vastly wise—  
 And hope that Madam Fame hath told no lies :  
 Yet, in his disputations with the Dutch,  
 The Monarch's oratory was not much :  
 Full many a trope from bayonet and drum  
 He threaten'd—but, behold ! 'twas all a hum.

Wife are our gracious Q——'s *superb* relations,  
 The pride and envy of the German nations ;  
 People of fashion, worship, wealth, and state—  
 Lo ! what demand for them, in heav'n, of late !

Lo ! with his knapsack, ev'n just now departed,  
 As fine a foldier, faith, as ever started—  
 Whom Death did almost *dread* to lay his *claws on*—  
 Old Captain what's his name ?—Saxehilberghausen :\*  
 For whom (with zeal, for *folks of worship*, burning)  
 We once again are blacken'd up by mourning ;  
 To show by glove, cloth, ribband, crape, and fan,  
 A peck of trouble for th' old gentleman.

Ah me ! what dozens, dozens, dozens,  
 Our Q—— hath got of uncles, aunts, and cousins !  
Egad,

\* Great Uncle to our most gracious Q. He died in the Emperor's service.



Egad, if thus those folks continue dying,  
 Each Briton, doom'd to dismal black,  
 Must always bear a hearse-like back,  
 And, like Heraclitus, be always *crying*.

*Great* is the northern Empress, I confess!  
 Much, in her humour, like our good Queen Bess;  
 Who keeps her fair court dames from getting drunk:\*  
 And all so temperate herself, folks say,  
 She scarcely drinks a dozen drams a day;  
 And, in *love matters*, is a Queen of *spunk*.

Yet like I not such woman for a wife—  
 Such heroines, in a matrimonial strife,  
 Might hammer from one's *tender* head *hard* notes:  
 I own my delicacy is so great,  
 I cannot in dispute, with rapture, meet  
 Women who look like men in petticoats.

Oft in a learn'd dispute upon a cap,  
 By way of *answer* one might have a *slap*—

P'rhaps

\* At an Assembly at Petersburg, some years since, which was honoured with the presence of the Empress, one of the rules was, that no lady should come *drunk* into the room.

P'rhaps on a simple petticoat or gown—

Nay! possibly on Madam's being *kiss'd!*  
And really I would rather be knock'd down  
By weight of argument, than weight of fist.

I like not dames whose conversation runs  
On battles, sieges, mortars, and great guns:  
The *milder* Beauties win *my* soften'd soul,  
Who look for fashions with desiring eyes;  
Pleas'd when on *têtes* the conversations roll,  
Cork rumps, and merry-thoughts, and lovers' sighs,

LOVE! when I marry, give me not an ox—  
I hate a woman like a sentry-box;  
Nor can I deem that dame a charming creature  
Whose hard face holds an *oath* in ev'ry feature,

In woman, angel sweetness let me see:  
No galloping horse-godmothers for *me*.  
I own I cannot brook such manly *belles*  
As Mademoiselle d'Eons, and Hannah Snells:  
Yet men there are (how strange are Love's decrees!)  
Whose palates e'en Jack-Gentlewomen please.

How

How different, Cynthia, from thy form so fair,  
 That triumphs in a love-inspiring air;  
 Superior beaming ev'n where thousands shine—  
 Thy form!—where all the tender graces play,  
 And, blushing, seem in ev'ry smile to say,  
 “ Behold we boast an origin divine!”

See too the Queen of France—a gem, I ween!  
 With rev'rence let me hail that charming Queen,  
 Bliss to her King, and lustre to her race.  
 Though Venus gave of beauty half her store,  
 And all the Graces bid a world adore—  
 Her smallest beauties are the charms of *face*.

T. W.

Heav'ns! why *abroad* for virtues must you roam?

P. P.

Because I cannot find them, Tom, *at home*.

I beg your pardon—yes—the Prince of Wales  
 (Whose actions smile contempt on Scandal's tales)  
 Ranks in the Muse's favour high.

I wish *some folks*, that I could name with ease,  
 Blest with *his* head—*his* heart—*his* pow'rs to please—  
 Then Pity's soul would cease from many a sigh!

The

The crouching courtiers, that furround a throne,  
 And learn to speak and grin from *one* alone,  
 Who watch, like dancing dogs, their master's nod—  
 Are ready now, if horsewhipp'd from their places,  
 At Carlton House to shew their supple faces,  
 And call the Prince they vilify, a God.

T. W.

Think'st thou not Cæsar doth the arts possess?

P. P.

Arts in abundance!—Yes, TOM—yes, TOM—yes!

T. W.

Think'st thou not Cæsar would each joy forego,  
 To make his children happy?

P. P.

No, TOM—no.

T. W.

What! not *one* bag, to bless a child, bestow?—

P. P.

Heav'n help thy folly!—no, TOM—no, TOM—no!  
 The fordid souls that Avarice enslaves,  
 Would gladly grasp their guineas in their *graves*:

Like

Like that old Greek—a miserable cur,  
Who made himself his own executor.

A cat is with her kittens much delighted;  
She licks so lovingly their mouths and chins:  
At ev'ry danger, lord! how puss is frightened!  
She curls her back, and swells her tail, and grins,  
Rolls her wild eyes, and claws the backs of curs  
Who smell too curious to her children's furs.

This happens whilst her cats are *young* indeed;  
But when *grown up*, alas! how chang'd their luck!  
No more she plays at bo-peep with her breed,  
Lies down, and, mewling, bids them come and suck:

No more she sports and pats them, frisks and purs;  
Plays with their twinkling tails, and licks their furs:  
But when they beg her blessing and embraces,  
Spits, like a dirty vixen, in their faces.

Nay, after making the poor lambkins fly,  
She watches the dear babes with squinting eye;  
And if she spies them with a bit of meat,  
Springs on their property, and steals their treat.

No more a tender love she seems to feel;  
The dev'l for HER may eat 'em at a meal—  
With all HER foul; the jade, so wond'rous saving,  
Cries, "Off! you now are at your own beard-shaving."

So—to some K . . . s this evil doth belong;—  
Th' intelligence is good, I make no doubt;  
Who seem to *like* their offspring when they're young,  
But lose that fond affection when they're stout;  
Far off they send them—nor a sixpence give:  
I wonder, THOMAS, where such M . . . . .hs live!

Should such a M . . . . .h, THOMAS, cross thy way,  
And for thy flatt'ry offer butts of sack;  
Say plainly that he would disgrace thy lay;  
And, turning on him thy poetic back,  
Bid, like a porcupine, thine anger bristle;  
Nor damn thy precious soul, to wet thy whistle.



## C O N C L U S I O N .

THINK not, friend TOM, I envy thee thy rhyme,  
 By numbers, I assure thee, deem'd sublime;  
 Or that thy Laureat's place my spleen provokes:  
 The King (good man!) and I should never quarrel,  
 E'en though his royal wisdom gave the laurel  
 To MISTER TOM-A-STILES, or JOHN-A-NOKES.

Old-fashion'd, as if tutor'd in the ark,  
 I never sigh'd for GLORY's high degrees:  
 This very instant should our *Grand Monarque*  
 Say, "PETER, be my Laureat, if you please:"

"No, please your Majesty," should be my answer,  
 With sweetest diffidence and modest grace;  
 "The office suits a more ingenious man, Sir;  
 "In God's name, therefore, let *him* have the place:  
 "Unlike the poets, 'tis my vast affliction  
 "To be a miserable hand at *fiction*.

"But, Sir, I'll find some lyric undertaker,  
 "Acrostic, rebus, or conundrum maker,

"Who

“ Who oft hath rode on Pegafus fo fiery,  
“ And won the fweepftakes in the LADY’S DIARY;  
“ Such, SIRE, in poetry fhall hitch your name,  
“ And do *fufficient justice* to your fame.”

END OF VOL. I.

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